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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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See Fourth and Fifth Pages.

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Poetry.

THE PUMPKIN PYE.

The bards of the Hudson may sing of the melon,
Its smooth jetty seeds and its ripe, ruddy core,
And the feast of the reaper with ecstasy dwell on,
Reclining at noon on the cool, breezy shore;
For me, the rich soil of New England produces
An offering more dear to the taste and the eye,
The bright yellow pumpkin—how mellow its juices,
When temper'd with ginger, and bak'd into pye.

Let others with dainties their appetite pamper,
And gaze with delight on the splendors of plate,
Be stunned with a bustle, and bid pages scamper—
Such pleasures as these I resign to the great;
But give me the feast when no knives and forks clatter,
Where each to the neat cherry table draws nigh,
And carves for himself from the broad, earthen platter
A slice of the sweet, yellow, smooth pumpkin pye.

There are those who delight in the fig and the raisin,
In quaffing the milk from the cocoanut's shell;
Some the olive and pomegranate lavish their praise on,
The orange's glow and the pineapple's smell;
I leave them the products of both of the Indies,
And all the rich fruits of a tropical sky;
Their exquisite juices and flavors and tinges,
And ask no dessert save the sweet pumpkin pye.

Then hail to the muse of the pumpkin and onion!
The Frenchman may laugh and the Englishman sneer
At the land of the Bible, the psalm book, and Bunyan,
Still, still to my bosom her green hills are dear;
Her daughters are pure as her bright crystal fountains,
And Hymen, if ever thy blessing I try,
O! give me the girl of my own native mountains,
Who knows how to temper the sweet pumpkin pye.
—Boston Sentinel (1818).

LINES TO A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope nor love nor joy nor fear
Has left the trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed?
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' feet shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky.
—Anonymous.

Miscellany.

IRA DAVID SANKEY,

THE SINGER OF GOSPEL HYMNS.

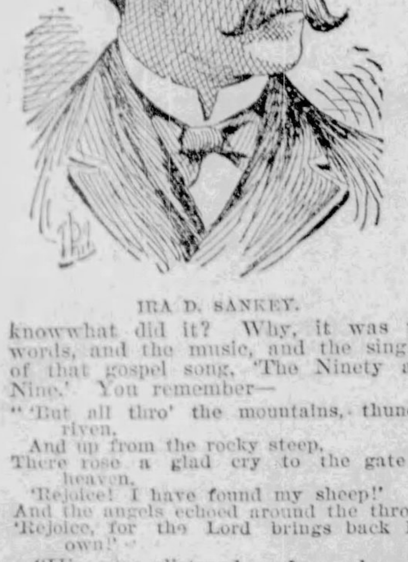
A Half Hour's Chat With a Man Whose Voice Has Been Heard All Over the World—His Life Work.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care."

"Ah, that's the song of all our songs," said Mr. Sankey, repeating the words of the favorite hymn of thousands of American homes.

"Do you know," he continued, "that we receive more requests for that old song at our meetings, wherever we appear, than any other one of the entire gospel hymns collection. I wish you might print the whole of it.

"Why, it was only to-day that I met a man who said to me, 'Do you not remember who I am, Mr. Sankey? Why, I was converted at your great meetings in Wanamaker's big building, in Philadelphia, way back in 1876. And do you



IRA D. SANKEY.

know what did it? Why, it was the words, and the music, and the singing of that gospel song, 'The Ninety and Nine.' You remember—

'But all thro' the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!'"

"His eyes glistened as he spoke, and I found afterward another man, also from Philadelphia, who attended our meetings, and was converted by them."

It was a brief half hour's chat in a little back room down under the stage in Tremont Temple—an interview caught literally on the fly, as it were, says the Boston Journal.

For, overhead, on the platform, the afternoon session of the Christian Workers was in full progress, and the lofty, grained ceiling of the old Temple was still quivering with the grand outburst of tuneful melody from the crowded seats on floor and balcony below, led by the clear, resonant voice of the renowned singing evangelist himself. Mr. Sankey snatched the brief opportunity afforded after his song to accord the Journal an interview.

It was a rare privilege, indeed, to meet in such close and pleasant communication the sweet singer, whose voice and song had electrified Scotland, and England and Ireland, and whose pathetic and stirring gospel songs had thrilled the pulse and touched the hearts of countless thousands on both sides of the Atlantic for more than a score of years.

"With Mr. Sankey," wrote a Scotch critic, "music is made subservient, and in tune and accent is constantly varied, so as to put the words most clearly before his audience. His "Spiritual Songs of the Gospel" substituted among us a style of music to a great extent new in the church in Scotland, which has been accustomed only to the use of the Psalms in choir singing."

Ira David Sankey, whose sweet singing has added so much to the attractiveness of the meetings held by the great evangelists wherever they have gone, is to-day a very pleasant gentleman, whose freshness, energy and vigor would place him still well within the span of middle life. He has a fine physique, broad chest and attractive face, adorned by an iron-gray moustache and side whiskers. His eyes are expressive and kindly.

Mr. Sankey's voice, in its crescendo, is as striking as of yore, and his clear enunciation is still a marked feature in his singing.

"You want some of my reminiscences of our work, do you?" he said, when, after an extended search, a safe haven was found at last, and we were comfortably seated.

"Well, I was born in Edinburgh, Pa., in St. Lawrence county, in September, 1840."

"Near Pittsburg?"

"Oh, yes; quite near. My father was a banker. He was a state senator for upward of thirteen years, and Lincoln appointed him a collector of internal revenue for some four large districts in the Twenty-fourth Congressional district. We moved to Newcastle, Pa., and I call that my old home. I had a good home training, and was brought up in the Methodist church. I was employed as an internal revenue officer, and was in that position when Mr. Moody called me.

"I had been singing Gospel songs for some time before that, having been converted, I should say, about the year 1854."

"By any especially prominent evangelist, Mr. Sankey?"

"Oh, no. It was during a regular season of revival in the Methodist church at Newcastle, Pa. I used to sing in the church meetings, and was singing in that way before I knew Mr. Moody at all."

"How was it you came together?"

"Why, you see that Mr. Moody, after he had made a beginning in this church over on the hill——"

"Mt. Vernon church?"

"Yes, I think so; if that is the old church on the hill. Well, then Mr. Moody went out West in the interest of Young Men's Christian association work. He had made no church connection, and I think it providential in the light of his afterwork that he did not. Well, I was sent as a delegate from Newcastle to the national convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Indianapolis, and one morning I attended the 6 o'clock prayer meeting. I was asked to lead the singing. I did so. At the close of the service a gentleman introduced me to Mr. D. L. Moody. He took me by the hand and said:

"'Where do you live?'

"I said, 'I live in Pennsylvania.'

"'What are you doing?'

"'I am a government officer.'

"Said Mr. Moody: 'I have been looking for you for the last eight years.'

"I said, 'What have you been looking for me for?'

"'I've been looking for you to go to Chicago to help me in my work,' was his reply.

"He was a Christian association speaker, and wanted me to help him in that work, because he believed that I was of like spirit with himself.

"I told him that I couldn't very well resign my position as an internal revenue officer, though we discussed the matter, nor did I see my way clear until waited for fully six months. Then we met, and he wanted me to try the work. He believed that our united force could be a means of reaching the people, and I saw then at once that it was what I believed to be a call of the Lord to give up my work and take up singing for the Lord.

"I never thought then that I was to be an evangelist no more than of going to China. I worked four or five months until the city of Chicago was burned and we were completely burned out. I came back to Pennsylvania and remained about a month at home until Mr. Moody could finish his tabernacle. Then I went back with Mr. Moody. In 1873 we went to England.

"The new American hymns were very fresh and new to the people there. They became very popular. So especially was the solo singing all through the work in the old country.

"It was a new way of teaching the Gospel. Do you know that it was really the people of England who called it 'singing the Gospel.' They used that term and the name singing evangelist before it was taken up here.

"We opened at York, and at first our meetings were slimly attended. The people didn't believe that we were there to teach the gospel and do them good.

"They thought we were two Yankees from America who had come out there to try to over-reach them in some way. They didn't know in just what. For over a week we had small audiences. After that they grew bigger."

"And you have been with Mr. Moody ever since, Mr. Sankey?"

"Oh, yes, and I am with him now in the same work. All winter we preached upward of 100 times in Scotland, and I only returned this summer to attend the Christian Endeavor convention that was held in July.

"In August and September there were meetings at Northfield. I have really only come on ahead of Mr. Moody."

"And where is he now?"

"He is in Dublin and doing a great work there. I expect to rejoin him there."

"And when will that be?"

"Well, I have a letter from him now in which he writes that he expects to leave for home in two or three weeks, but he could not fix the date definitely. He is meeting with remarkable success in Dublin.

"The 'Gospel hymns' started with me in England. They were originally called 'Spiritual Songs,' and there were just 15 numbers.

"The hymn book has grown," said Mr. Sankey, with a smile.

"The second book—the first 'Gospel Hymns'—was compiled by myself and the late Mr. P. P. Bliss, who was killed in the terrible railroad accident at Ashtabula, O."

"And what will you do next winter?"

"Oh, you see there will be enough to do. There is the school at Northfield, at which there are 700 young men and young women. That was started twelve years ago, and there are now 20 or 30 buildings up there."

"What Fools These Mortals Be."

Mrs. Middleclass (speaking of Mrs. Lowerclass)—For one so far beneath me I feel nothing but contempt.

Mrs. Upperclass (speaking of Mrs. Middleclass).—Of course, I could not think of bringing myself into association with one in her inferior position. It would be degrading.

Cynic—Society, from the top to the bottom, is rotten.

Pessimist—Everything is a failure.—New York Press.

Understood It, but Didn't Speak It.

A Chinaman, resplendent in an embroidered silk overshirt and a highly polished pigtail, emerged from the theater last evening. A well dressed lounger caught sight of him, and impudently asked:

"Hello, John, how you likes Lottie Collie?"

"I enjoyed it immensely, sir," replied the Chinaman.—Gripsack.

Tender, but Not Legal Tender.

"I am not wealthy," he said; "but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, Miss Clara——"

"It goes well enough with me, Mr. Spoonbill," interrupted the fair girl, with a pensive look on her face, "but how will it go with the grocer?"—Puck.

An Infallible Antidote.

Mme. A.—Don't you find it hard to resist temptation, my dear?

Mme. B.—Oh no, I have an antidote which never fails me.

Mme. A.—What is it?

Mme. B.—I always surrender gracefully at the right moment.—Paris Gaulois.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

WAS NOT HIS REAL HOME.

But Still It is Alleged to Be—It Will Go to Chicago from a Red River Plantation—Who Was Legree?

With a history based wholly on tradition, a little log structure now standing on a Red River plantation in Louisiana is about to be removed to Chicago and placed on exhibition as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," says the Chicago Tribune. The question arises whether or not there ever was such a thing as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" In none of her writings does Mrs. Stowe state how she happened to give this famous book its title. The foundation for the greater part of her material is placed in Kentucky, as the following extracts from her introduction to the new edition of the book will show:

Its author had for many years lived in Ohio on the confines of a slave state (Kentucky) and had thus been made familiar with facts and occurrences in relation to the institution of American slavery. Some of the most harrowing incidents related in the story had from time to time come to her knowledge in conversation with former slaves now free in Ohio. . . . She herself had been called on to write letters for a former slave woman servant in her own family, to a slave husband in Kentucky, who, trusted with unlimited liberty, was free to come and go on business between Kentucky and Ohio, still refused to break his pledge of honor to his master, though that master from year to year deferred the keeping of his promise of freedom to the slave. It was the simple honor and loyalty of this Christian black man, who remained in slavery rather than violate a trust, that first impressed her with a possibility of such a character as, years after, was delineated as Uncle Tom.

Escape of Eliza.

After many years' residence in Ohio Mrs. Stowe returned to make her abode in New England, just in the height of the excitement produced by the Fugitive Slave

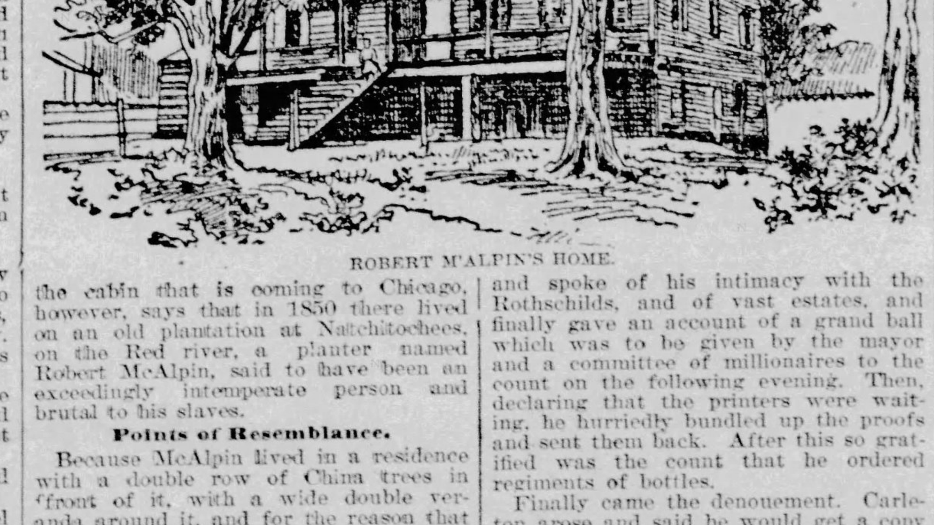
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

law. . . . She was one day turning over a little bound volume of an anti-slavery magazine edited by Mrs. Dr. Bailey, of Washington, and there she read the account of the escape of a woman with her child on the ice of the Ohio river from Kentucky. The incident was given by an eye witness, one who had helped the woman to the Ohio shore. This formed the first salient point to the story. She began to meditate. The faithful slave husband in Kentucky occurred to her as a pattern of Uncle Tom, and the scenes of the story began gradually to form themselves in her mind. . . . . In shaping her material the author had but one purpose, to show the institution of slavery truthfully, just as it existed. She had visited in Kentucky, had formed the acquaintance of people who were just, upright and generous, and yet slaveholders. She had heard their views.

In another review of her work she also tsates that many incidents given in her book are from actual occurrences as seen by herself or as told to her by friends. She also states that the character called Simon Legree was suggested by a letter from her brother—then in New Orleans—who had visited a planter on the Red river whom he found to be an exceeding hard, violent harsh and brutal master to his slaves.

Thus it will be seen that Mrs. Stowe had an actual person that suggested her Uncle Tom, but in none of her writings does she state that she knew this colored man in any other state than Kentucky. It is generally presumed that while the incidents and occurrences in the story are all true, the character of Uncle Tom itself is an imaginary one simply suggested at the commencement by the trusted slave referred to in Kentucky. That this particular slave was sold and sent to Louisiana she does not say, and never has she published the actual identity of Simon Legree.

The tradition that tells the story of



ROBERT M'ALPIN'S HOME.

the cabin that is coming to Chicago, however, says that in 1850 there lived on an old plantation at Natchitoches, on the Red river, a planter named Robert McAlpin, said to have been an exceedingly intemperate person and brutal to his slaves.

Points of Resemblance.

Because McAlpin lived in a residence with a double row of China trees in front of it, with a wide double veranda around it, and for the reason that Mrs. Stowe describes Legree's house as one of this kind when she is telling the story of Uncle Tom's arrival at his new home immediately after his purchase by Legree from the St. Clair estate, the residents of that vicinity have put "two and two" together and hit upon a verdict that the old McAlpin plantation is none other than the Legree plantation of her story, and that a certain log cabin on it was Uncle Tom's. Legree died before the war, the plantation fell into the hands of Mr. S. Chopin, the present wealthy owner, who has religiously guarded this cabin as a treasure, and for years has employed a man for the simple purpose of guarding it from the vandalism of relic seekers. It is on a line of the Texas & Pacific railway and is generally pointed out as Uncle Tom's cabin.

D. B. Corley, of Abilene, Tex., is making arrangements for the removal of the cabin to this city, and with him he bears many sworn statements from prominent Louisianians to the effect that the cabin he is dealing with is still extant and generally looked upon as the one that the Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe's story lived in, and that the planter McAlpin is generally believed to be the Simon Legree of her book. None of the statements are from persons who knew McAlpin, but the facts sworn to regarding his harshness and cruelty are based upon hearsay.

"As it is a matter of doubt whether the Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe's book is the character of one particular person from the first to the last chapter, will you say who you believe this character was?" Corley was asked.

I think he was a real person who once lived in Kentucky, and was sold to pay his master's debts; his purchaser carried him South and sold him again. There were many slaves in the South that were as truthful and honest as this character was."

Mr. Corley was asked if he would swear that this was the original Uncle Tom's cabin, but he frankly stated that while he would not be willing to take an oath on the subject, he firmly believed the tradition that went with the cabin he is going to bring to this city. The plantation formerly owned by McAlpin is now the property of L. Chopin, who is wealthy in many interests. The plantation is a large one, and was bought by his father in 1852, immediately after the death of Robert McAlpin.

The cabin is 16x18 feet, nine logs high, with a pitch roof. The whole structure is of cypress, and the roof is covered with rough sawn cypress boards fastened on with nails made at the plantation blacksmith shop. All of the material is yet sound, and the whole cabin is intact except the flooring of the loft, which has been removed, although the beams still remain. It has not been used for any purpose for twenty-five years. It stands in the center of a cotton field, and the negro that guards it lives in the old overseer's house near by. Mr. Corley says that Chopin has been approached dozens of times by would-be purchasers, but stoutly refuses to sell. Corley has a five years' lease, on a percentage of receipts basis, with a privilege of renewal for five years. He proposes to take it to Europe after the World's Fair.

STORY OF CARLETON.

Pacific Coast Ideas of What Constitutes a Joke.

Henry Guy Carleton has been giving his reminiscences of Count Mitkievicz. Mr. Carleton had an interesting adventure with the count in this city, which he has neglected to mention, says the San Francisco News Letter.

Carleton was on the Chronicle at that time, and was sent by Charles de Young to interview the distinguished nobleman. The count was delighted. He gave his pedigree in full, he mixed cocktails, he showed Carleton telegrams from various noblemen of high degree, he expressed himself as so delighted with San Francisco that he had determined to spend his entire remittance of 60,000 roubles, then on the way, in real estate and entertainments.

In return for Carleton's promise to write up those marvels, the count promised to call at the Chronicle office at 11 p. m., and after reading and correcting the proof to take him to supper. Eleven o'clock and the count arrived simultaneously. Carleton received the count, introduced him to Mr. De Young, to Dennis McCarthy, the city editor, and to several of the staff. The proofs of the article, strange to say, were not yet ready.

"Suppose," said Henry Guy, affably, "we five go to the Poodle Dog and get a little bite, and when the proof is ready we can read it at our leisure. The count bowed, we all bowed, and moved toward the restaurant. Carleton ordered the supper. Oysters, with the best Sauterne in the house, a saute of frogs' legs, with '29 Madeira, followed; canvasback with Clos Vougeot, were next appropriately introduced, followed by terrapin stew with champagne frappe.

Meanwhile the count was growing uneasy, but Carleton was so enthusiastic over the marvelous accounts of the nobleman's estates in Russia and his intimacy with the Rothschilds that he failed to notice it. At 12:30 the count interrupted Carleton's flow of eulogy to remind him of the proof. Carleton, who was running the whole show, apologized, and dispatched a messenger at once, and to make the delay pleasant ordered twenty-five partagas at $1 apiece and three more bottles of extra dry.

The proof arrived and Carleton volunteered to read it. He improvised the most brilliant eulogy a visiting nobleman ever listened to; he catalogued the decorations which had been conferred upon the count by foreign potentates and spoke of his intimacy with the Rothschilds, and of vast estates, and finally gave an account of a grand ball which was to be given by the mayor and a committee of millionaires to the count on the following evening. Then, declaring that the printers were waiting, he hurriedly bundled up the proofs and sent them back. After this so gratified was the count that he ordered regiments of bottles.

Finally came the denouement. Carleton arose and said he would get a copy of the Chronicle for the count. The waiter went down and got the bill. The bill gave a full account of the supper, $117.50; the Chronicle gave a full account of the numerous swindles perpetrated in San Francisco and elsewhere by an adventurer calling himself Count Eugene de Mitkievicz and stated that a warrant would be issued for his arrest the following day. The count failed to appreciate Carleton's joke and lit out that evening, deserting the Pacific coast, let it be hoped, forever.

Put Down Her Thoughts.

St. Peter—Here is your record.

Fair Spirit—Why, St. Peter, there is something wrong! It is filled with the most horrible profanity, and I never uttered a bad word in my life.

St. Peter—The recording angel does not understand English, my dear madam. He could only put down what you felt.—Life.

To Enjoy a Celebration.

Binks—"Yes, my family took in the whole Columbian celebration and it about half killed us. Such crowds! I thought sometimes we'd never get out alive."

Minks—"My family enjoyed the Columbus celebration immensely."

"I don't see how?"

"We stayed at home and read about it."—New York Weekly.

Resignation.

Mrs. Watts—How is your husband's rheumatism?

Mrs. Potts—Better, I think. Or at least I am getting more used to it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Forethought.

"Why did your nurse leave?"

"The baby came down with the mumps, and it seems the policeman had never had them."—Puck.

Scented Danger.

Notwell—I cannot sing the old songs.

Sicker (in alarm)—You're not going to improvise.—Truth.

RUN DOWN BY BLOODHOUNDS.

Jack Long Faced Their Fury Rather Than Return to Prison Horrors.

In the gray of morning, as people began to move inside the stockade, an alarm was raised that a prisoner had escaped. A prisoner meant a state convict—a man overworked, underfed, and treated worse than a decent man treats his dog. Life in state prison is ease and luxury compared with a life in a convict camp. Men go out of prison to reform and hold up their heads again among their fellow men. Men leave a convict camp wrecked in body and soul—degraded until they abhor themselves.

"Who is it?"

"Big Jack Long."

"Get out the dogs."

Ah, now, we are to see a man hunt with bloodhounds! Man often hunts down man, but there is no fierceness in the pursuit, no longing for blood, no wild run across rough fields and through thick forests. Here the fugitive not only seeks liberty, but his life.

Big Jack Long, who had been whipped only the day before—who had been worked like an ox when well and treated worse than a brute when ill—who had years yet to serve and had nothing to hope for—had slipped his chains during the night and found a way over the stockade. Two or three of the guards said they had expected something of the kind for several weeks; two or three others hoped he got far enough away to give the dogs a good run and arouse their savage ire.

One—three—five of them—real bloodhounds, which have tracked down many a fugitive and wet their lips with his blood and torn his quivering flesh with their sharp fangs! They know what is wanted! As they are led out they tug and strain and grow wild with excitement. A guard brings out the blanket from the rude bed on which Jack has slept so long, and the dogs tear it to pieces in their growing impatience. They have completed three-quarters of a circle around the stockade when they suddenly strike the scent. There is no holding them now. Their impatience has turned to fury.

The convict knew that bloodhounds would take up his trail. He knew the wonderful keenness of their scent, the appalling persistency with which they would follow on, their mad eagerness to overtake and pull him down. His flight was a hope born of despair. He ran straight away for half a mile. Then he doubled back and crossed his trail, bent to the right, bent to the left, zigzagged like a serpent making its progress. He forced his way through the thickets, he sped swiftly through the pine woods, he crossed clearings and leaped ravines and clambered up rocky hillsides. Once he found a running brook and cried, "Thank God!" as he stepped into the shallow water and felt that his trail was hidden at last. But after a journey of a few rods the creek lost itself amid such a tangle of vines and bushes and drift that he had clamber out again. He ran on and on, taking but little heed of his route, but feeling that each yard carried him nearer to liberty. He was miles away and still pushing ahead when the east grew red with the glory of the coming sunrise.

"Ou ou! ou!"

Big Jack Long stopped dead in his tracks. Had the mournful tones of a funeral bell come down to his ears on the morning air he would have been astonished. Now he was appalled. The dogs had been let loose on his trail. The bloodhound bays only when he has lost the scent for a moment or when he sights his quarry. Big Jack had staggered through a swamp, scarce heeding where his exhausted limbs were taking him, and the dogs were at fault for a moment. Did you ever see a bloodhound trailing a man? His eyes do not look for footprints; his nose is not seeking the scent on the earth. The scent rises to him, even though the trail be a day old. He runs through it as if it were a mist. No matter who has followed over that trail or how often it has been crossed he cannot be confused. Should the fugitive double back, the dog will run both trails at the same time. Should he circle, the dog will cross the circle and pick up the scent on the far side. Nothing but water can baffle him, and there must be miles of it to make him give over the hunt.

"Ou! ou! ou!"

The sounds have a note of triumph in them. The dogs have found the scent again. Big Jack can escape the fury of the beasts by climbing a tree. After the dogs the hunters, after the hunters the stockade—a beating—further degradations. Good! He draws himself up and his eyes flash defiance. He is going to fight for his life. No! He is going to die fighting! Better to die at once than week by week and month by month. Better to die with a weapon in his hands than clanking chains on his limbs. He breaks a stout limb from a tree and sits down to recover his breath and summon up all his courage. The morning sunshine is pouring into the forest, the joyous notes of the birds reach his ears from every direction, and as his eyes gleam and his lips compress; a ground squirrel playfully approaches and retreats, as if challenging him to mirth.

Down there in the underbrush something moves! There is a rustling and crashing—the dogs are here! As they cry out in chorus at sight of him he stands up and takes a firm grip of his club. Of what use that a mighty blow stretches one beast dead at his feet? That another breaks bones and another leaves him but two enemies to conquer? He is weak and exhausted, and two are enough to pull him down. When the man hunters ride up the dogs have done their work and lie panting with their red tongues touching the earth. Big Jack Long has made good his escape from the horrors of a convict camp—that is, he is lying dead among the fiends who have run him down.—New York Sun.

What She Wanted.

Lady (in shoe store)—These shoes pinch terribly. Haven't you anything larger?

Salesman—You asked for No. 2's, ma'am. I can give you No. 3's, or No. 4's, or—

Lady—The idea! I want something larger in No. 2's.—New York Weekly.

A Healthy Place.

Mr. Gotham—What has become of the De Styles?

Mrs. Gotham—"I met Mrs. De Style on the street yesterday. She said that Mr. De Style's health had been so much improved by the ocean air that they had concluded to remain in their seaside cottage all winer."

Mr. Gotham—"Hum! Just as I thought. Got caught in that wheat flurry."—New York Weekly.

A Wise Resolve.

Barrows—These railway accidents are becoming too numerous. I shall travel hereafter on a bicycle.

Mrs. Barrows—But accidents are just as common with bicycles.

Barrows—True, but there are never so many people killed. There's only one victim to each case.—Harper's Bazar.

Common People.

"Dear me," said Mrs. De Porque, "they needn't sneer at trade. I understand some of their own people were in the cabinet business or something of that kind."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. One of their ancestors helped frame the constitution of the United States."—Washington Star.

Very Common Things.

"John," sadi Mrs. De Porque, "I hope you will not tell any one else that you have a cold."

"Why not?"

"It doesn't sound select. I told Mrs. Feathergilt about it this morning, and she says colds are dreadfully common just now."—Washington Star.

She Reads the Papers.

Josiah (at city restaurant)—"Mandy, can you cut your steak? I can't."

Mandy—"Law, Josiah, that's nothing. I reckon this is the beef and iron thet we-ve read so much about."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Our Serial Story.

Written for THE BLADE. Copyright 1892.

By IRVING BACHELLER.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

"I shall look for you at 4 o'clock," said his host who was waiting for him below stairs. "I may feel then like talking business."

The early twilight of December was thickening over the city when Burton returned from his work down town to O'Darrow's house and rang at the side door.

"Egad, young man, you're like a breath of fresh air. The sight of you puts new life in me," O'Darrow said, as he welcomed his guest. "I am hungry for the first time in years. Let us dress and go out to dinner at Delmonico's. After that I may feel like spending an hour in some theater. You and I are about of a size and one of my dress suits would fit you probably, if you have none."

Burton was not a little surprised by the plans of his host, but entered into them with all the cheerfulness he could command.

While they sat at table O'Darrow's face lost much of its severity and he gave a few brief directions regarding his business in England without betraying any sign of the mental soreness that had always seemed to embitter his speech. His heart was evidently warming into new life. His mind was for the once forgetful of its sufferings and restored with its native rights.

Their dinner over they went down to the Bowery and sat for awhile in one of the cheap theaters, which were then, as now, much frequented by gentlemen who enjoy an occasional night of low comedy. O'Darrow sat puffing a cigar as if unconscious of all that was passing on the stage.

"I've had enough of this—let us go home," said he presently. They left the theater at once and walked hurriedly up town.

When they turned in at O'Darrow's mansion the moon, just risen above the opposite buildings, shone full upon its front As its master was about to open the door by which he was wont to enter his key fell jingling upon the massive stone sill in front of him. He stooped to pick it up, but before his hand had reached it he knelt down with a low-muttered oath and peered closely at the surface of the white stone. In a moment he struck a match and held it so that its light fell upon the door sill. Some one had written there with charcoal in rudely shaped letters the words:

O'DARROW AND THE DEVIL.
THIEVES, SEDUCERS AND MURDERERS.
A PARTNERSHIP FOR ALL ETERNITY!

O'Darrow held the match in his trembling fingers, until it burned out, speechless with surprise. Then he began rubbing the inscripton fiercely with both hands, as if his life depended upon its quick removal, meanwhile launching hot curses from between his clinched teeth. He continued rubbing the stone and pouring his rage upon it until the white marble was stained with the blood of his hands. Presently he stopped and held up his sore and dripping fingers to look at them. Then he rose to his feet in silence and turned to Burton.

"Open the door and bring me some water," said he, his deep voice trembling with emotion. "By Heaven! that was a soul scrubbing I'll not soon forget."

Burton unlocked the door and brought out a basin of water, which he poured upon the hands of the unhappy man. Then O'Darrow wet his handkerchief and carefully wiped the red and black stains from his door sill.

"I'm only a crazy puppet," said he, after they had entered the house. Burton had found some soft linen and was binding up the hands of his host.

"I've been so haunted and set upon it maddens me to think of it, but this counter irritation has eased my mind a little."

Presently they went up stairs.

"It has done me good, this going about," O'Darrow said, after they were seated in his library. "I've been living too much by myself late years and that's devilish bad company." His voice had grown brutally harsh again and there was the same fierce, wild look in his eyes that always came back to them at night as if it were borrowed from the glare of the lights.

"Go to bed, Fanning," said he, throwing himself at full length upon a lounge. "You must be ready by this time. I shall lie here and rest awhile."

Burton went at once to his room and had scarcely fallen asleep when he was startled to his feet by a loud peal of laughter that came echoing up through the dark halls. As it died away into silence he could hear the sound of voices again. Then he threw his door open and listened. The same strange treble voice he had heard the night before greeted his ears. O'Darrow's visitor had come again.

"OFF WID DEM SHOES."

"You lie, sir; you lie!" the stranger shouted. "Do you hope to deceive me? Ha, ha, ha!" Again that wild laughter rang through the silent house.

"The boy has no business in the house. What can come of it but evil to him? It is only temporizing with fate. This new plan is but a fool's subterfuge. Oh, by all that's sacred, have you not suffered enough? Why continue heaping guilt upon shame and guilt upon shame? Every one that ever knew you has been cursed beyond all reckoning, and still you are not satisfied. Have you forgotten how your first wife loved you and how your fits of druken rage drove her out of your home in Paris?"

"She never came back," said O'Darrow mournfully, after a moment of silence.

"You know why," the stranger retorted in a low cautious tone. "She knew you would kill her as you had killed others. I tell you the boy is not safe here."

"Must I then remain alone and friendless to the end?" O'Darrow asked. "Friendless and helpless! My riches make my poverty more complete; there is no charity, no pity for it. Just heaven, what am I to do?"

"Do? I have told you often what to do," the other retorted in a shrill and angry voice. "Pay me what you owe me. Don't try to put me off with foolish parleying. Come and fight me hand to hand, you've pledged to offer no resistance, but I'll swear I'd rather kill you fighting."

"Not yet, my friend. Put away the weapons. I am not ready yet."

"Afraid!" exclaimed the other. "By heaven! O'Darrow, you have no more manhood than a school girl."

Burton listened for some moments at the top of the stairway, but heard no answer to this taunting remark. He stood there until O'Darrow and his guest came out of the library and went down stairs in the darkness, whispering together as they had done before. Then, locking his door, he went to the window and peered out again. The moon had fallen below the opposite roofs and a dark shadow now covered the terrace. After a moment he could discern what seemed to be the figure of a man outside the postern gate by which O'Darrow was in the habit of entering. Presently it moved away down the sidewalk, its head just showing above the wall. Then Burton went to bed again, where he lay awake for hours in expectation of trouble. He began now to fear this mysterious man to whom he had hired himself. It had become a disagreeable piece of business and he decided to seek release from it immediately. He had learned enough about O'Darrow to give a sickening sense of satisfaction to his curiosity. The shadow of impending tragedy was upon that house, and his impulse was to flee from it. Next morning he found O'Darrow waiting for him in the library.

"We shall try to finish our work today, so that you can go at once," said the latter in a kindly tone. "I like your company better than you like mine, probably. Egad! this can hardly be a cheerful place of confinement for a lad like you."

"I have no fault to find with it or with you," said Burton. He tried to make some excuse for the request he had determined to make. Now that he was face to face with O'Darrow he lacked the courage to speak out, and so after breakfast they went to work again upon the foreign accounts.

O'DARROW LAY TREMBLING ON THE FLOOR.

"I am invited to a ball to-morrow night," said O'Darrow, after they had finished their business. "The invitation comes from an old-time friend, and I've half a mind to accept it, if these hands of mine are not too sore."

He drew from his pocket a letter and read it aloud as follows:

"I was glad to see you at Delmonico's last evening. Does it mean that you are getting over your habit of hermitizing? If so, I hope you will come to Mrs. Van Schuyler's ball to-morrow night, for which cards are enclosed. I can introduce you to some beautiful women, who, I will wager, have never met a handsomer man than you. Do try to come."

"I thought I had got through with all that kind of nonsense," said O'Darrow. "But I shall try it again. I've had too much of my own company. The devil take my ruined soul, if it's worth his bother. I was born for his service, and I'll go, whatever may come of it."

There was a note of sad self-compassion in O'Darrow's deep voice as he spoke these words. For a long time he sat smoking in silence and looking thoughtfully out of the window while the closing day gloomed into night.

"Please summon a cab for me while you are out at dinner," said he as Burton rose to go.

CHAPTER V.

Burton went directly to his room from O'Darrow's house and sat down to write some letters. He had been at work but a few minutes when his landlady's servant brought in a card announcing Mr. Pendleton Scaggs. That young gentleman came in presently, his blonde locks neatly divided over a somewhat prominent nose, which organ, in harmony with the general plan of Mr. Scaggs's toilet, seemed to part his smiles exactly in the middle.

"We've nevah met befoah, I believe," said he, taking a chair after they had shaken hands, "but you know a very deah friend of mine—Miss Helen Crouch."

"Is she well?" Burton asked.

"Quite well, but not quite happy, I feah, since you were turned out of the house. You see, I am a friend of the family, and know all about it. I think the deah girl is very fond of you."

"Pardon me," said Burton, "that is a subject which I can discuss with no one but the young lady or her parents."

"Quite true," said young Mr. Scaggs. "I am aware that under ordinary circumstances it would be highly improper for me to venture a word on this subject, but cawn't you let me offer a little friendly advice? You must remembah that I have known the Crouches very well for yeahs and yeahs."

"I am always grateful for friendly advice," said Burton, "but surely Miss Crouch has not empowered you to voice her sentiments?"

"My deah sir, don't jump on me so hard. Of course she has given me no such authority, but it is well known that you were fond of each other. Those things will get about, you know, and I could see no harm in giving you a hint. Mrs. Crouch has a big head. She wants her daughter either to marry a duke, a lord, or a millionaire. But I know the colonel likes you, and that's a thing it's worth your while to know. However, I came not to speak of this, but to ask a favor of you. I heard you were connected with the press, and thought you might be willing to announce my engagement."

"I am no longer connected with the press, but shall be glad to attend to the matter for you," said Burton.

Young Mr. Scaggs handed Burton a memorandum of names and addresses.

"I wish it done in the simplest possible way," said he, "and shall be awfully obliged to you. I'm dreadfully ignorant about newspapah methods."

Burton sat thinking by the fire a long time after Mr. Scaggs had gone. He had always entertained a strong contempt for young men of the Scaggs variety, but now his opinions needed some further amendment, for underneath the namby pambyism and verbal slavering he thought he had seen something good in Scaggs. He had not written to Helen Crouch since his unpleasant interview with her parents, because he hesitated to aggravate any possible dissension in the colonel's family. He was determined now, however, to write her again, and tell of his new plans and beg a chance to see her. "I am going to Europe shortly," said he in a letter to her, which his reflections inspired him to write her that evening. "My mission promises to be highly successful. I cannot tell you how anxiously I begin my work of removing the mountain of poverty that lies between us. It would give me the heart to endure any hardship or delay to learn from you that that is the only obstacle. Can you not give me this assurance and also make it possible for me to see you somewhere on my return in about two months?"

He enclosed the letter to Mr. Scaggs with the request that he would have it delivered into Miss Crouch's hands. Then he went out for a walk, which ended at the three flights of stairs leading up to Mr. Groverman's garret. The kindly old artist met him at the door looking seedy and depressed.

"I've been quite ill," said he, handing Burton a chair. "That rascally Reeker had my key, and when I came home the other night he would not open the door for me. I had to sit shivering upon the stairs until daylight and on his opening the door I discharged him summarily."

Mr. Groverman was interrupted at this point by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and presently a slim, sad looking man came sauntering in with a pail of beer. His clothing was patched and worn and so much too big for him as to excite suspicion that it had descended from a man of larger mould. He grasped his trousers by the waistband on entering the room, like a policeman laying hold of a treacherous prisoner.

"This is Hosier, my new clerk, Mr. Fanning," said the old gentleman.

Hosier bowed stiffly, still grasping his trousers, and sat down upon the sofa as if seeking a safer and less conspicuous attitude. He had nothing to say, but as he sat there he was a highly interesting study in still life. His feet, which were encased in enormous shoes, shrank back under the sofa to avoid observation, while Mr. Hosier gazed pensively upon the carpet. His crown was entirely bald and his face was small and thin.

"I dare say you found it rather cold outside," remarked Mr. Groverman to the newcomer.

"Yes," he answered, and then relapsed into silence.

Presently there was the sound of other footsteps on the stairs, and the irrepressible Mr. Reeker walked boldly into the room.

"Top o' de evenin' to ye, gents," said he cordially. "I t'ot I'd jes slide in a minit 'n git some o' de tings I lef' here."

"If you left anything here you're quite welcome to it," said the old gentleman, rising, "but I must request you to get it and leave my room at once."

"Oh, I ain't agoin' t' stay no longer 'n's needful, Tinker," said the unwelcome guest. Then, turning, he spied Mr. Hosier, who was still gazing serenely at the carpet. For a moment Reeker stood looking at the new clerk with undisguised contempt.

"'S a fine bird you've got dis time, Tinker," said he. "Look here, me fren', you'll wear a hole 'n de carpet if ye don' lif' yer eyes off'n it."

"Reeker," said Mr. Groverman, "I shall make no words with you. Please get your things and go."

Reeker was still contemplating the unhappy Mr. Hosier, and, no doubt, thinking of his recent fall from the Elysian fields. Suddenly his eyes wandered down to the big shoes that were partially hid under the sofa, then, stepping forward, he grasped one of Hosier's feet and held it up for closer inspection.

"Off wi' dem shoes!" he demanded, releasing the foot and pointing at it indignantly.

"Off wi' dem shoes!" he shouted again in a voice that would evidently brook no delay.

Mr. Groverman stepped forward nervously.

"If I may be permitted to ask," said he, emphatically, "I would like to know why you request the gentleman to remove his shoes?"

"Why, sir?" asked Reeker indignantly. "Fur de reason why, sir, dat dem shoes is mine."

Further argument was unnecessary, as Mr. Hosier was already removing the shoes from his feet with as much haste as possible.

"Ah, ha!" said Reeker, lifting the lapel of Hosier's coat as soon as he had secured the shoes. "Off wi' dat jacket."

Hosier immediately removed the jacket in question, exposing a shirt that had suffered from long and continuous service.

"An' now, gents, said Reeker bowing politely, "havin' got all me belongins', I wish ye good night," and he immediately descended the stairs.

Mr. Groverman was much disturbed by Reeker's visit, and was no doubt sorely tempted to the use of hard words. But he only administered a mild reproof to Hosier for the liberty he had taken in appropriating to his own use the property of "another gentleman."

Meanwhile the new clerk had dressed his feet in another pair of miserable old shoes and resumed his attitude of serene repose upon the sofa. After Reeker's ingratitude had been quite fully discussed, Burton ventured to tell Mr. Groverman about his meeting with O'Darrow, and of his engagement to go to England. He also repeated what O'Darrow had told him regarding the terrible persecution he had suffered.

"Some man he has wronged is working vengeance upon him," said the old artist; "some fierce and cunning foe who hides himself in or about that big house. Sooner or later he will do him to death. If you have O'Darrow's confidence you should give him some good advice regarding the disposition of his property. He has no heirs, and he will be apt to consult you on this subject."

"If he does I shall not know what to say to him," said Burton.

"Let me suggest that you try and persuade him to spend it in bringing the rich and the poor a little nearer to each other. He has an immense fortune and a palatial house. Suggest to him that he might establish there a new sort of home, whose hospitality would be an example to all Christendom. I would have the rich and the poor meet there and sit down together like brothers, without shame and without pride. I would have it a poverty fair, if you please, where the rich man might find peace for his soul and the poor some help and sympathy. This may sound like a wild dream but if it is, then Christ's gospel is a dream and the teaching of the saints is but the mockery of folly. Are not the rich and the poor of this great city as far from each other as if they dwelt on different planets? And it is the fault of those who shut themselves away in palaces where the sight of want cannot annoy them and the cry of the distressed never reaches their ears! I tell you they are the great sinners, and they shall have enough of sorrow in God's own time."

The old man paced up and down the room and spoke in impassioned tones.

"If the opportunity offers I shall be pleased to make the suggestion to him," said Burton, as he made ready to go.

"May God prosper you in this and keep you from all harm," said Mr. Groverman. "You must have an eye to your own safety while you stay in that house, my boy."

"I have no fear for myself," said Burton as he left the studio of the old artist and bade him goodbye at the top of the stairway. He went that night to his own lodgings and lay for a long time after he had gone to bed thinking over what the old gentleman had said to him. He knew full well how the rich despise the poor, and how the seed of hatred goes on increasing its bitter fruitage. Now for the first time in his life he felt the inspiration of a great purpose. His way lay clear before him. He saw that a man must supplement the meaner motives in life with some one great aim which, though he fall far short of it, will bring the peace his soul longs for.

Next day he returned to O'Darrow's house.

CHAPTER VI.

A decade had passed since George Ernest O'Darrow foreswore all connection with the polite world. It was shortly after the death of his wife, with whom he had led a quarrelsome existence, that he locked his doors and turned his back upon society. There was much gossip about his mysterious conduct at the time. It was known that there were houses in New York where he had never been made welcome on account of rumors affecting his good name. But this was hardly enough to explain the sudden and radical change in his social attitude, for, despite his moral infirmities, there were many ladies of high position in New York who were, indeed, too glad to receive him. With all associates his manner had been reserved and haughty. In short, he was a man without friends, and so, after his name was dropped from the rolls of fashionable

life, the handsome Britisher was soon forgotten.

When he reappeared at Mrs. Van Schuyler's ball there were not half a dozen people in the house who had seen him before. The few who remembered him were not slow to recognize his erect figure, his air of distinction and the classic mould of his face, which now time had crowned becomingly with white hair. O'Darrow was very graciously received by the hostess. Rumors of his great wealth and noble breeding spread among the guests, who pressed about him eager for introductions.

"Your daughter is magnificent," said O'Darrow to Mrs. Fairweather Crouch as they sat together looking at the dance. "You are the most fortunate mother in the world."

"You are very good to say so," said the lady. "She is really a very dear and sens-

HE QUICKENED HIS PACE TO A RUN.

ible girl. Such young ladies are so easily spoiled, you know. The flattering attentions they receive are quite enough to turn their head."

"It has done me good to look at her. I could almost wish to be young again."

"Do you really feel so very old, Sir George? I thought you were still a young man."

"Thank you. My sins and not my years have turned my hair. Indeed, I am not so old as many a younger man."

O'Darrow was a master of the gentle art of politeness. He knew how to win the favor of women, and Mrs. Crouch was by no means a difficult subject for him. She was, indeed, greatly flattered that he had shown her such distinguished courtesy while there were so many others in the ball-room who would have been glad of even a word with him. Helen and young Mr. Pendleton Scaggs, with whom she had been dancing, came along presently.

"Oh, Sir George!" exclaimed the young lady, "I've been hearing dreadful things about you—that you have cut all your acquaintances and that for years you have lived all alone in your great house. I am really almost afraid of you."

O'Darrow's face turned suddenly pale and he shot down at her a nervous, startled glance. If a man had said as much he would have kicked him for his impertinence.

"It is true," said he, quickly regaining composure. "I have lived alone for many years on account of ill health, but I am better now."

"A rich man, good looking and in ill health! By Jove, sir, you are a tempting mark for the single ladies. Look out for them," said the colonel.

"As if such an anchorite were in danger of marriage! They say that his temper has been spoiled by too much solitude. I suppose he has a fine contempt for the things of this world," Helen pertly remarked, bowing and walking away on the arm of young Mr. Scaggs.

"We hope you will favor us by calling," said Mrs. Crouch, extending her hand.

"I shall be most happy to call," he replied, and bade them good night. Then presenting his excuses to Mrs. Van Schuyler, he hurriedly left the house, not stopping even to summon his carriage. He shortly quickened his pace to a run, muttering curses as he proceeded down the deserted avenue.

Burton had been working with O'Darrow that afternoon, and being tired, had gone to his room early in the evening. Now that he was alone in the great house a nameless fear took possession of him. He tried to read as he lay in bed, but was unable to enjoy his book, for he fancied that he could hear the stealthy tread of feet up and down the stairways and a sound as of some one whispering outside his door. This ghostly disturbance and the recollection of the mysterious voices that had roused him from his midnight slumbers set him thinking to account for them. It was clear to Burton that O'Darrow must be secretly harboring some person who might possibly be the enemy he so dreaded. As the conviction grew upon him he rose out of bed and opening the door shouted, "Who's there?" at the top of his voice. The echo of his call rang through the vacant rooms until it died away below stairs. He listened for a moment, peering out into the darkened hall, but could hear only the wind rushing over the roof. Then he locked his door again, put out the light and tried to sleep. At first the great house seemed full of a tumult of strange sounds which finally fell into the hush of that dim borderland between sleeping and waking. Suddenly a shrill cry of "Help!" broke in upon his sleep. He rose up in bed and listened.

"Help! Fanning! Fanning!" It was O'Darrow's voice that rang through the house. It trembled with terror. He was running up the stairs as if fleeing from some pursuer. Instantly he threw himself against the door of Burton's room and beat upon it fiercely with his hands.

"Quick, Fanning! quick!" he shouted, pounding savagely upon it with feet and fists.

Burton sprang out of bed in the darkness, and as he drew the bolt of his door the terror-stricken man burst in and sank upon the floor as if exhausted, repeating in a hoarse whisper his piteous appeal for help. Burton stood close against the wall for a moment, not knowing what to do. Then he felt for a match and lit the gas. O'Darrow lay panting and trembling upon the floor, his face covered with his hands.

"Are you hurt?" Burton asked.

O'Darrow made no reply, but lay motionless where he had fallen. Presently he looked up out of horror-stricken eyes, and asked, in a hoarse whisper, "Do you see blood upon me?"

"I can see no blood," said Burton.

"Here, is there no blood here?" he asked again, feeling his forehead.

"No, sir; I can see no blood upon you."

"God! Is that so? I though he had cut me there." O'Darrow rose to his feet as he spoke and stood looking into a mirror. He had not yet removed his gloves or his cape coat.

"Where is he? Let us try to find him," said Burton.

"Find him!" said O'Darrow, with stern emphasis, as he faced suddenly toward the young man. "Who wants to go a-hunting for the devil? There's too much danger in it. I'm sorry to have disturbed you," O'Darrow added, bowing politely, and then still trembling with the excitement he had passed through he went to his room.

Next morning O'Darrow seemed to have forgotten his fright. While they were at breakfast he directed Burton to make immediate arrangements for his passage to England, and drew a check to cover the estimated expenses.

"I shall not be with you to-night," said Burton. "Before sailing I must go to my home for a day or two."

"My house isn't a pleasant stopping place these days," said O'Darrow, "but you will always be welcome there."

"You are very kind. If you will let me speak frankly, I must confess that I, too, have begun to fear the enemy whom you seem powerless to avoid. I have thought sometimes that you suffered him to remain in your house as a secret guest for some reason—possibly because you can not or dare not dislodge him."

O'Darrow turned pale and leaned forward frowning.

"Speak not so loudly," he whispered, glancing over his shoulder at the other tables. Perceiving that there was no one to overhear them he continued in a low tone: "I have trusted you, Fanning, as I have never trusted man before. I beg of you not to speak to any one of what you may have seen or heard in my house. It is my business and I do not wish it to be noised abroad to make gossip for fools. Not that there is any secret about it which, if divulged, might hang me. Damn the business! I swear to you there is something at the bottom of it all that even I can not explain. Did you think you saw some stranger in the house before I came home?"

"No; I only thought I heard footsteps after I had gone to bed, but my nerves were excited and I might easily have been deceived."

"I make no doubt they were real footsteps. My enemy has taken up his abode in my house and will not go away. I shall not try to conceal that from you. He comes out of his hiding place at night and I often see him, but until last night he has not tried to do me harm since you have been here. Poor devil that I am! I cannot shun him or drive him away. He will not be gone. To oppose him only increases my peril. Now that you are going I shall quit the house and take rooms at some hotel for a while. If he does not follow me I shall hope to enjoy the rest I need."

The two arose from the table, having finished their meal, and O'Darrow walked with Burton to his old lodgings.

"You will not see me again until you return," said the former as they reached the gate.

Burton saw tears in O'Darrow's eyes when he looked up at him, but before he could answer the mysterious man was walking hurriedly away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Ambiguous Advice.

When a young lady insists on being a sister to you it is always a deal safer to let her be.—Galveston News.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold FREE by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

DR. R. C. FLOWER.

THE FAMOUS PHYSICIAN TO VISIT THIS STATE SOON.

What Prominent People and Representative Journals Say About this Boston Specialist.

Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston will visit the following places on the dates given: Evansville, Ind., St. George Hotel, Monday, December 5th. Indianapolis, Ind., Denison Hotel, Tuesday, December 6th. Cincinnati, Ohio, Grand Hotel, Wednesday, December 7th. Columbus, Ohio, Neil Hotel, Thursday, December 8th. Toledo, Ohio, Madison Hotel, Friday, December 9th. South Bend, Ind., Oliver House, Saturday, December 10th.

Dr. Flower has attained such eminence in his profession in the treatment of chronic diseases that he is regarded as the highest authority in his specialties.

While Dr. Flower treats all chronic diseases and possesses every facility that money and experience can give him in the treatment of such diseases, his specialties are cancer, consumption, tumors, paralysis, nerve and heart troubles. In the treatment of these he has no equal in the world. Joe Jefferson, this great actor, cured by Dr. Flower when given up by the leading physicians of both continents to die, says: "I consider Dr. Flower the most wonderful and skillful physician of this age."

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It is stated by the Chicago Times that Dr. Flower's practice in both New York and Illinois is so large that the number of his patients will average over 1,100 in the former state and 800 in the latter. His patients are numerous through the South, and his practice extends to all parts of the continent.

Dr. Flower's visit to the above places will afford the sick excellent opportunity to consult this eminent authority close to their homes.

BITTEN BY A BABOON.

A Butte Woman Killed by the Pet She Cherished.

Mrs. Lavonia Redlich, the wife of an East Park street saloon keeper, who was bitten by a young baboon on last Friday morning, died at 5 o'clock this morning from the effects of the bite. The saloon keeper keeps a collection of animals and birds to attract customers to his place of business.

Last Friday morning a young baboon was received by him from California, and, pending its transfer to a cage, was chained to a post in the center of the saloon. Mrs. Redlich usually fed the animals each morning, and was playfully caressing another pet monkey. As she approached the baboon the vicious brute sprang upon her and sank its teeth into her right hand.

The bite was a painful one, but no serious results were anticipated until about an hour afterward, when the woman was taken with severe pains in the body and the hand and arm began to swell. When a physician was called he pronounced it a severe case of blood poisoning.

The woman suffered frightful agony, and although every antidote known to science was used to counteract the effects of the poison, she succumbed to its effects as stated. Before her death she requested her husband not to kill the baboon.—Butte, Montana, Inter-Mountain.

SAFETY ON THE OCEAN.

Much Depends Upon the Choice of Distinct Routes.

Safety on ships at sea is a matter of the first importance to passengers, and more especially to the many who travel in those marvelous specimens of man's handiwork that cross the North Atlantic Ocean, between the old world and the new, with the precision of express trains, says Chamber's Journal.

It is conceded on all hands that the measures in force for preventing collisions are insufficient for practical purposes, and many and various plans have been devised for lessening this too prevalent cause of death and disaster.

It has long been felt that danger from collision might be considerably reduced if passenger steamships crossing the North Atlantic were compelled under heavy penalties to follow totally distinct routes on the outward and homeward passages. The Cunard, Guion, Inman, National and White Star transatlantic steamship lines have formally agreed upon distinct routes to be followed by all their vessels. Since this agreement came into force on the 16th of last November some continental companies, the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg American, Compagnie Generale Transatlantique and the Red Star, of Antwerp, have come in with some slight modifications.

Let us sincerely hope, for the sake of all concerned, that the chosen tracks will be strictly followed, and that other companies may adopt them without delay. In proportion as the number of vessels using these tracks is increased the risk from collision is lessened, and a broken-down steamship or a crew compelled to take to their frail boats will know, within moderate limits of error, whither to steer in order to be rescued from their perilous position as soon as possible.

A FAMOUS AUSTRIAN CAVE.

It Is Very Fantastic and Affords Sometimes Room for Dancing.

Mr. Vernon S. Tranter, a wealthy young Englishman who finds his recreation in traveling, was in the city yesterday, and said to the writer: "I am going to visit Mammoth Cave, and if it surpasses in beauty and interest the Adelsberg Cave, which I explored a few years ago, I shall be repaid for my trouble. The Adelsburg Cave, I find, is but little known in America, the ration of travelers. It is in Austria, about thirty miles east of Trieste, and has been explored for a distance of nearly 3,000 yards as far as a subterranean lake.

The cavern comprises several grottoes from 60 to 100 feet high. A little river runs through it, forming on its way many cascades, which echo through the recesses of the cavern. The entrance to the cave is illuminated by hundreds of electric lights, and a transparent curtain composed of large sheets of crystallized limestone, hang from the roof. The largest of the grottoes is about 650 feet in diameter and 100 feet high.

"On Whit Monday of every year this is brilliantly lighted, and a great ball is held in the cave. The grotto is adorned with stalacites of every kind of the most fantastic shapes, and great cathedral like columns, formed by the union of stalagmites and satalcitets give the place the appearance of grandeur as well as magnificence."

Improved Shoebox.

A shoe box seen at a woman's exchange was a box like an ordinary soap box, which had been fitted with pigeonholes, and enameled with blue enamel paint inside. A flat cushion of blue and white porcelain cloth, to be had at Japanese stores, was fitted to the lid, and a balance, leaded at the bottom, fell around the box. The novelty of the box was in the pigeon hole idea, which is better than throwing shoes and slippers all in together, as is done in the usual shoe box.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to Be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"Man and the State" is made up of a series of studies in applied sociology, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city. The volume embraces a series of popular lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical association, embodying the product of the ripest investigation and thought of some of the best known political students and specialists of the country. The volume is of great value at the present time, when these subjects are occupying public attenetion.

A story for the young people published by J. R. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, is entitled "Axel Ebersen, The Graduate of Upsala," by A. Lansie, the author of "Maurice Kerdic," "A Marvelous Conquest," "Raymond Frezols," etc. It is a very pretty story and well told, holding the readers interest to the end.

"Itineracy of General Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783," by William S. Baker, the author of the "Engraved Portraits of Washington;" "Medallic Portraits of Washington," etc., is also published by the Lippincotts. This was originally published in the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, and then with additional matter, it forms a volume useful for both reference and as a study of Washington.

From the same publishers (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia) comes "Maid Marian and Robin Hood," further described as "A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest." It has for its author J. E. Maddock, the author of "The Dead Man's Secret," "Stories Wierd and Wonderful," "Stormlight, etc.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York city, issue a book for the young folks that will no doubt appeal to a wide circle by the interesting way in which the story is told. It is entitled "Little Arthur's History of Rome," and its author is Hezekiah Butterworth," whose "Zigzag Journeys" have given such intense pleasure. The work is illustrated with over 100 full-page cuts and vignettes, making a very handsome volume.

"Under Summer Skies," by Clinton Scollard, is a charming book of wanderings, filled to the brim with the delightful bits of experience in Eastern lands and over Bermudan waters, and through Cairo, Jericho, Bologna, Friedo, Tivoli, and the mining district at Tombstone, in Arizona. The descriptions are marked for their clearness and elegance. The excellent illustrations are by Margaret Landers Randolph. The book is published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York city.

"The Confession of a Child of the Century," by Alfred de Musset, is written in the author's best and finest style. The book opens with a monody of much strength and effect, and the story is well adapted to the moral. The volume handsomely published in brown and silver, is issued among the Medallion series of Charles H. Sergel & Co.

In the handy volume classics comes Bernardine de St. Pierre's beautiful little story "Paul and Virginia," published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York city.

"Japan in History, Folk-Lore and Art," is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The author is William Elliott Griffis, the author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Japanese Fairy World," "Matthew Calbraith Perry," etc. The object of the writer is to show how and why the Japanese see and think as they do. It is full of interest to older people, although dedicated to the boys and girls.

A beautiful little volume is that brought out by the same publishers, entitled "At Sundown," by John Greenleaf Whittier, whose portrait forms the frontispiece. A small edition was privately published two years ago, for circulation among the author's friends. The demand has been so great that the author consented to have it re-published in its present form, and it is especially welcome at this time.

"Shall" and "Will."

There is probably no more confusing part of the English language than that which regulates the proper use of "shall" and "will." The reply of James Russell Lowell to the woman who write, saying: "I would be very much obliged for your autograph," has been often in print, and has undoubtedly been clipped for scrap and pocketbook reference by many persons. The poet essayist granted her request in the following fashion: "Pray, do not say hereafter, 'I would be obliged.' If you would be obliged, be obliged and be done with it. Say, 'I should be obliged,' and oblige, yours truly, James Russell Lowell." An additional hint to go with this "cut me out" is that old verse:

In the first person simply shall, fortells,
In will a threat or else a promise dwells;
Shall in the second or the third doth threat;
Will simply then foretells the future feat.

or "shall" in the first and "will" in the second and third persons are to be regarded as simple declarations, and both in all other cases convey a threat.

WHAT FLOWERS TELL.

A Language That Our Grandmothers Knew by Heart.

The language of flowers is a study at once interesting and innocent, cultivating as it does a taste for the works of nature, filling the soul with the sweetest emotions, and presenting to view one of the most enchanting phases of a beautiful world full of wonders.

Following are a few of the best known flowers and the sentiments which they represent:

Sweet alyssum, worth beyond beauty; apple blossom, preference; bachelor's button, single and selfish; balm, sympathy; barberry, sourness; candytuft, indifference; carnation pink, woman's love; Chinese chrysanthemums, cheerfulness under misfortune; clematis, mental beauty; columbine, folly; red clover, industry.

Dahlia signifies dignity; white daisy, innocence; faded leaves, melancholy; forget-me-not, remembrance; jonquil, affections returned; lily of the valley, return of happiness; myrtle, love in absence; pansy, you occupy my thought; moss rose, I am worthy of love; sunflower, haughtiness; yellow rose, infidelity.—Chicago Dispatch.

Following Him.

He was going home to his wife and family. It was growing dark. His road from the station was a lonely one, and he was getting along as fast as he could, when he suddenly suspected that a man behind him was following him purposely. The faster he went the faster the man went, until they came to a churchyard. "Now," he said to himself, "I'll find out if he's after me," and he entered the churchyard. The man followed him. Vague visions of revolvers and garroters grew upon him. He made a detour of a splendid mausoleum. Still the man was after him, round and round. At last he turned and faced the fellow and asked: "What the dickens do you want? What are you following me for?" "Well, sir, do you always go home like this? I am going up to Mr. Fitzkrown's house with a parcel, and the porter at the station told me that if I'd follow you I should find the place, as you lived next door. Are you going home at all to-night?"—Melbourne City and Country.

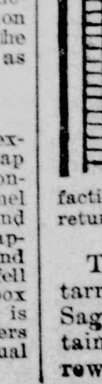
Perfectly Explained.

Bagley—Why aren't you wearing an overcoat this cold day?

Brace—On my way here it got such a soaking I had to take it off.

Bagley—But it isn't raining.

Brace—No-o; I—I soaked it myself.



HIGH LIVING, if you keep at it, is apt to tell upon the liver. The things to prevent this are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Take one of these little Pellets for a corrective or gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're the smallest, easiest to take, pleasantest and most natural in the way they act. They do *permanent* good. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headache, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or your money is returned.

The worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, yield to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So certain is it that its makers offer $500 reward for an incurable case.

FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Liquor Licenses.

S. M. M., Idaville, Ind., writes thus: "In a discussion with a Prohibitionist he took the ground that all this government, state and national, had to do in order to stop or suppress the liquor traffic, was to stop or quit issuing licenses. Please explain."

The decision of the Supreme court of the United States, in the California liquor cases, will explain. In these cases saloon men who had been refused license, if we recall the particulars rightly, appealed to the Supreme court against that regulation, claiming it to be contrary to the constitution of the United States. The decision of the Supreme court was against them. It declares that the liquor traffic is an evil, and therefore exists only by the permission of society; that it has no rights, such as has the traffic in the necessaries of life; that the state has a right to restrict, tax, license or prohibit, and that there is no appeal to the United States against state laws of this character.

We do not understand the grounds on which your friend claims that to repeal all license laws would stop the liquor traffic. He takes the wrong end of the argument. The traffic existed before a single license law was passed. A license law simply looks on the traffic as an evil existing, and seeks to restrict it by declaring that it may exist only under certain conditions set down in that law. To repeal that law would simply allow it to continue without any conditions. It would repeal the conditions, not stop the traffic. A man may buy or sell anything which the law does not declare shall not be bought or sold. If there is no law on the subject, it is perfectly lawful to buy or sell liquor.

The United States does not license liquor selling. It has no power to do so. The internal revenue laws of the United States impose a special tax upon all liquor dealers. This is not a license, for it is not a permit to sell. The United States simply says that whoever sells liquors must pay a tax. If a state prohibits the sale, the payment of the United States tax gives no man the right to sell in violation of state law. Your friend should go to some good lawyer and have him explain the legal points on this topic. He must be woefully ignorant upon them.

The Presidential Sucession.

Inquirer, Keifer, O.: The constitution provides that in the event of the death of the President, the Vice President succeeds him. Such being the case, should President Cleveland die, Adalai E. Stevenson would become President of the United States. The electors were chosen in the different states to vote for President and Vice President. The Presidential succession, beyond the Vice President, is fixed by chapter 4 of the acts of the Forty-ninth Congress, as follows:

"In case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice President, a member of the Cabinet shall, in the following order, act as President until the disability is removed or a president elected: The secretary of State, secretary of the Treasury, secretary of War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, secretary of the Navy, secretary of the Interior; Provided, That whenever the powers and duties of the office of President of the United States shall devolve upon any of the persons named herein, if Congress be not then in session, or if it would not meet in accordance with law within 20 days thereafter, it shall be the duty of the person upon whom said powers and duties shall devolve to issue a proclamation convening in extraordinary session, giving 20 days' notice of the meeting."

During the second session of the Fiftieth Congress an act was passed making the department of Agriculture an executive department under the supervision and control of a secretary of Agriculture, appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and subsequently an amendment to the act of the Forty-ninth Congress was made, adding the secretary of Agriculture to the list of Cabinet officers eligible to the Presidency under certain circumstances.

Ohio's Democratic Elector.

H. M. L., Calcutta, O.: The elector receiving the most votes is a member of the electoral college in any state. In Ohio this year, while the Republican state ticket was elected, and 22 out of the 23 Republican electors, by an error in marking tickets, Seward, the first man on the Democratic electoral ticket, received more votes than any Republican elector, except Danforth, who headed the Republican electoral ticket, but the other Democratic electors were beaten. The error which made Seward's election possible, came about as follows:

The amended Australian ballot law of the state provides that, where a voter wishes to vote a straight ticket, he shall make an X in a large circle printed at the top of the ticket, immediately under the name of that ticket; and that if he does not wish to vote a straight ticket, he must make an X in the square to the left of each man he votes for. But 2,476 Republicans and 2,652 Democrats did not take the trouble to post themselves, and made an X to the left of the first candidate for elector, instead of in the circle. These tickets were counted only for the first elector, and they lost their votes on all other candidates.

Seward, of course, defeated the Republican elector who received the smallest vote. This is L. D. Vickers, candidate for the 11th district.

"Wildcat" Banks.

A. M., Toledo, Ill.: The term, "wildcat money," is applied to the money which was issued by banks under state banking laws, in contradistinction to that issued by national banks. These state banks were in existence prior to the passage of the national banking act, and the adoption of the amendment imposing a 10 per cent tax on the circulation of state banks. The term "wild-cat" was applied because of the worthlessness of much of this money. The man who took it was liable to loss—to be scratched by the wildcat. During the period when state banks were in existence, counterfeiting was a flourishing business, few of the safeguards in use at this time for the protection of the people, being in existence. Prevention of counterfeiting state money, or "wild-cat" money, was practically an impossibility. Bank note "detectors," a book containing a list of counterfeit bills in existence, were in great demand. A man might have gone to bed at night with a hundred dollars in his pocket and awake the next morning to find that his hundred dollars were worthless, in the "good" old days. The unreliability of the money, the liability of its being counterfeited, placed the currency of the United States in bad odor all over the world, and it was not taken in exchange for other money. Even one state would not honor the money of a sister state. Under the national banking laws our money is good in any country in the world.

Oklahoma Lands.

J. T. F., Pushmataha, Miss.: We can not give you any information regarding the opening of the Kickapoo lands in Oklahoma. The time for the opening to settlement of the lands known as the Cherokee strip or Cherokee outlet, has not been announced. Address a letter to the Register of the United States Land Office, at Guthrie, Oklahoma, for the information you desire.

R. G. D., of Clear Lake, Beaver county, Oklahoma, states that in that county there are many acres of land open to homesteading, and costs the settler nothing except the fees, amounting to $18. He says: "The county contains nearly 4,000,000 acres of good grazing and agricultural land, and the finest climate in the United States. Stock live the year through without any other feed than the nutritious buffalo grass of the range. Wheat is proving to be a successful crop, making 25 to 30 bushels per acre."

Tin Plate.

E. B. Kansas: There are several tin plate factories in the United States, besides the one at Elwood, Ind. The census bureau issued a bulletin on the tin plate industry in this country. It will be found in the first column of the eighth page of The Weekly Blade, of the issue of November 3. The figures given there for the first three months of the fiscal year ending November 1, ought to be sufficient refutation of the claims set up by your neighbors, that there is no tin plate made in the United States. During the campaign The Blade several times published the list of over twenty tin plate factories in the United States.

Our Navy Yards.

G. T. B., Carpenterville, Ils.: The government navy yards are as follows: Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charlestown, Mass.; Gosport Navy Yard, Va.; Kittery Navy Yard, N. H.; League Island, Pa.; Mare Island, Cal.; New London Naval Station, Conn.; Pensacola, Fla.; Washington, D. C.; Norfolk, Va.; Port Royal, S. C., and Key West, Fla. The new navy consists of 27 armored vessels, 16 unarmored vessels, six gunboats and eight in the special class. In a year or two the United States navy will be able to compete on the high seas with any navy in the world. In addition to the list given half a dozen armored vessels are now being built.

The Electors.

J. A. S., Herman, Minn.: Presidential electors are chosen by the people, and their duty is to vote in the electoral college for some man for President of the United States. If a man is elected as a Democratic elector, he cannot be compelled to vote for Cleveland, but he would be honor bound to do so. Should a Democratic elector vote for some other man in preference to Cleveland, he would only be a traitor to his constituents. His vote would be counted as cast. An elector is not bound to vote for any man, except by honor.

The Pension Matter.

J. M. B., Duncan's Bridge, Mo.: The Democratic party supported the bill pensioning veterans of the Mexican war. There has been several bills introduced in Congress for this purpose, and it would be difficult to give the name of the member who introduced each bill. You are right in your assertion that most of the soldiers who took part in the Mexican war came from the South. To our knowledge such legislation was never opposed by the Republican party, except when applicants for Mexican war pensions were aiders and abettors in the secession of the Southern states from the union.

Protection and Revenue.

H. J. P., Rogersville, O.: A tariff for protection is a schedule of duties levied on goods manufactured in foreign countries of the same kinds which are also made in this country. A protective tariff discriminates in favor of American wares and the workmen engaged in their manufacture, and should equal the difference between wages paid in this country and in foreign countries. A tariff for revenue is a tax levied solely for the purpose of raising money to pay the expenses of the government. There is no such thing as a "tariff for defense."

Soldiers' Home.

F. E. H., Shelbyville, Ill.: The soldiers' home at Dayton is a national institution. The following are the requirements for admission: An honorable discharge from the United States for service during the rebellion or Mexican war; disability which prevents the applicant from earning his living by labor. Applicants may apply by letter to one of the managers of the home, whereupon a blank application will be sent to him, and if he is found duly qualified, transportation will be furnished.

Woman Suffrage.

A. C., Anderson, Wash.: Women have voted on the same terms as men in Wyoming since 1870. The law providing for woman suffrage there is undoubtedly constitutional. The convention in 1889 to form a state constitution inserted a provision securing to women this right. The constitution was ratified by the people, and the state of Wyoming was admitted to the Union.

The Australian System.

A. A. R., Los Angeles, Cal.: In the last election every state in the union voted according to the Australian system, except Iowa, Kansas, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. A bill providing the new system for Kansas has passed one branch of the legislature of that state, and Iowa will likely adopt the Kangaroo during the coming winter.

Miscellaneous.

J. D., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.: We do not recall the circumstances to which you allude.

F. T., Denova, Iowa: Write to some resident of Oklahoma for the information you wish.

F. C., Medicine Lodge, Kan., states that G. W. N., Barnhill, O., will find a coal mine at Pana, Ill., 700 feet deep.

J. O. M., Leelan, O.: Postmaster-General Wanamaker is not a member of the firm of Wanamaker & Brown, clothiers.

J. M. B., Duncan's Bridge, Mo.: A man can only vote where he claims his home to be. He can have but one legal residence.

M. W., Malden, Ills.: The matter you speak of is simply a poetic fiction. The writer knows of old battle-flags, the stars of which have nearly all been shot away.

M. B., Sewell Depot, W. Va.: Penmanship is defined by Webster as the art of writing. The rules above forbid us to take cognizance of your other questions at this time.

L. A. R., North Adams, Mich.: American collectors of old coins do not, as a rule, care for old coins of other countries. We do not think a Spanish dollar of 1819 bears any premium.

J. W., Cabery, Ills.: There were only a few silver quarters coined in 1853 without arrowheads on each side of the date. Those without these arrowheads are worth about $4 apiece. Those with them bear no premium.

M. N. T., Butler, O.: The statement that a special saloon and drinking car was attached to Mrs. Harrison's funeral car is undoubtedly a falsehood, although nearly all Pullman trains have a dining car, on which meals and liquors are served.

E. M. E., Logan, Montana: The original edition of Lewis and Clarke's explorations is out of print, but a new edition will be out soon. Apply to your local bookseller, and have him get the book for you, when it is placed on sale.

H. M., Columbus City, Ind.: Negroes were first brought to the United States as slaves in 1619, when a Dutch vessel landed twenty of them at Jamestown, Va. The name of the man who commanded this vessel is not recorded in history.

R. J., Toledo, O.: John L. Sullivan did at one time own a saloon at Boston, but he disposed of it a year ago. We do not think he has had a financial interest in it since that time. When Sullivan sobered up after his fight with Corbett it is said he did not possess a dollar.

Subscriber, Port Norris, N. J.: There has been no reliable estimate made yet on the total vote for President in the late election just as soon as the vote is stated officially we shall print it. We do not care to mislead people by giving unreliable estimates.

A. T. L., Toledo, O.: Weaver electors were chosen on November 8 in Kansas, Colorado, North Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada and Montana. One Weaver elector was chosen in Oregon. The official vote in these states has not yet been compiled, the plurality in each state being small, with the exception of Colorado, where the Weaver electors had a plurality of nearly 16,000.

J. S., Grand Junction, Col.: The "Century" history of the life of Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay and Hay, is the best. Next to it the biography of the martyred president by Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, is preferable. Any bookseller can order it for you. We can not give addresses. Read rules above.

H. W. S., Cordon, Ky.: In most of the explored regions of the world Christian missionaries are laboring, but there are yet many regions devoid of missionary work. A great portion of the continent of Africa is as yet practically unexplored, and so far as religion is concerned, in its pristine condition. Please read rules above and send but one question at atime.

SOME BIG VOLCANOES.

One Near Naples Sprang Up in a Single Night.

There are volcanoes all over the world. They occur all along the Pacific coast, on the western side as well as the eastern, all the way from Bering Strait to New Zealand. There are volcanoes in Africa, in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, and even amid the eternal ice and snow that surround the Southern pole. Iceland is especially noted for its volcanoes, which have burst forth from time to time in the most fearful eruptions.

On one occasion the volcano of Skaptar Jokull poured out a stream of lava which, flowing into the bed of the river, dried it up. The flowing lava followed the bed of the river until it came to a lake, which it filled up, and, soon after it reached a tremendous abyss over which a magnificent waterfall had formerly plunged. Here, too, the lava took the place of water, and formed a cataract of fire which must have been a grand and awful sight, says St. Nicholas.

Of course all volcanoes are not of the same age. Many have been formed within the last few centuries, and we have descriptions of several from eye witnesses who watched their formation.

About the middle of the last century there lived on the elevated plain of Malpais, in Mexico, a planter by the name of Jorullo (pronounced Ho-rool-yo). All had gone along quietly enough in that neighborhood up to June, 1759, when, under the plain, were heard terrible subterranean noises. Then earthquakes followed, and continued for two months, and presently the ground burst open, a terrific eruption took place, and a volcano was formed upon Senor Jorullo's plantation.

When Humboldt visited the spot about forty years afterward, he found, in addition to the principal volcano, an immense number of little oven-like vents scattered over the plain, and still hot and smoking.

Just to the north of Naples in Italy is the beautiful Bay of Baiae, on which anciently stood a little town called Tripergola. In the years 1537 and 1538 a great many earthquakes were felt in the vicinity, but on the afternoon of Sunday, September 29, 1538, fire burst out of the ground, ashes, mud and stones were hurled out, and, in a single night a volcanic mountain, 440 feet high was thrown up, very near the town. Its fires speedily died out; the Italians call it Monte Nuovo, or the New Mountain.

How Men Should Treat Women.

A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important subject: "When thou art married seek to please thy wife, but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The Tamarack.

W. R. I., Ohio: The tamarack tree is native to both America and Europe. It is found in swamps, or along the edges of streams in the northern part of the United States. The tree has a drooping, graceful appearance. The wood is close-grained, and the tree has thread-like, deciduous leaves, in clusters. It is called by many people the hack or tamarack. The botanical name, and by which it is familiarly known is the larch. It belongs to the coniferous or pine family.

Bones in Horse's Leg.

School Boy: The bones in a horse's leg are longer than those of the colt.

Mushroom Spawn.

D. K. P., California: Regarding the propagating and preserving of mushroom spawn, artificial spawn may be made from horse droppings, some cow dung and road scrapings beaten up into mortar-like consistency in a shed, and then formed into bricks, usually thinner and wider than common building bricks. The proportions: (1) Horse droppings, the chief part; one-fourth cow dung, the remainder loam; (2) fresh horse droppings, mixed with short litter for the greater part; cow dung one-third, and the rest mould and loam; (3) horse droppings, cow dung and loam in equal parts. These bricks are put in some dry, airy place, and when half dry, a little bit of spawn, about as big as a hazel-nut, is placed in the center of each; or, sometimes when the bricks are as wide as long, a particle is put near each corner, just inserted below the surface, and plastered over with the material of the brick.

When nearly dry the bricks are placed in a hot-bed about a foot thick, in a shed or dry place. The bricks are piled openly and loosely, and covered with litter, so that the heat may circulate evenly among them, not above 60 degrees F. If the temperature should exceed this, it may be reduced by removing the covering of the litter. The bricks are frequently examined during the process, and when the spawn has been found to spread throughout the brick like a fine, white mold, it is removed and allowed to dry for future use in a dark place. If allowed to go farther than the fine white mold stages, and form threads and tubercles in the bricks, it has attained a higher state of development than is consistent with preserving its vegetative powers, and therefore it should be removed from the drying bed in the fine mold stage. Robinson on mushroom culture, says: Generally the spawn is supposed to be analogous to seed. It is really what may be termed the vegetation of the plant, or something analogous to roots, stems and leaves of ordinary plants, the stem, head and gills of the mushroom being in fact the fructification. Spawn is found in a natural state in half decomposed manure heaps, in places where horse droppings have accumulated and been kept dry and rarely or never in any moist or saturated materials. This natural spawn is best, and should be used wherever it is found. Divide the spawn into pieces a few inches square, say an inch or so thick. They will, of course, break up irregularly, but all should be used, whether the size of a bean or nearly that of the open hand. In most places where horses are kept, opportunities for finding this spawn occur. Its white, filaments and downy threads have the odor of musrooms, and the spawn is therefore very easily recognized. It need not be used when found, but may be dried and kept in a dry place for years; has been known to keep as long as fourteen years. To preserve spawn found in a natural state, nothing more is required than to take up carefully the parts of the manure in which it is found, not breaking them up more than may be necessary, and placing the pieces of all sizes, loosely in rough, shallow hampers. Place these in some airy loft or shed till thoroughly dry, and afterwards pack in rough box is till wanted for use.

What Ails the Pigs?

Blade Reader (no state): Your pigs are suffering from colds. These are contracted through sudden changes of atmosphere, damp pens, too much litter at one time, and too little at another, or allowing it to remain until it gets damp. Ill health in the sow will also induce colds, as the milk is not healthy, and the pigs weaken and become susceptible to colds. Pigs two months old should be gradually weaned, although it is not often, that sucking pigs contract bad colds. If they are yet sucking, give the sow, in a bran slop, an ounce of Epsom salts every other day until two doses are taken. Put a tablespoonful of charcoal in the sow's food once every other day for two weeks. Keep both sow and pigs in a comfortable pen, free from storms. Young pigs soon throw off a cold if kept in a warm pen with even litter, and good food. Change the food of the sow.

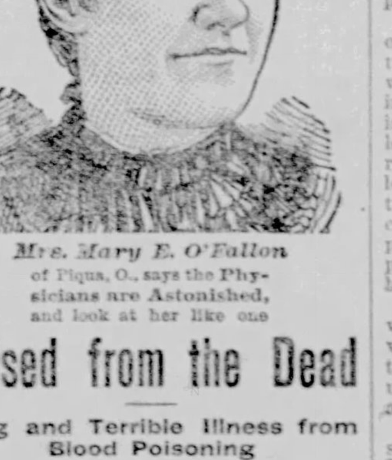
CORRESPONDENCE.

Rabbits Nibbling Apple Trees.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—About five years ago I commenced putting soft soap on our trees with a scrub brush from the ground up to the limbs, and rabbits have never touched them since. The soft soap is good for the trees also. —George D. Utt, Wisconsin.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—To keep rabbits from young trees, either kill a rabbit and rub the trees with it, or when butchering take the liver or the lungs of a hog or sheep and rub the trees, taking care that the blood is spread on all parts of the tree as high up as a rabbit can reach. About two applications during the winter will be sufficient and if too much rain does not fall to wash the blood off, one will do. This is a sure remedy, for I have seen it tried for years.—O. H. Jones, Missouri.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In answer to P. G. F. in Blade of November 17 you ask for a preventive for trees from the rabbit pest. The following I have found absolutely "sure," not only for rabbits but for borers, too: One qt. soft soap, 1 pt. fish oil, 1 pt. gas tar, 2 gal. strong whitewash. Mix the first three first and add the whitewash lastly.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery, and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead.**" Be sure to get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

HALL'S ★ ★ ★

City of Toledo, Lucas Co., State of Ohio. } S. S.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J. Cheney

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889.

NOTARIAL SEAL LUCAS CO., O.

A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS TAKEN INTERNALLY, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

CATARRH

TESTIMONIALS:

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it."

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is Sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines

PRICE 75 CENTS A BOTTLE.

CURE THE ONLY GENUINE HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS MANUFACTURED BY F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O.

estimonials sent free on application. ★ BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

TO EVERY MAN---CURE YOURSELF!

Why waste time, money and health with "doctors," wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when for a 2-cent stamp I will send FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the Prompt Lasting Cure of Lost Power, Nightly Emissions, Lack of Energy, all drains and losses, varicocele, and to enlarge, strengthen and develop weak, stunted organs, from early or later excesses or use of tobacco and stimulants, lack of vigor in old or young men quickly restored. I send this prescription FREE of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you can do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me, as it cured me after all else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Address J. D. HOUSE, Box 500, ALBION, MICH.

This is well tried and efficient.—Geo. O. Jewett, Missouri.

To Get Rid of Moles.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Will some one tell in The Toledo Blade how to get rid of moles. They work in our front yard and make it very uneven. We have tried castor beans, that does not seem to do any good.—Mrs. Jack Tetterton, Scott county, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sage for Market.

Sage is raised by the market gardeners near New York as a second crop in the season and the entire crop is gathered at once, and not a little at a time, as is usually practiced in private gardens where only a few bunches are cultivated. It is true that the plants are hardy and will live for several years, but for market purposes they are best treated as annuals. The seed should be sown early in spring, and not later than the first of May, and if the soil is rich and the plants given good care, they will be ready for transplanting in July, to ground from which a crop of early pears, cabbage or beets have been gathered. The sage plants are set in rows eighteen to twenty inches apart and about twelve in the row. The crop is gathered late in fall, tied up in bunches, and sold when fresh, or after being dried in the shade. The price is, of course, variable, depending upon supply and demand. If sent from a distance, sage should be packed in open crates. Gardeners say that from three to four hundred dollars per acre is about the average for a good crop of sage.—American Agriculturist.

Things we Do not Know.

The following is from a bulletin of the Ontario experiment station:

1. We do not consider that we know everything about butter-making, as something new is being discovered every month. Not only from our own work are we continually learning, but also from the observation and research of others.

2. We do not keep a cow that makes less than two hundred pounds of butter a year.

3. Nor put the dry cow on a starvation ration.

4. Nor expect a cow to make something out of nothing.

5. Nor keep our cows in an ice-house, hog-pen or dungeon.

6. Nor allow them to go a whole year without carding or brushing them.

7. Nor depend on pasture alone for a supply of summer feed.

8. We do not allow the milk to stand very long in the stable to absorb foul odors.

9. We do not neglect to strain the milk at once after milking.

10. Nor mix sweet cream with cream to be churned less than twelve hours before churning. The cream is ripened in one vessel, which holds the cream for a whole churning.

11. Nor add scalding water to the cream; nor guess at the temperature with the finger; nor take two or three hours to churn.

12. Nor gather the butter till the "dasher stands on top," and then dip it out of the buttermilk.

13. Nor add coarse salt by guess; nor work the butter into grease.

14. And finally, we do not send our butter to market wrapped in old rags that may have seen other service in the house.

"Robbing the Bees."

A writer advises beekeepers to take out of the hive all honey and to substitute sugar for winter food. Another writer criticises this practice and calls it "robbing the bees" of what rightfully belongs to them—of what is better winter food than sugar can be, for the purpose of gain—for a few paltry dollars.

It is evident that the writer who criticises is not familiar with the solution of "bee problems." It is good advice to remove all honey and give sugar in any year, provided the price of honey is high enough and the price of sugar low enough to make it an object. The retail price of honey ought to be not less than 25 cents a pound. In September the price was fifteen to twenty cents a pound. At this price and the price of sugar less than five cents a pound, it pays to substitute sugar for honey.

Twenty-five pounds of sugar (and water, for the sugar is dissolved in water) is sufficient to carry a colony through the winter. If 25 pounds be used, the cost is less than one dollar and 25 cents.

Twenty-four pounds of granulated sugar are sold to-day for one dollar. Five pounds of honey will pay for, nearly, at present prices, the sugar substituted.

Now, as to robbing the bees of what rightfully belongs to them, of what is better, says the critic, than sugar can be for winter food. This is erroneous. It has been demonstrated beyond question that granulated sugar is better food for bees in winter than honey under some circumstances, and under any circumstances it is as good as honey. In a very dry or wet season the honey gathered lacks some constituent that is given it in ordinary seasons, and the result is dysentery, followed, if the bees cannot fly, by the spoiling of the stores and their own death. In some apiaries it is the practice to extract all honey in the fall, except that in combs where there is brood, and feed sugar for winter food. Indeed, there are beekeepers who declare that under any and all circumstances the bees come forth in the spring in better condition if fed during the winter on sugar-granulated sugar dissolved in water.

The beekeepers must not attempt to extract the honey in brood combs if there be any brood in them, for the centrifugal force will throw out the larvae. The extracting is done as soon as the honey yield in the fields ceases. Feeding is neither a long process nor difficult one, especially if the object be to give the bees winter food merely. But that should not be the only object.

Another object should be in feeding in the fall to stimulate the queen. In this case the feeding should be continued as long as possible—up to within 21 days of cold weather, or as near it as can be estimated, in order that all the queen's eggs may hatch before winter comes. The object is to fill the hive with young bees to live through the winter and be ready to begin work in the spring; there must be something besides old bees that worked in the fall; the greater number of these will die perhaps during the winter. The "bee year" begins as soon as work of gathering honey in the fall ceases. Then the beekeeper begins to prepare for the next year.—Cor. Farm and Fireside.

Scraping Bark from Trees.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says: I have been greatly surprised at the various remarks and recommendations in regard to the scraping of trees to remove loose bark, and to the various washes recommended for use upon them. I have never hesitated to scrape the bark from apple or pear trees whenever I have come into possession of an orchard which was greatly troubled with defective bark. But if an orchard is properly cared for, there will be very little loose bark—not enough to cause trouble. The shaggy bark on trees is a good deal like the cotted tufts of hair on an animal—an evidence of want of proper care and attention.

If an orchard is so cared for and fertilized that the trees make an average annual growth of from 12 to 16 inches, there will not be enough loose bark to do any harm, and if, in addition to the above, the trees be washed occasionally from the ground up, there will be none.

I have tried all the washes recommended and many others, and there is none I like so well as caustic soda, of which no one has said a good word. All kinds of potash washes leave the bark smooth and soft, but I object to them because they give it a sort of reddish look, and it soon seems to break up in patches, and I have thought it loosens worse than if no washing had been done. This effect is produced even when soft soap is used, and though not in so marked a degree as when weak lye is employed. The use of a caustic soda wash, on the contrary, leaves the bark equally smooth and glossy, but of a fine, healthy, green color, and not at all inclined to break up into patches and peel off. To make the wash, dissolve one pound of caustic soda in a gallon of soft hot water, and apply with a brush, broom or a bunch of rags tied to an old broom handle. If caustic soda or soda ash, which is the same, cannot be readily obtained, common sal soda can be taken and put into an iron kettle and heated until it becomes red, which will make it very nearly as good as the caustic soda as sold. As this will not be quite as strong, a little more should be used, say, 1 1-4 pounds to a gallon of soft water.

This wash may be applied to the trees after scraping (for this purpose I use an old hoe or a common box scraper), or if an application be made to old trees of a wash of double the above strength, it will cause the loose bark to fall off. But orchardists must remember that the loose bark is a symptom, and to doctor the symptom does not cure the disease. The trees need better culture and care, and without these the washings and scrapings only make them look better, without making them any more vigorous.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Charles Gaus, Marshall, Mich.

Poor Advice.

"Avoid what you'd blame others for doing."

Says some wiseacre who knows not life. Advice like this one would surely be ruing,

For how could a fellow then kiss his wife? —Judge.

Men of Letters.

"I handle more letters in a day than you do," said a man to one of Uncle Sam's postal employes.

"Indeed! What postoffice do you work in?"

"Don't work in a postoffice at all. I'm a typesetter."—Truth.

The Cause of His Shipwreck.

Will Marigold—I am all broke up on you, Aurelia—simply shipwrecked, as it were.

Aurelia Van Gilding—On my rocks, I suppose.—Truth.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

INGATHERING OF HARVESTS.

A Sermon Suitable to the Thanksgiving Season—Man Likened Unto the Corn When it is Garnered.

The text selected by Dr. Talmage this week was "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season." (Job v. 26).

This is the time of the year for husking corn. If you have recently been in th fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of the wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. There is now at least two billion bushels of corn eitherstanding in the shock, or having been already husked. The farmers gather, one day on one farm, and then another day on another farm, and then put on their rough husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons come along and take it to the corn crib.

About corn as an important cereal or corn as a metaphor the Bible is constantly speaking. You know about the people in famine coming to buy corn of Joseph, and the foxes on fire running into the "standing corn," and about the oxen treading out the corn, and about the seven thin ears of corn that in Pharaoh's dream devoured the seven good ears, and the "parched corn" handed to beautiful Ruth by the harvesters of Bethelehem, and Abigail's five measures of "parched corn" with which she hoped to appease the enemies of her drunken husband, and David's description of the valleys "covered over with corn," and "the handful of corn in the earth," and "the full corn in the ear," and Christ's Sabbath morning walk through corn-fields, and the disciples "plucking ears of corn," and so I am not surprised to find corn-husking time referred to in my text: "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night began to melt off the top of the corn-stalks. While the farmers were waiting for others they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or thrashing their arms about their body to keep up warmth of circulation. Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready now! The men take hold of the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt to escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn-shock, and the stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the ear is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight. The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods at an even-tide, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn-shocks before sun down. After a while, the dinner horn sounds from the farm house, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a sense which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the field, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course, the husking made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing, and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said, "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah! my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the heavenly husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality. There ought to be a great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps he will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm you ought to say, "Thank God, that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice. The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry-stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders, are only paying in instalments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God, that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth the husking. We threw that into a place all by itself and we called it 'nubbins.' Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket, and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to comparatively nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment! All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked, and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all! Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress of business, and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember, also, that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified back logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirits reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of the player have swept the chords. The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides—from Potter's Field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well-meaning disagreeables. Now, in heaven, all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "good-bye" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprase, into seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide-open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove a roan so frisky, so full of life they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times. And so it will be in heaven. Our father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak; just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say, "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation—just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. Go in and dine. What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed among glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season. Oh, I wished that the two billion bushels of corn now in the fields or on their way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality, when all the shocks come in.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night, after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into the mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror, that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and fled, and I have resolved upon a new and honest life." O my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a chock of corn cometh in in his season."

Women Postmasters.

It is estimated that over 6,000 women in the United States act as postmasters. The largest number for any one state, 463, is in Pennsylvania, and 460 in Virginia. North Carolina stands third with 322. Only five other states have over 200 each—256 in Ohio, 243 in New York, 216 in Georgia, 210 in Texas and 209 in Kentucky. Alaska has only one, and Rhode Island and Oklahoma have ten each.

THE BEST

S.S.S. Is the best Blood Medicine, because it assists nature to throw off the impurities of the blood, and at the same time tones up the entire organism. This is just contrary to the effect of the various potash, mercury, sarsaparilla mixtures, which bottle up the impurities in the system, thus producing much sickness and suffering. Therefore, for a

BLOOD MEDICINE

you cannot do better than take S. S. S.

"As a physician, I have prescribed and used S. S. S. in my practice as a tonic, and for blood troubles, and have been very successful. I never used a remedy which gave such general satisfaction to myself and patients.

"L. B. RITCHY, M. D., Mackey, Ind."

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

The Camp Fire.

Revenge on the Colonel.

Editor Camp Fire:—In a former article I asked "Where I was at?" But I now know that I am at the tail, while Grover, Adlai & Co. are at the horns. But I shall hang on all the same, with the expectation of wresting from them not only the horns but the hide and tallow some day. But I started out to tell the old vets of a little fun I once had while soldiering down in Dixie. In June, 1863, the 15th Vermont were encamped near Ocquacon village in Virginia. Fishing in the river was splendid, and of course we had to have fish, when they could be caught. Col. Rowtal was very indulgent with us, but he was liable to be interviewed by the officers of the old army then moving from Fredericksburg to intercept Lee, and of course, we were to be left on the front, when they had passed through our lines. So our colonel said to us on dress parade, "Boys, I don't want to be caught napping, and I don't want to forbid your fishing. Now to-morrow a few of you go down and fish awhile, then come back and let a few more go." Well, the next morning more than half of the men in the regiment believed they were the few allowed to go, and lit out for the river. But when we saw what a big crowd a few men could make, we began to get a little uneasy, and not withstanding the fish were biting, we soon began to meander back to camp.

Judge of our surprise, when nearly back, to hear the orderly sergeant's call out: "This way, please." Captains, corporals, privates, and all, were trembling into an old barn, and kept there till all got in, fish and all. Then the colonel came down and looked us over. "Well," said he, "you have got a d—d big lot of fish for a few men to catch." After talking to us a while, he said we should all go on extra duty next day.

So the next morning we all fell into lie for picket duty. Then came the reading of orders. It seemed from their reading that somebody wanted to put us in the best possible shape to be interviewed, but didn't know just how to do it. I remember one clause read: "Allow no one to pass your posts without a written order signed by their headquarters." Col. Randal said: "These orders seem to be somewhat conflicting, but you will use your best judgment and discretion."

Myself and two others were left on a pinnacle, which was very steep on the south side. Toward noon the other boys went off a short distance for cherries. Everything being quiet, I sat down under the bough-house and began whittling bones. Soon I heard the rattling of sabers and the tramp of horses' feet, and glacing down the hill I saw Lieut. Col. Brown leading several old army officers.

Col. Brown was unfortunate in being mean, cross and overbearing in his way, and, of course, the boys took every advantage of him possible on the picket lines. So I sat still and let him ride as near me as possible for the roof of the bough-house. Then I looked up at him, and I wish you could have seen his face when he thundered out: "Are you on duty here sir?" I replied, "I am, sir." "Why didn't you challenge at twenty paces, sir?" "Because I knew you, sir, and did not think it necessary in broad daylight." "Did you hear the orders read this morning, sir?" "I lidd, sir." "Did you understand them, did, sir." "Did you understand them, out his note book, he asked: "What is your name, sir?" I gave name, company and regiment. Making a note of it, he said: "Consider yourself under arrest, sir." Then wheeling his horse and saluting, he ordered forward, march.

By this time I was on my feet, and bringing the old Springfield to a shoulder, I called in tones not to be mistaken, "Halt!" "What do you mean, sir?" In my boldest way I asked: "Have you a pass, sir?" "I don't need a pass," said he. Said I: "You do need a pass, and you need it bad to get past this post alive," and began to bring the old gun to a ready.

He then turned to the others and asked, "What shall we do with this man?"

One of them said: "Colonel, will you permit me to interview him?"

"Certainly, sir.' The old fellow rode up to me in an easy way, when he asked: "Are you a regular detail?" "No, sir." "How came you here then?" "Well, I went afishing yesterday." He roared and laughed, then said: "We heard about that in camp, and had a good laugh over it, but I did not expect to see it crop out on the picket line." Smiling, he said: "So the fishing scrape and conflicting orders explain it all, does it?"

"Well," I said, "that is about the size of it."

"If you are relieved from arrest, can we go on?" "Yes, sir: I am no better than the other pickets." Turning, he said: "Colonel B., I think I shall feel perfectly secure to pass through these lines and leave these men on the front. I think y u had better relieve him from arrest, colonel, and then we can go on," which the colonel did.—J. J. Ambler, Co. F, 13th Vt. Vol., Wapello, Ia.

Camp Fire at Evansville.

Editor Camp Fire:—March 17th, St. Patrick's day, the 24th Ind. had dress parade in the city of Evansville, Ind. The citizens turned out en masse to see us go through the different evolutions. Everything passed off orderly and in a systematic manner, notwithstanding each company had quite an addition of new recruits. After dress parade we marched in review before several military officers, who seemed well pleased with our appearance. As we were approaching the city brewery, owned and run by old Pap Kraener, the latter came out and saluted our commanding officer, who drew the regiment up in line fronting the brewery, then detailing several men, they were armed with wooden pails of beer. After which Kraener told us he wished to show his friendship and love for the defenders of the good old stars and stripes. When we reached quarters some of our drill masters informed us that "we came in accordance to Hoyle, not Hardee," i. e., we kept a zizzag line line instead of a bee-line.

March 22d.—This morning as we were perambulating the streets of the city in quest of items, we paused to rest near a group of 24sters.

The following is a true copy of an incident which actually occurred last night, as related by one of the actors:

"Well, you see, last night, after we left you, at Mozart hall, several of us concluded that we would start out on a victimizing excursion, so we went 'round to Hamer's saloon, St. Charles street, and various other places, where they keep truck to drink—always running our faces for a treat; finally we all cast anchor at the Autocrat restaurant, down on Water street, and went to playing pigeon holes. Every game we played we treated the bartender, until he finally became so salubrious he couldn't hold his eyes open any longer. Then the fun commenced in earnest. One of the boys (meaning of the 24th, of course), superseded the bar keeper, and with imperturbable gravity he set out liquor of all kinds for the players. Every time the drunken scamp would open his eyes we would pour a gill of lightning down his throat.

"Away along in the night sometime, several deck hands came in to get some whisky. We sold them five gallons for $3; played pigeon holes until we lost five balls out of nine, and it never cost us one cent. Say boys, lets go down to the 'Autocrat' and see what old Bally has to say; so down we went. Old Bally looked as if he had been on a forty days spree, sure enough. He related to us all his troubles, and wound up by swearing he would shut up his bar right off. Directly after leaving the 'Autocrat' we came across Sergeant Holmes, of the 3rd relief. 'Hello,' said he. 'I had a good time last night.' 'How so?' 'Why after I see you at Charley Smith's at 10 o'clock I went to bed with Bill Barnet. Just as we got to sleep, here come Jim Granger, who thumped and hammered at my door until he waked us up. He told me that Capt. Robbins wanted me to take my relief down and arrest Mike Ragan, for Mike was drunk. Out we rolled from a warm bed and sallied forth; found old Mike in a salubrious condition; had to tie him and drag him two squares to Carpenter's block, where we kept him under charge of private guard. Billy got his jacket torn, his watch chain broken, etc. Didn't get to sleep much last night; feel very bad today."

Soon along came Chris Heldt (old Chris, as the comrades call him). "You ought to have seen me arrest two fellows at the depot just a bit ago," said he. "They were trying to get off on the morning trin dressed in citizens' clothes, but they couldn't fool an old veteran. I knew in a moment that they were trying to desert, so I told them to come along with me. One of them talked very saucy, and swore he would not go. At the same time he placed his hand in his bosom as if he had a revolver. I fixed bayonet and made at him. He subsided and quietly submitted to be led off."

March 24th.—Weather fine; had company drill at 2 p. m., but later in the day have orders to go aboard the steamer Joseph Pierce for New Orleans at 4 p. m. Consequently everything in camp is hurry, bustle and confusion. The soldiers are busy shaking the dust from their knapsacks, "doing up" their tricks preparatory to taking leave of Hoosierdom for a spell if not long.—Lew Jessup.

Waiting for Jim.

Editor Camp Fire:—Sitting near a broken-down farm gate at the crossroads, five miles from Z——, I found an old man on a bright October morning. He gazed nervously up and down the road, and accosted me with:

"Is Jim comin' along purty soon? I've been a-waitin' for him here ever since the battles of the Wilderness."

I learned later on that he had been harmlessly insane ever since his last and youngest son, "Jim," had been reported missing after the bloody battles of the Wilderness. His one idea was that Jim had risen from a lieutenant to a major-general's position. He was cared for by a nephew, who humored his fancy by allowing him to sit by the gate when the weather was pleasant:

"Just a waitin' here for him,"
He laid one thin hand on his frosted hair;
"Waitin' for my last boy, Jim!
With a shoulder strap and star,
He's a-comin' from the war,
And I want to let him in!

"All the boys was bound to go,"
He wiped the tears from faded, careworn eyes,
"Henry and Ben, then John and Jim;
Last night I saw that star,
For he's comin' from the war,
And I want to let him in!

"I've been waitin' here since spring,
An' all my crops need a gatherin' in,
Waitin' for my last boy, Jim!
Oh, last night I saw that star,
For he's comin' from the war,
And I want to let him in!

"Stranger, have you seen my Jim?
You'd know him sure, he is so tall and grand—
Grit in every inch of him!
With a shoulder-strap and star
He's a-comin' from the war,
And I want to let him in!

"That star dazzles my old eyes,
'Long with the stars in God's own heaven above,
Waitin' for my last boy, Jim!
With a shoulder-strap and star
He's a-comin' from the war,
And I want to let him in!"

E. S. L. T.

A Peculiar Situation.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am the only man in the United States who while under arrest had charge of a military prison. I was arrested at Flemingsburg, Ky., on a charge of having sent contraband news to the Troy (O.) Times. It was the local paper in the county where I was raised, and I was furnishing the sheet with news regarding our movements. I was ordered to report to Gen. Fry, who was in charge of Camp Nelson. I was furnished transportation to Cincinnati, and arrived there on Saturday night. From that point I was to go to Nicholasville, Ky., the terminus of the Kentucky Central railroad. There was no train out on Saturday night, and as I had no money the officers were in doubt what to do with me until Monday. It was finally decided to send me over to Newport to take charge of the military prison until Monday morning. I went over and assumed the duties of the keeper of the prison till Monday, when I was furnished transportation. I was afterward assisted out of my trouble by Gen. W. W. Woodward, an old friend of my father, who was an assistant adjutant to Gen. Fry. —F. D. S.

Splinters.

Comrade E. G. Wagley, sergeant Co. F, 15th Indiana infantry, makes this correction: Comrade A. W. Harlin says in his last letter that the only capture of property at Corinth, Miss., was the 180 hides. I will see him and go him two better. I will say nothing of the pack of Confederate wagons nor the machinery for boring artesian wells nor the barrel of pickles on the depot platform, but will mention the sack of meal and the skillet that I captured as one, and the comrade that I directed to where he could get a skillet and a sack of meal, gobbled by patrol, as capture No. 2.

Comrade J. S. Steele, Fisk, Ala., writes:—I was a member of Co. A, 27th Ind. Vol. Infantry, and was wounded at the battle of Antietam, on Sept. 17, 1862. Will some of the members of the 27th give sketches of their experience in the Army of the Potomac? Let us hear from Col. Colgrove, and Col. Morrison, and Capt. Nance, and Q. M. Sergt. Crose, if they be still living.

Spiritualism Explained.
Write Publishers of Light of Truth, Cincinnati, O., for free sample copy. Organ of Spiritualism.

Too Sanguine.

Policeman (to corner statue)—Move on, now!

Corner Statue—Say, you must t'ink you've discovered perpetual motion—Puck.

A Friend

Wishes to speak through the *Register* of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of **Ayer's Pills.** He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are

In Need

of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills."—Boothbay (Me.), *Register.*

"Between the ages of five and fifteen, I was troubled with a kind of salt-rheum, or eruption, chiefly confined to the legs, and especially to the bend of the knee above the calf. Here, running sores formed which would scab over, but would break immediately on moving the leg. My mother tried everything she could think of, but all was without avail. Although a child, I read in the papers about the beneficial effects of Ayer's Pills, and persuaded my mother to let me try them. With no great faith in the result, she procured

Ayer's Pills

and I began to use them, and soon noticed an improvement. Encouraged by this, I kept on till I took two boxes, when the sores disappeared and have never troubled me since."—H. Chipman, Real Estate Agent, Roanoke, Va.

"I suffered for years from stomach and kidney troubles, causing very severe pains in various parts of the body. None of the remedies I tried afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills, and was cured."—Wm. Goddard, Notary Public, Five Lakes, Mich.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Every Dose Effective

THE PERFECT PURITY AND SOLUBILITY OF Van Houten's Cocoa —BEST AND GOES FARTHEST— permit of its instantaneous preparation and render it Highly Digestible and Nutritious.

The Sunday School.

LESSON XI., CUNDAY, DEC. 11, 1892.

The Apostolic Council.

Golden text: Through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.—Acts 15:11.

LESSON TEXT.
(Acts 15:12-29.)

12. Then all the multitude kept silence, and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul, declaring what miracles and wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them.
13. And after they had held their peace, James answered, saying, Men and brethren, hearken unto me:
14. Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for his name.
15. And to this agree the words of the prophets; as it is written,
16. After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up:
17. That the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things.
18. Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world.
19. Wherefore my sentence is, that we trouble not them, which from among the Gentiles are turned to God:
20. But that we write unto them, that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood.
21. For Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every sabbath day.
22. Then pleased it the apostles and elders, with the whole church, to send chosen men of their own company to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas; namely, Judas surnamed Barsabas, and Silas, chief men among the brethren:
23. And they wrote letters by them after this manner: The apostles and elders and brethren send greeting unto the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia:
24. Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised, and keep the law: to whom we gave no such commandment:
25. It seemed good unto us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you with our beloved Barnabas and Paul,
26. Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.
27. We have sent therefore Judas and Silas, who shall also tell you the same things by mouth.
28. For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things;
29. That ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication: from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well.

Illustrative Applications.

Barnabas and Paul rehearsing what signs and wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them (v. 12). It was not what wonders had been wrought by them for God that Barnabas and Paul talked about, but it was the wonders that God had wrought through them. He who thinks that he can do much for God will find himself mistaken; but he who thinks that God is so ready to work wonders in behalf of needy souls that he will use even him in this line if he will put himself at God's service, will not be mistaken. The one man will not have anything worth talking about, the other will have.

The Lord, who maketh these things known from the beginning of the world (v. 18). The Revised Version of the New Testament shows, as the former version did not in this place, that God not only knew his plan from the beginning, but he was disclosing his plan from the beginning. The books of Moses were not the first revelation of God to man, and we have no reason for supposing that those who had no, or who have not these books, were left without any indication of God's wish and purposes in their behalf. There are gleams of a light of revelation all the world over, in the beliefs and customs of primitive people; and we who have the Bible in its completeness are thereby furnished with an explanation of "the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world."

The apostles and the elders, with the whole church (v. 22). No one claimed the right to speak for all. If infallibility rested in either of he apostles at that time, he did not mention the fact, and no one else seemed to suspect it. Neither did the apostle, nor yet "the apostles and the elders," assume to settle points of disputed doctrine or practice. "The whole church" had a voice in that which concerned all. If there are legitimate successors of the apostles and elders now in the church, the fact of their legitimacy will be shown quite as much by what they do not claim as by what they do.

To choose out men of their company; chief men among the brethren. Although no one claimed to speak for all, it wasn't supposed that every godly man was fit for everything. The necessity of having the right man for each special work was recognized by those whom the Holy Ghost led. For a mission of the kind now called for, the Jerusalem Christians chose out "men of their company," "chief men among the brethren." The best men available for any special Christian duty are never too good. None others ought to be accepted. The best may in some cases be but poor specimens; but that only makes it the more important to have none below the best. For teaching a class, for superintending a Sunday school, for leading a prayer meeting for distributing tracts, or for doing missionary visiting, an inferior person ought never to be chosen if a better person for that work can be secured. Fitness for a good work is quite as important an element as a willingness to do it.

Certain which went out from us have troubled you with words (v. 24). It is very easy to make trouble with words. Words of error, unwise, or untimely, or unkind words, may mislead, or annoy, or wound those to whom they are spoken. Even Christians, as in this case, in giving counsel to young converts, may trouble them with words. One who wants to instruct or help others may do them serious harm through ill-advised words. There is nothing in which we have greater need of divine guidance than in choosing words by which to train a soul to the knowledge, or in the service of the Lord Jesus. "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O, Lord, my rock and my redeemer."

Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus v. 26). That is a good record for any set of men. Not every man is called to peril his life for the cause of Christ; but he who is not ready to do this if the occasion comes is not a true disciple of Jesus. It is a very common and a very grievous mistake to claim that a man's first duty is to preserve his life. His first duty is to obey God; and if his obedience costs him his life, he had a great deal better die than live. Living is a sin and a shame to a man when he must live at the cost of a crime—of a theft, or a lie, or any other dishonorable act. The true disciple of Jesus will hazard his life for the honor of the name of the Lord Jesus.

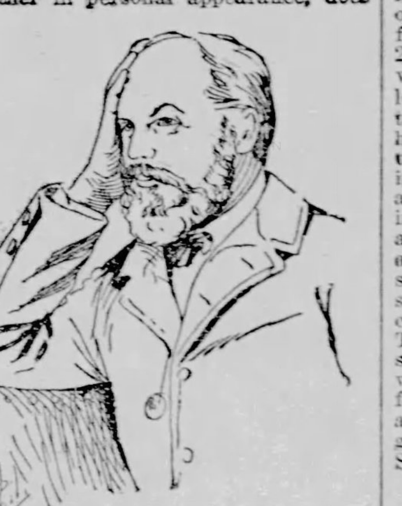
It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things (v. 28). God never lays an unnecessary burden on one of his children. Those who represent him in any sphere of authority or instruction ought not to venture beyond the limits which God sets for himself. There is a great deal of over-governing in the world. It is found in the family, where many parents would have more of obedience from their children if their demands for it were less frequent and less severe; in the church adn Sunday school, where children are sometimes kept too long or taxed too heavily; in the state, where a law of unnecessary rigor defeats its own end, and lessens the respect for other laws. Those who are instructed of the Holy Ghost lay on all over whom they have a care only such burdens as are beyond a question necessary.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

A CHILD ENJOYS
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

HALLAM TENNYSON

Said to Be Unlike His Father in Many Respects.

The new Lord Tennyson, named, it will be remembered, after the poet's beloved friend, Arthur Hallam, whose death inspired the beautiful poem, "In Memoriam," although he is not unlike his father in personal appearance, does



THE NEW LORD TENNYSON.

not at all resemble him in mental power or literary tastes. Of late years the Hon. Hallam Tennyson hardly ever left his father's side. Lord Tennyson could not bear him out of his sight, especially since he lost his second son, Lionel, in so sad and sudden a manner when the latter was crossing the Red Sea, on his way home from India.

In all his tastes Hallam (Lord) Tennyson is a thorough English country gentleman of the old-fashioned conservative sort. Devoted though he is to his father's works—even when a child he could recite long passages of "In Memoriam"—he has no liking for any other poetry. He has a good business head, and made all the arrangements with Mr. Augustin Daly anent the production of the late Lord Tennyson's last play, "The Foresters." It was also he who induced his father to specially write the part of Maid Marian with a view to its being acted by Miss Ada Rehan. He had seen her act once or twice during the Daly company's last visit to England, and immediately felt that she and she alone could interpret fittingly his father's heroine.

It is announced that Hallam (Lord) Tennyson is going to undertake to write the life of his illustrious father. Those who know the Tennysons intimately declare that a worse choice might easily have been made; perhaps because they were so dissimilar the two got on exceedingly well together, and the poet often talked to his son of past things and experiences which he never mentioned to any other human being, except, perhaps, to Lady Tennyson, who is far too frail and aged to undertake the task of writing her husband's life and editing his vast correspondence.

—"I am convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses"—this is what many people say.

ANCIENT TELEGRAPHY.

Grecian Generals Contrived to Communicate at Long Distance.

The ancient Greeks and Romans practiced telegraphy with the help of pots filled with straw and twigs saturated in oil, which, being placed in rows, expressed certain letters, according to the order in which they were lighted. But the only one of the contrivances which merits a detailed description was that invented by a Greek general named Eneas, who flourished in the time of Aristotle, intended for communication between the generals of an army.

It consisted of two exactly similar earthen vessels filled with water, each provided with a cock that would discharge an equal quantity of water in a given time, so that the whole or any part of the contents would escape in precisely the same period from both vessels. On the surface of each floated a piece of cork, supporting an upright, marked off into divisions, each division having a certain sentence inscribed upon it.

One of the vessels was placed at each station, and when either party desired to communicate he lighted a torch, which he held aloft until the other did the same, as a sign that he was all attention.

On the sender of the message lowering or extinguishing his torch, each party immediately opened the cock of his vessel and so left it until the sender relighted his torch, when it was at once closed. The receiver then read the sentence on the division of the upright that was level with the mouth of the vessel and which, if everything had been executed with exactness, corresponded with that of the sender and so conveyed the desired information.

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The tall Lord Stradbroke served under Wellington in Spain and afterwards fought at Quatre Bras, but was somehow disabled from being at Waterloo.

He was, moreover, the only Tory landlord whose abilities I ever heard Charles Austin praise.

When he was staying with my father the conversation turned on the extraordinary passage in which Victor Hugo attributes Napoleon's fall to the divine jealousy (il genait Dieu), and in which, so far as he assigns to human or rather to British agency, any share in the giant's overthrow, he would have us believe that the credit was due to the British army alone and not to Napoleon's rival.

"I heard the duke say," remarked Lord Stradbroke, "that if he had had his old Peninsular army at Waterloo it would have been an affair of four hours. These were his words."

This is remarkable as being the utterance of one who was never given to boasting.—Fortnightly Review.

She Thought There Would Be.

"Are you coming when I call you, or is there going to be trouble?" said papa to his 4-year-old daughter.

"I t'ink dere's goin' to be trouble, papa," replied the tot, keeping out of reach.—Truth.

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Mayalipuram, India, is graced with seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, each of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite bowlders. Some idea of their size may be gleaned from the fact that the smallest of the seven is 24 feet high, 17 feet long, and 12 feet wide, and is divided into upper and lower stories. The "Hevasa Goda-Cla," the largest of the seven, is three and a half stories high its outlines resembling those of an Atlantic steamship. The inside of the bowlder has been chiseled away until the walls do not exceed eight inches in thickness. The two floors above that of the foundation are each about a foot in thickness, and seem as solid as the rock of ages. The upper stories are reached by a spiral stairway carved from the same piece of granite. The second largest of these single stone temples has a portico eleven feet wide and 17 feet long, ornamented with four crouching lions and two elephants, all carved from the same bowlder which goes to make up the main building.—Scientific American.

At Supper.

Husband (irritably)—Can't you remember where I said I left my glasses at breakfast this morning?

Wife—I'm sorry, dear, [illegible] can't.

Husband (peevishly)—[illegible] shows the forgetfulness of you[illegible].—Harvard Lampoon.

Lucky Fellow.

Jack—Priscilla has made [illegible]orge happy for life.

Clara—I'm so glad to hear it! When are they to be married?

Jack—Never. She has refused him.—Truth.

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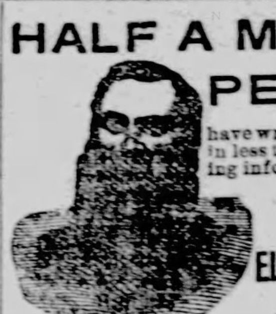

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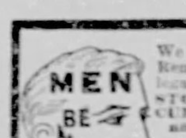

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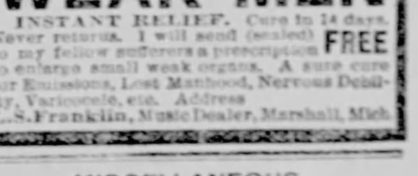

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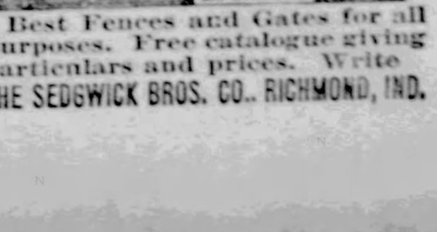

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Those of our readers whose time expires in December will be interested in reading the two valuable premium offers made in this issue.

We refer, first, to the two elegant "Columbus" pictures, which we offer elsewhere to December subscribers. Bear in mind we give TWO pictures and The Weekly Blade one year for $1.00.

Second, we refer to the premium book, "Nasby in Exile," given away to those who renew in December. We have printed a third edition of this book, which is now ready for our subscribers who prefer it. Those wanting a copy should not delay.

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TREASURER NEBEKER'S REPORT

The annual report of United States Treasurer E. H. Nebeker has been filed with Secretary of the Treasury Foster. Aside from its statistical interest, this document shows that the federal treasury is in no wise bankrupt, nor likely to become so, despite the partisan howls of the ultra-Democratic press. The total revenues for the year were $736,401,296, and the total expenditures $684,019,289. This is a decrease, as compared with the previous year, of $37,674,663 in the net ordinary revenues, and of $10,349,354 in the net ordinary expenditures. Compared with the previous year, there was a saving of over $14,000,000 in interest, which was treated as surplus. The treasurer states that at the beginning of the year there was a working balance, aside from the trust funds, of $207,110,451, and at the end, $165,718,150—of the former $119,000,000 and of the latter $114,500,000 was gold. This shows that the efforts to maintain a strong gold reserve were successful, in spite of the abnormal outflow of gold to Europe.

One point of interest in the report is the fact that the total amount of United States bonds held for security of national bank circulation increased during the year by $20,000,000. Still more important was a total net reduction of the interest-bearing debt of the United States for the year by $37,587,719. This was accomplished by utilizing surplus revenues amounting to near $10,000,000, and over $27,000,000 taken from the cash in the treasury. This appears to have been a wise measure, since it reduced the interest charge without hampering the operations of the department. Those people who credited the senseless howlings of the free trade press about a cramped condition of the treasury and the danger of a deficit, will do well to ponder these facts and figures. The management of the nation's finances by Republican administration has always been superb, and the Democrats can not hope even to equal it, much less surpass it.

THAT COMET.

The disagreement between the astronomers about the comet has been most extraordinary. When first discovered, it was in that point of the heavens where Biela's comet should be if it returned this year, and apparently moving in the same direction. It was hastily assumed to be Biela's, and the prediction of its coming close to the earth on Sunday evening made on that hypothesis. The fact is that on Sunday the earth passed that point in its orbit where the orbit of Biela intersects it; and had the present comet been Biela, it would have reached the same point about 9:45 p. m., a few hours after the earth's passage, and not over a million miles away. But the comet is not Biela; it is fully 150,000,000 miles away, and going from the earth instead of toward it. These are the facts of the case, and they afford another illustration of the foolishness of jumping at conclusions.

The German army bill was introduced on Wednesday in the Reichstag by Chancellor von Caprivi, who bolstered up the emperor's pet measure by a speech on the relations existing between France and Germany. After declaring that he did not intend to justify the bill by predicting war, the chancellor artfully brought up the matter of the famous Ems dispatch, which precipitated the Franco-German struggle. This gave him an opportunity to discuss the causes of the war, and, in the most skillful manner, he made it apply to the present crisis. The bill is to be pulled through if all the resources of diplomacy, backed by the Emperor's most earnest efforts, can accomplish it.

Congressman Bynum, of Indiana, thinks a tax on incomes would be very popular with the masses. He says that a revenue of $50,000,000 a year could be raised in this way without its affecting anybody excepting those who have pretty large incomes. It is singular to find the lessons of only thirty years ago so soon forgotten. No more unpopular measure was ever enacted than the income tax law, and it was only done because of the imperative need of money to carry on the war.

MR. EMBREE'S FALLACY.

The Associated Press, in its gathering of news all over the country on Monday, sends the fact that Rev. A. S. Embree, who is pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Topeka, Kansas, preached a sermon to his congregation on Sunday upon the subject of temperance. The Associated Press item says:

He declared that prohibition was a failure; that it had never been enforced and could never be enforced, and that the prohibition laws should be stricken from the statute. The continued violation of law would lead to anarchy, and that was what was being taught to the young men of the state by the non-enforcement of the prohibition laws. He, therefore, advised the repeal of the present prohibition laws, and the substitution in their place of a sensible local option law.

There is in this a modicum of truth. We have no doubt that in the larger cities of Kansas, and especially in the border towns, the prohibitory law is defied openly, and that intoxicants are sold in violation of law. But these towns, taken collectively, are but a small part of the whole state, and the country districts and smaller towns are absolutely free from the plague-spot of the saloon. But does it follow that therefore the prohibitory law should be repealed, even th[illegible] [illegible]al option be established? Mr. Em[illegible] idea probably is that in every [illegible]y where the present prohibitory s[illegible]ute is observed, prohibition would continue under local option; and that, in the towns wherein the law is now practically nullified, the saloons would be compelled to pay license, and be under legal regulation—which is not the case now, as they are beyond the pale of the law, existing in defiance of it.

To repeal the present prohibitory law of Kansas would be a backward step which we do not desire to see taken. We believe a majority of the voters of Kansas favor the law and its full enforcement. The only reason it is not enforced in certain localities is that public sentiment is too largely against it. Mr. Embree would hardly, we fancy, favor a repeal of the law imposing penalties upon chicken stealing if there should be an epidemic of it in a dozen localities in the state. If a law is founded upon right and justice, and is clearly in the best interests of the people, it is poor policy to argue for its repeal because it is persistently violated in a number of places. Should not Mr. Embree, as a minister of the gospel, rather turn his attention to the moral uplifting of the people above their present plane? Should he not endeavor to show them that the saloon is a terrible power for evil, a contamination to the body politic, a moral ulcer, and thus foster a sentiment that would support the enforcement of the law, rather than weakly advocate its repeal? This work of education is the one line by which permanent success can be obtained in the effort to *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

AN EXTRA SESSION?

In answer to inquiries regarding an extra session and the repeal of the McKinley law, 188 out of 356 Representatives in Congress are said to have expressed themselves as follows: Seventy-two for an extra session; 78 opposed, and 38 non-committal; on the tariff, 75 for repeal, 44 favored it with modifications, 57 opposed to any change, and 12 non-committal. But, all the same, the pressure for an extra session immediately after March 4 next is growing stronger, and it begins to look as though the Democrats who are ultra on free trade will not be satisfied with anything less than the speediest possible effort at tariff tinkering. But what will the new Congress do if it does meet in extra session? It is easy to pull down—to repeal the present tariff law; but something must be elaborated to take its place. We must raise over $200,000,000 a year from duties on imports; where will they be laid?

OUR SECOND SERIAL.

This Time by a Western Writer—A Very Bright Story of Arizona Life.

As soon as Mr. Bacheller's serial—which will be a short one—is completed, we shall begin the publication of a story, written expressly for The Blade, and printed in no other periodical, entitled

"A DAZZLING SCHEME,"

By Will Lisenbee, a rising Western author. It is entirely different in style from any serial we have lately published, and we believe it will be thoroughly appreciated by every reader. Its action moves very rapidly, and it is replete with startling and unexpected incidents. The scene is laid in Arizona, the characters being types of the heterogeneous civilization of our Southwestern border—Americans and Mexicans, lawyers and rancheros, etc. The turning point of the plot is decidedly novel, and we can promise our readers some very pleasant hours in perusing "A Dazzling Scheme."

THE SAULT CANAL.

It is probable that in the United States, outside of that section which the Weather bureau calls the "Lake region," the people know infinitely more about the Suez canal, or the proposed Nicaragua canal, than they do of the Sault Ste. Marie canal—in popular parlance the "Soo" canal. Yet it is the world's greatest artificial waterway, if the amount fo traffic is to be the measure of greatness.

During the present year the Sault canal has shown an enormous aggregate tonnage. Up to October 31, the traffic passing through it was 1,215,491 tons greater than the total for any previous year. The traffic for the season will aggregate more than 11,000,000 tons, and will be at least two million tons more than the tonnage passing through the Suez canal for the entire year. When one remembers that the latter, being in a warm climate, is open all the year, while the Sault canal is locked by ice for almost half the year, the relative importance of these two waterways will be strikingly apparent.

The total October exports of the United States were some $15,000,000 less in value than for October of last year, though the volume was about the same. That is to say, we sold just about as much abroad, but did not get so much for it. The following table shows the values of the exports in October of both years:

	Oct., 1892.	Oct., 1891.
Cotton	$26,590,183	$39,337,231
Breadstuffs	19,735,529	24,463,499
Provisions	10,543,032	8,000,876
Petroleum	4,272,120	3,840,101
Cattle and hogs	2,351,095	2,036,610
Minor exports	24,002,337	24,289,826
Total	$87,494,296	$102,877,243

Commander Weissert, of the G. A. R., announces that he intends to compel members of the order in the South to recognize the colored ex-soldiers, or they will be required to leave the Grand Army.

LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

THE EDITOR OF THE BLADE

Is Now Travelling in That Country—A Series of Illustrated Letters to be Given the Blade's Readers.

As we have previously announced, Mr. Robinson Locke, editor of The Blade, is now travelling in Japan, to which country he went in order to write a series of letters to this paper, fully descriptive of the "Land of the Cherry Blossom" and its queer people. This series of letters will be a striking feature of The Blade's pages for the next few months, and will of themselves alone be worth more than the small cost of a year's subscription. Mr. Locke is accompanied by his wife, mother and brother; and he takes with him letters from the State department at Washington, which will secure a cordial welcome in the highest circles, both official and social, of the Empire of Japan.

Mr. Locke is an excellent descriptive writer, and his letters will be eminently readable. His style is clear and vivid, and his work reminds one of that of Bayard Taylor. He is especially happy in noting those points which are strange or novel in the life or customs of people. It may interest those who have read "Nasby in Exile" to quote the closing paragraph from the preface to the original edition of "Nasby in Exile:"

It is only justice to say that much of the descriptive matter is the work of Mr. Robinson Locke, who was with me every minute of the time, and the intelligent reader will be perfectly safe in ascribing the best of its pages to his pen.

D. R. LOCKE.

June, 29, 1882.

This series of letters will not only describe Japan, its people, etc., but will give special attention to many points ordinarily neglected in books of travels, yet exactly those things which people who have never visited that country would find most interesting. For example:

Do you know that the ordinary building material for houses in Japan is bamboo—and consequently that they are entirely different from our houses? Mr. Locke's letters will describe Japanese houses, their mode of construction, their furniture, etc.

Do you know what crops Japanese farmers raise—how they cultivate the ground, when their harvest is, what implements they use, what food they live upon? This series will tell you.

Do you have any idea how a Japanese lady manages the household, how she makes or receives calls, what her and her family's amusements are? In short, do you know anything about social life among this queer people? Read Mr. Locke's letters, and you will find out.

Have you any definite knowledge of the religious beliefs of the Japanese, their strange forms of worship, their holidays, or whether they have anything corresponding to our Sabbath? These letters will interest you by giving information on these points.

We might fill a column or two with these queries. We mention the above only to give you some idea of the scope of Mr. Locke's series. Each letter will be

Illustrated From Photographs Taken on the Spot.

and thus prove doubly interesting. Don't fail to renew your subscription promptly, so as to obtain the whole complete. As soon as the first letter of the series, which will be entitled

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN,"

the photographs accompanying it will be engraved, and the publication will begin.

Renew your subscription to The Blade at once!

THE RISE IN COTTON.

The outlook is that the Hatch anti-option bill will be defeated at the session of Congress this winter. The sober second thought of the people has shown that the bill is not the cure-all for low prices which it was ignorantly supposed to be. It went through the House at the last session in deference to a supposed demand from the agricultural interests of the country. It now looks as though it will be defeated in the Senate in response to a demand for such action by the same interest. The rise in the price of cotton has been the principal factor in this change of sentiment. Three months ago cotton sold in Charleston, South Carolina, at 7 1-2 cents a pound; on last Friday it touched 10 cents in the same market. The crop is shotr, and a deficient supply, as compared with the demand, has run up the price.

Readers of The Blade well know that we have always given, as the true reason for the low prices of agricultural staples, an excessive supply as compared with the world's demand. A year ago the short grain crops in Europe caused a strong rise in prices of the crops of the Western and Northwestern farmers; this year the Southern cotton planters have an illustration, in the short crop of this country, of the same fact. These object lessons should not be lost upon our agriculturists. They should turn a deaf ear to the pestilent demagogues who are trying to deceive them into supposing that legislation, of any kind whatever, can permanently raise or depress prices for any staple product. Legislation may have a secondary effect, but the main cause of high or low prices must always be found in the supply as related to the demand.

This is the main cause of the rise in cotton at this time. But the price has gone higher than it would otherwise have done because buyers have been buying briskly for future delivery. Under the Hatch bill, were it a law, the planter could not sell for future delivery. The demand would not have been so great, therefore, and the price would not have risen quite so high. The Southern planters are beginning to see the point, and are numerously signing petitions to the Senate to reject the Hatch bill.

While there is a pretty strong, though quiet, feeling among the rank and file of the Republican party of the nation that new leaders in the national field are advisable, there is a difficulty in picking them out at this time. We suggest there is no pressing need of a selection. There are plenty of men with the needed qualities. It seems to us that the fierce discussions which will arise in the next Congress over the tariff and various phases of the currency question, will bring quite a number of Republicans prominently to the front, and that when three years or so have gone by the problem of selection will have solved itself.

The latest returns show that the Montana legislature will probably be Democratic on joint ballot by one majority. This will mean the election of a Democratic United States Senator. As the Senate will be Democratic anyhow, after March 4, this fact is of little practical importance.

GREAT BRITAIN'S TARIFF.

A great many people do not understand, it appears, that while Great Britain is called a "free trade" country, even by her own people, she has a tariff on imports. It is a "tariff for revenue only," and is levied upon imports of articles which Great Britain does not produce. What is the significance of the phrase, "a tariff for revenue only?" Why that word "only?" It means that, as any duty, even a small one, on any import of any article that is imported of the same kind as is manufactured at home, would be, to some extent, protective to the home product; and the word "only" is to exclude even this incidental protection. The duties are to be levied only for revenue, carefully excluding every iota of protection. Great Britain has such a tariff, and calls her system "free trade." Here is the list of articles, and the revenue raised by duties, for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1891, in Great Britain:

Articles.	Duties collected.
Tea	$17,061,290
Coffee	909,515
Spirits, foreign	22,464,055
Wine	6,590,030
Tobacco and snuff	47,669,449
Dried fruits	1,618,895
Other articles	924,890
Miscellaneous	159,240
Total	$97,397,355

This is what is meant by "a tariff for revenue only." This is the model which American free traders have in view and which they desire to see adopted by this country. It will be noticed that it affords no trace of protection, "moderate" or otherwise. The articles upon which duties are collected are those which do not come into competition with those of home production. This is a system which collects every dollar of the tariff from the consumer, because there is no home competition of similar products to compel the foreign manufacturer to pay the whole or the major part of the tax in order to get his products into the market. The American breakfast table is free; the British breakfast table is taxed; every pound of tea or coffee pays a revenue to the government, and the sum paid comes out of the consumer. So with tobacco and other articles on the list; the tariff is "for revenue only."

An incident of the adoption of a "tariff for revenue only" after the English model would be the putting on the free list not merely all raw materials but every product of manufacture which is made by American workingmen. Not an industry of any kind would receive any protection or be in any way shielded from direct competition with the products of under-paid foreign labor and the surplus products sent over here to be sold for what they would bring. Under such a system such of our manufactures as were not actually driven to the wall could be kept in operation only by reducing wages and the standard of living among working men and women to the European level. There is absolutely no other way, and the assertion that there is a trick and a fraud.

THE PENSION LIST.

The report of Assistant Secretary of the Interior Bussey shows that there were 856,087 pensioners on the list June 30, 1892, an increase of 179,928 the past year, and 457,050 the past five years. At this rate of increase, the pension roll will contain a million names within two years, and will require something like $250,000,000 a year to pay it. These facts are made the basis for cowardly attacks upon the pensioners by ultra Democratic papers. Here is a sample howl from the New York World:

The charge for pensions has been swelled to this enormous figure in part by the recklessness of the billion-dollar Congress in its work of squandering the surplus and so increasing the fixed charges upon the treasury as to render tax reduction as difficult as possible.

But the increase has been made in large part also through the rascally manipulations of the pension ring, and in addition to the purging of the lists which the new Congress and administration must accomplish, there must be an investigation and prosecution of this ring.

Its operations have been almost open robberies. It has taken money by trick and device from the government and from the government's pensioners. It has burdened the pension rolls with the names of a multitude of fraudulent claimants. It has grabbed large sums of money under fraudulent and otherwise irregular re-ratings.

Here are general charges. We want specifications. We want instances, with names and dates, wherein there are fraudulent pensioners. Who are they? Does any one know even one? Give instances, with name and history of the claim, wherein there has been fraudulent re-rating. We want a tangible basis for such charges. The World is not alone in making them. Democratic papers have made similar charges and insinuations during the whole campaign. They are insults to every pensioner on the rolls. They are dictated by undying enmity to the men who saved the Union because they performed that patriotic service.

It is possible that there may be isolated cases in which the pensioner's claim was fraudulent; but their total is extremely small when compared with the total, and if they were all eliminated they would not reduce the yearly pension appropriations by one per cent. The "pension burden" is not due to fraud, but is the honest debt the nation pays to its defenders, and is cheerfully borne by every patriotic citizen.

The World's allusion to the Fifty-first Congress, evidently refers to the disability pension bill. A similar bill was passed by the Fiftieth Congress, and vetoed by Grover Cleveland. It was then called the "dependent pension bill." But Cleveland stultified himself by signing the Mexican survivors' pension bill, on exactly the same plan as the dependent bill, which was approved by the Democrats because the great majority of the Mexican survivors were in the South, and the bulk of them had served in the Confederate army.

The only way to reduce the pension appropriations is to repeal the pension laws and take away the pensions of all or of a part of those now receiving them. Is the Democratic party prepared to do this? If it is, will the World or some other organ declare that policy? If not, then why howl about the "pension burden?" The charge of fraud is a false one, and those making it know that it is so.

Now this is business. A brother of William C. Whitney, Horace by name, has great interests in Nova Scotia soft coal mines. He expects the newly elected Democratic Congress to remove the duty on bituminous coal and to control the entire Eastern market against Pennsylvania and Ohio. There will be but one result. The miners will have their wages cut to the Nova Scotia scale.

The Chinese are pouring into this country by way of Canada and Mexico, and the scum of Europe is coming through our Atlantic ports. Desirable immigration should be unhampered, but these undesirable immigrants should be vigorously excluded.

In this hour of his grief, all hearts will sympathize with Governor William McKinley.

A BRIBE-OFFERING LAW.

Some Alabama Bourbon has elaborated a scheme for the self-disfranchisement of the negro population of that state. This scheme is elaborated in a bill which is now before the legislature of that state, and it is said, strangely enough, that it is believed that it will be passed. This bill simply offers a legal bribe to the negroes not to vote, by a provision that all persons whose annual taxes are less than $5 shall not be required to pay them if they can show that they did not vote at the two elections of the preceding August and November. It sounds strange to Northern ears to hear that at the lowest calculation fully one-half the colored vote will be neutralized by this means. That is to say, 50 per cent of the colored voters will take advantage of the law to avoid paying their taxes.

But what is to be said of so extraordinary a piece of legislation? The object of taxation is to raise revenue to meet the expenses of the state government. Every citizen should bear the burden in proportion to his holdings of property. To pass a law saying that any person, from among those paying the least amounts, may be excused from bearing his share of this burden if he will give up his right to vote, is simply to offer a bribe. Bribe-offering or bribe-taking are both amenable to the laws of every state. A law which offers a bribe is certainly contrary to public policy, and should be declared unconstitutional by any court which has any regard for sound principles of law.

If the right of suffrage is too free in Alabama, why does not the legislature take hold of the problem in a broad-minded way? It has the power to restrict the franchise in any way except upon the race lines. Whatever law it may pass depriving men of suffrage, must be general in its application to citizens of all colors and races. This, however, these Alabama Bourbons do not wish to do. No matter how ignorant a white man may be, they do not want to disfranchise him. He votes the Democratic ticket. Alabama should rise above a narrow partisan plane. Let her not draw the line upon color, through a poverty qualification, but legalize an educational test for voters, letting it disfranchise whom it may. Ignorance is the foe of freedom, whether under a black or a white skin.

DOES YOUR TIME EXPIRE IN DECEMBER?

We have in store for our readers next year many things of great value and importance, not only in the line of department features, bright serials, and other literary improvements, but announcements of importance to those who desire articles of worth and utility in connection with the paper.

The majority of those of our subscribers whose time expires in December have already renewed under our coupon offer. To all others, we make the following offer, for the month of November only. We have just secured a few hundred copies of two elegant pictures, which we shall offer free to those subscribers who renew during November. These pictures are true copies of:

First, "The Landing of Columbus," the original of which hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

Second, "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," the original of which is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city.

The copies which we offer are printed on plate paper, size 17 by 24 inches. In detail of execution, they are wonderfully correct, and in color are exact reproductions of the originals. These two pictures should be in the homes of every American citizen. There is just now a wonderful interest in the history of the times of Columbus, and these two pictures are copies of the only paintings in America of those historic times. They would retail in any art store at one dollar each. Buying them in quantities, as we do, at 25 cents each, either one of them would be an elegant premium in connection with the Weekly Blade at one dollar.

But we propose, during the month of December, to present a copy of both of these pictures to every subscriber whose time expires in November, who sends us $1 for his renewal.

No other papers in the United States will this season make so good a premium offer as ours. We do not promise to extend this offer beyond November, because it is uncertain whether we can obtain these pictures for any length of time. One reason for making this offer is that we are determined to secure the renewal of every Blade subscriber whose time expires in November.

In addition to this, we have just had printed and bound a THIRD EDITION of the premium book, "Nasby in Exile," announced in another column, having already exhausted 10,000 copies in renewals for the past three months. Those of our November subscribers who do not care for the coupon offer, or the above picture offer, may have a copy of "Nasby in Exile" in connection with their renewal at $1 during November.

Or, during the month of November only, those who will send us $1.25 for their renewal of the subscription to The Blade, may have BOTH the above pictures, AND ALSO a copy of "Nasby in Exile," as well as the Weekly Blade for one year.

The report of the Comptroller of the Currency will show that 163 new national banks were established during the past year, 35 per cent of which were in the Southern states. The Comptroller recommends new issues of bonds at a low rate of interest with which to retire the present outstanding bonds, and to furnish a basis for bank circulation. This recommendation will not be popular with the people. They do not favor an extension of the time of payment of the national debt for any such purpose. Let Congress set itself to work to amend the law by allowing the deposit of other securities, of the highest class, in place of national bonds, as security for national bank circulation.

The ultra, soldier-hating section of the Democratic party interprets the result of the election to mean a great reduction in pension payments. The desecration of soldiers' graves in two counties of Indiana has been already referred to by us; and at Birmingham, Connecticut, at a Democratic jollification meeting, the exultant soldier-haters draped the soldiers' monument with crape. It is such occurrences as these which reveal the malignity of the Democracy, and its inextinguishable sympathy with the Lost Cause.

The declaration of the Knights of Labor at the St. Louis convention against the repeal of the 10 per cent tax on state bank circulation is an intelligent protest against a currency which could only bring loss to the workingmen.

Cleveland is enjoying his duck shooting on the grounds owned by Philadelphia millionaires.

WHAT CONFRONTS THEM.

The Democrats, with all branches of the federal government in their hands, will have the sole responsibility for the conduct of the nation's affairs. They have never had full control, until now, since March 4, 1859, in Buchanan's term. Ever since that time they have followed the easy role of objectors. They have cried out both loud and long against every constructive or progressive step of Republican control. They have opposed everything enacted by the Republicans, without a single exception. Now they have a task which will require the highest type of staesmanship. Will they be equal to it?

The answer to this question is in the future. They have the tariff question, the free silver question, the national bank or state bank question, the civil service reform question, and the pension question to meet. They are confronted by a system of revenue which provides no more than is needed for governmental expenses; and whatever change they may make in our present economic system must be so arranged that it will keep the revenue up to the present standard, else they will have an empty treasury, with no means of filling it.

When the tariff question is taken up, the Democrats of New England and the Middle States, and a goodly share of those in the states westward to the Mississippi, will favor protection to their manufacturing interests. The iron masters of the South, the rice producers of the Carolinas, and the sugar planters of Louisiana, will demand a continuance of the protection afforded by the present law—which is a bounty, in the case of the sugar men. All over the West and South, with these exceptions, the Democrats demand free trade. If the former faction are listened to, the latter will cut the throat of the Democratic party on the first opportunity, and vice versa.

The Democrats of the South and West are in favor of free coinage of silver. The Democrats of the entire East are unitedly against it. The East will even demand the repeal of the present silver law, under which Treasury notes are issued against purchases of silver bullion; while on the other hand 29 Democratic state conventions this year are on record as demanding free silver coinage, and six Democratic Houses are on record as favoring it. Here is a second jagged rock on which the Democratic party will split.

On the banking question, there is substantially the same division of sentiment, and on the same geographical lines, and a split is inevitable. As to civil service reform, the modern Democracy of the East favors it, the party in the remainder of the country does not. As to pensions, Breckinridge, of Kentucky, has already voiced the sentiment of his section that they shall be cut down; while, per contra, bills for millions upon millions of Southern war claims will pour in upon Congress.

The elements which have thus fused for the time, and which have by combination triumphed in the nation, will be, to a dead certainty, at sword's points within two years. No possible line of policy can keep them together, for it is not possible to satisfy the opposing demands on any of these questions. Let the Adullamites fight it out among themselves.

"NASBY IN EXILE."

To give room for our Encyclopedia announcement, we omit the advertisement of "Nasby in Exile" from the fifth page this week. The offer continues, however, and it is easy for readers to refer to back numbers of The Blade for particulars.

OUR ENCYCLOPEDIA OFFER.

We ask every subscriber to read the Encyclopedia Britannica offer on the 5th page of of this issue. That offer is another illustration of the point we have frequently pressed upon the attention of our readers, that they save far more than the subscription price of The Blade each year by our supplying useful articles so cheaply. We call especially on all those whose subscriptions expire in November and December not to fail to renew. You will miss great opportunities if you do not renew your subscription, as the offers we now make—those on watches, the Encyclopedia and the Blade Sewing Machine—are only a few of those which will be made, to subscribers only, during the coming year.

Our Encyclopedia offer stands without parallel, and is an opportunity never before presented anywhere. As announced on the fifth page, 10 cents a day for a very short period will enable our readers to acquire a complete set of that greatest of all reference libraries, the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica. This work is beyond question one of the grandest monuments of scholarly research and patient endeavor in the whole realm of literature.

This Encyclopedia which we have the pleasure of offering to our readers is the Revised Britannica, complete in 20 octavo volumes of over 7,000 pages; 14,000 columns and 8,000,000 words, printed on a fine quality of paper, from new type, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last a life time.

The most wonderful fact in connection with our offer is that we send the entire 20 volumes with all charges prepaid, on receipt of only one dollar, and allow you to pay the other $9 at the rate of 10 cents a day for 90 days, payable monthly, thus placing it within the easy reach of every one.

To encourage your children in habits of economy, and for that noblest of all purposes—economy for the sake of an education, we send with each set a dime savings bank, wherein a dime can be deposited each day. This is certainly a golden opportunity, and one which our readers should take advantage of at once, as the offer will continue for a limited period only.

The corrections up to date of the returns from the Congressional canvass show the election of 214 Democrats, 120 Republicans and 11 People's party Representatives. The two Rhode Island districts, in which there was no election, will doubtless go Republican, as the candidates of that party had pluralities on November 8. This will give 72 majority for the Democrats in the House. They can thus do anything they choose in the way of legislation, and the people will hold them entirely responsible for either bad legislation or for a failure to legislate in the lines promised in the Chicago platform.

Mr. Cleveland has told all office-seekers and leaders of the Democracy who obtained for him the victory to go to a climate where the snow is currently reported to melt with great rapidity. Mr. Cleveland assumes that he is the greatest man on earth and to him alone is due the remarkable political revolution this month. The Democratic row is growing hot.

The French ministry has resigned. There is nothing of the Democrat about the French ministry. Democrats never resign.

THAT POLITICAL PROPHECY IN "UNCLE SAM IN 1894."

We are astonished to find what extreme interest is taken in the remarkable fulfillment of the political prophecy in the story published in The Blade during the summer of 1890, entitled "Uncle Sam in 1894." The result of the recent election was, in fact, a most marvelous fulfillment of the prophecy therein set down; and our readers all seem to think, if the writer of that story could so accurately predict, two years in advance, the result of political movements then in their inception, that it is entirely probable his further predictions for 1893 and 1894 are equally correct.

Consequently, we have been inundated with letters asking if the story has been published in book form, or asking us to republish at least a portion of it in The Blade columns. It has never been printed in book form. It was written expressly for The Blade, and for the benefit of its subscribers, as most of our stories are. We do not wish to print these as in books; but rather to keep them as some of the good things which only subscribers of The Blade can have.

But the interest, especially in the unfulfilled prediction, being so very great, we have concluded to republish the closing portions of the story, embracing the predictions for the November election of 1892, as well as those as yet unfulfilled. We shall probably briefly synopsize the story, but give, however, the portions relating to these predictions in full. Better than this, we have arranged with the author of the story to write us a sequel, in which he will predict anew, expanding to some extent his predictions for the next two years, and carrying them onward for several years further. We find, upon corresponding with him, that he firmly believes the predictions he made in 1890 as to the trend of American politics for the next two years will be fulfilled. But he also thinks that the drift is now so plain that he will be able to accurately forecast many more events of American politics, perhaps up to the Presidential election of 1900.

He wishes to take time to carefully write this sequel, which we are sure will be found of absorbing interest by every reader. It will therefore probably be some weeks before we shall be able to publish it, though we shall give it to our readers as soon as the author sends it to us.

Do not fail to renew your subscription if it expires before that time, for we know that this prediction alone will be interesting enough to be worth more to every one of you than the cost of a year's subscription to The Blade.

GEORGIA WILDCATTING.

On Friday, the 18th, a bill was introduced in the Georgia legislature providing for state banks of issue. It provides that the governor, state treasurer and comptroller shall be a commission to have engraved and printed in a manner best calculated to guard against counterfeiting, at the expense of the bank issuing them, such notes as said bank desires, after said bank deposits, as collateral, state or municipal bonds to an amount equal to the notes. To protect the circulation, then the state shall indorse the notes. The law is to take effect as soon as the governor is notified that Congress has repealed the act levying a tax of 10 per cent on the circulating notes of state banks.

The bill is drafted as nearly as possible on the lines of the national banking law. Its departures therefrom are defects. For instance, the national banking law allows only 90 per cent of the face value of the bonds deposited to be issued in circulating notes. This bill allows the full face value. Suppose these bonds depreciate? The way is open to make the tax-payers of the state foot the deficit, in case of the bank's failure.

The bonds allowed to be deposited can not be, from the very nature of things, as secure as the bonds of the United States, required to be deposited by the national banking law. Every bank may have a different design for its notes from those of any other bank, and thus there will be an inviting field open for the counterfeiter, the utterer of "raised" notes, etc.; for the average citizen can not keep the styles of bills issued by every individual bank in his mind, so as to detect spurious money by its failure to agree with the genuine notes. Even if one state should require all its banks to use one design, other states would have different designs, and the same trouble would ensue.

Furthermore, this bill does not evade the "double interest" objection which is so persistently urged against national banks. The state banks would draw the interest on the bonds deposited, and loan out the bank-notes secured by those bonds, thus drawing interest on both. This objection has no real weight with any intelligent man; but there is, unfortunately, a very large class of people in this country who do not know the A B C of practical finance, and this "double interest" is their stock objection to the national banking system.

But leaving this out of the discussion, this Georgia bill shows that the Democrats of that state can not improve on the national banking law. They have followed its provisions as closely as possible, and the points of difference are points of weakness in the Georgia bill. What good end is to be gained by establishing 44 state bank systems in place of one national system? Is there any good reason which can possibly be assigned for the change? If a bank must buy bonds and deposit them as security for circulation, is it not just as easy to organize under the national law as under the state law? The modification the national law will soon need is a provision allowing other approved securities than United States bonds to be deposited in the Treasury, with such stipulations as to their character as will render note-holders secure.

The prompt introduction of this bill shows that the Democrats were in earnest in their wildcat banking plank, though a desperate effort was made by the Democratic press of the East to show that it didn't mean anything. And if they were in earnest in this crazy plank, were they not in earnest in their free trade plank? We believe they were—at least in the West and South; and we have no doubt that a battle royal will take place in Congress to carry both planks into effect.

The election of Russell, the Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, was not because he had enough votes to elect him, but because more than 19,000 Republican votes were thrown out, for a very peculiar blunder in marking—all of them cast by men whose intention was to vote for Haile, the Republican candidate.

The Democrats do not relish the proposition of Mr. Harrison to extend the civil service rules. They want all the places, and more.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The tea crop is small.

Uncle Sam has 70,000 lawyers.

Banjo parchment is wolf skin.

Iceland has only two policemen.

There is no cure for color-blindness.

Icebergs sometimes last for 200 years.

Peter the Great married a peasant girl.

A hot bath will sometimes cure the toothache.

London handles 250,000,000 letters annually.

The Gatling gun was invented by Gatling in 1861.

A Laplander will often skate 150 miles in a day.

We have one pauper to every 1,000 inhabitants.

Tea is gathered from the plant four times a year.

Frogs, when cooked, taste very much like chicken.

A crocodile takes eighty seconds to turn completely round.

An electrical machine in the London Mint counts the coins.

The German emperor has a rhinoceros skin walking stick.

Bells in churches were first placed there to drive off evil spirits.

The smallest known quadruped is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.

The railroads of the United Kingdom possess nearly 17,000 locomotives.

Chinese control almost the entire shoe-making business in California.

In India there is a species of crow that laughs just like a human being.

In India there is a species of crow that laughs just like a human being.

The princess of Wales has some gloves which are nearly three feet long.

There is but one sudden death among women to every ten among men.

The tallest woman in Idaho lives at Boise City. She stands 6 feet 5 inches in her stockings.

Wire glass is about one-fourth of an inch thick, and in it is imbedded a meshwork of strong wire.

More births occur in February than in any other month. July is the month of fewest births.

Tennyson is reported to be the 1,173d person whose body has been deposited in Westminster Abbey.

Glass in oven doors is a new contrivance. It enables cooks to watch the food without opening the doors.

The Dead Sea is nothing more than a small but very old salt lake, now in an advanced stage of evaporation.

All the pawn shops in Moscow, Russia, owned by Hebrews are shortly to be closed by order of the government.

The Michigan lumbermen carry cedar knots in their pockets as a cure, and also as a preventive of rheumatism.

Electroplating has been applied in an ingenious and effective manner for the preservation of lace forms in metal.

Sheet iron kites, to enable a vessel when in distress during a storm to communicate with the shore, have been suggested.

The ocean is more productive than the land. An acre of good fishing ground will yield more food than an acre on the best farm.

There is a tooth of Buddha, preserved and worshipped in an Indian temple, which probably all the gold in the world could not buy.

Mrs. McKee is to remain at the White House, presiding in her mother's stead. Russell Harrison and his wife will also live there.

Herculite, the new French explosive, is so powerful, that half a pound of it, in a recent test, displaced a stone weighing thirty tons.

The Guadalupe bees lay their honey in bladders of wax about as large as a pigeon's egg and not in combs. The honey never hardens.

The famous bank of Venice began business in 1192, lasted 600 years, and might have existed to this day but for the invasion of Napoleon.

It hardly seems possible, yet figures are said to prove that the entire population of the earth could find standing room on a field ten miles square.

The largest orchard in the state of Kansas is that belonging to Judge Wellhouse. It is located near Tremont and comprises 1,678 acres.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that upon which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands. At time of low water it is only 30 feet in diameter.

The Czar of Russia is the largest individual landowner in the world. The area of his possessions is far greater than that of the entire Republic of France.

Mrs. Diaz, the wife of the president, is arranging a collection of the literary works of Mexican women for exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago.

The other day fifty jars of fruit fell and were destroyed in the cellar of a house at Yardley, Pa., and fifty neighbors each brought the woman a can of fruit to make up her loss.

Mme. Pauline Lucca, known in private life as Baroness Wallhofen, the well known opera singer, is lying dangerously ill at her residence in Vienna, and but little hope is entertained of her recovery.

The saloons of London, if set side by side, would reach a distance of 75 miles.

The Dead Sea is nothing more than a small but very old salt lake now in an advanced stage of evaporation.

The most successful golf player in Scotland is Miss K. Bruce Johnstone, of Edinburgh, who has just carried off the jubilee plate in the annual tournament among the members of St. Andrew's Ladies' Golf club.

The Princess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, recently created a tremendous sensation in Vienna by horsewhipping Count Chotek, a leader of the Viennese aristocracy and a major in the Austrian army.

Fine voices, says Good Health, are seldom found in a country where fish and meat diet prevails. Those Italians who eat the most fish, those of Naples and Genoa, have few fine singers among them. The sweet voices are found in the Irish women.

Max Muller strikes a compromise between those who are contending for the abolition of the poet laureateship and those who desire the post filled. His advice is, don't abolish it, but just hang it up till another poet like Tennyson appears.

The Grand Duchess Nicholas Alexandrovitch, widow of the recently deceased uncle of the Czar, is about to leave the convent at Kieff, where she has spent several months, and take up her abode permanently in Jerusalem with ten nuns whom she will take with her.

M. Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, believes that great climate changes are going on in Europe and that France, the United Kingdom, Spain, Belgium, Italy, Austria and Germany have temporarily, at least, lost several degrees of temperature.

Just before the sermon the other evening in a Cambridge, Mass., church the electric lights went out. But they were not imitated in that respect by the congregation. On the contrary, everybody stayed and listened to the pastor while he threw light on the subject he had chosen for his sermon.

Mr. Gladstone can not be accused of "nepotism," since he has never promoted his son, the rector of Hawarden, or his son-in-law, the Rev. Harry Drew, who is still a curate there. Every member of the Hawarden household, it is said, earns his or her daily bread, and there is not a title among them.

Mrs. Ann Skally, of Fort McKinny, Wyo., beat the local postmaster two to one for justice of the peace, at the late election. Another woman, Mrs. Esther Morris, has acted as justice of the peace for South Pass, Wyo., for several years, and sent her husband up for ten days for contempt of court.

Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards, the late Egyptologist, had a happy knack in versification, and the Woman's Home Journal, Boston, gives some verses sent by her with a scarab to a friend. The scarab bore the three mystic characters which stand for the familiar greeting—happiness, beauty and goodness.

In memory of General Robert E. Lee two stained glass windows, made in Munich, have been put into St. Paul's Episcopal church in Richmond. Between them on the wall a brass tablet is to be placed in the form of a shield, having on it a crusader's cross, the Confederate flag, the Lee coat of arms, and an inscription.

The widow of the poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, died Sunday afternoon at Concord, Mass. Her maiden name was Lilian Jackson, and she was born at Plymouth 90 years ago. She was the second wife of Mr. Emerson. Mrs. Emerson's eyesight prevented her from reading, and only at rare intervals did she go out.

Miss Kate Marsden, before setting out on her second journey via the United States to the haunts of the Siberian lepers, was presented by Queen Victoria with a large autograph photograph and a very beautiful brooch, representing a golden angel of victory standing on a large pearl, with the inscription "Victoria Regina" on a scroll across its breast.

Mark Twain's humor-created coroner, who held an inquest on an Egyptian mummy and charged the county with compound interest on the regular fee from the time of Moses, has something nearly akin to a parallel in the Buffalo coroner who held an inquest on the recently unearthed bones of a few Indians whose tribe became extinct prior to the year 1680.

Rear Admiral Stephenson, the new commander of the British squadron in the Pacific, has been in her majesty's navy for 40 years and saw active service in the Crimea, in China, and during the Indian mutiny. It was Capt. Stephenson, as he then was, who was in command of the Heron gunboat on the Canadian lakes during the Fenian disturbances, and he had charge of her majesty's ship Discovery in the arctic expedition of 1857-'78. Rear Admiral Stephenson was formerly a naval aide-de-camp to the queen, and he has also been an equerry to the Prince of Wales since 1878.

NOVEMBER'S LANDSLIDE

WHAT REALLY CAUSED IT?

Let the Readers of the Weekly Blade Take Hold, and We Will Try to Find Out Accurately.

Since the Presidential election, The Blade has received numerous letters from subscribers and friends all over the Union, discussing the reasons for the Republican defeat. Many of these seem to us far-fetched and to apply to only a very few persons out of the hundreds of thousands of voters normally Republicans, but who, on this occasion, voted either the Cleveland or Weaver electoral tickets.

We have no cause ourselves to doubt that the main reason for Mr. Harrison's defeat was popular misinformation on the tariff issue. Of course, as our readers well understand, there are always many voters at a Presidential election who change their usual party ticket for minor reasons. But we believe that there were not enough of these at the election on November 8 to make such a decisive change in the result, and that the tariff, after all, was the only great reason for the landslide. We do not mean that the people of the United States prefer free trade to protection, but we do think that people were deceived on the issue. Farmers were told that the protective system checks exports of grain and cotton, and that the low prices they received for these were the result of its operations. Workingmen were similarly led to believe that their employers received the lion's share of the exorbitant profits alleged to be due to the tariff, and that a reduction in duties would simply reduce these exorbitant profits, and still leave enough to maintain the present American wage-scale. We know that all these claims are unfounded, and that the true prosperity both of our farmers and our workingmen depend upon the maintenance of the protective system.

But we find many of our correspondents assigning reasons entirely different and which we believe to have had no important bearing on the result. It has occurred to us that the Weekly Blade, going as it does into every state and territory of the Union, possesses facilities, through the kndness of its subscribers, of determining absolutely what is the real reason for the Democratic success. We have, fortunately, many subscribers who favor us with their views on questions of public interest. We do not publish very many of these letters, but we thank their writers for them, nevertheless, and wish here to acknowledge the deep obligation we are often under to them. They have enabled us to keep in touch with public opinion in every part of the Union, and these letters have been one of the reasons that The Blade is able so accurately to tell the drift of public sentiment upon any question. We confess, however, that we did not obtain anything in letters from various parts of the country which indicated the overwhelming Democratic victory this year. On the contrary, the great majority of our friends who take the trouble to write us were perfectly confident that the Republicans were all assuredly in line for Harrison and Reid.

Now, it is certain that the Democratic triumph this year was because men who have usually voted the Republican ticket cast their votes on November 8 with the Democracy or with the People's party, and that a great many young voters of Republican antecedents have cast their first votes in the same way. It seems to us that if we can find why these voters deserted the Republican ticket this year, we shall be able to tell accurately the reason of the landslide.

Will our friends all over the country who take an interest in this matter give us their aid?

Go among the voters in your own neighborhood—men whom you know, and who, though generally Republicans, this year voted some other ticket. Ask them their reasons for so doing; give us their names and addresses, and the reason each man gives, in as few words as possible; that is to say, something like this:

John Smith, Statesville, N. C.:—Because he believes the McKinley tariff too high.

James Robinson, Baraboo, Wis.:—Because he thinks the Republican party is making the rich richer, and the poor poorer.

William Jones, Cedar Rapids, Iowa:—Because he believes in the free coinage of silver at the present ratio.

We give these only as examples of the style in which we wish the answers given. If our friends all over the country will take the trouble to question those in their neighborhood usually Republicans, but who did not vote that ticket this year, and will send us the results as speedily as possible, we shall publish the replies as fast as they are received, and we think shall be able to give one of the most interesting articles upon the mysterious movements of the American vote that has ever been given by any newspaper in the United States.

IN A CAPSIZED VESSEL.

The Terrible Experience of Captain Morse and His Crew.

No seaman ever knew a more terrible and unique experience than that which fell to the lot of Capt. James Morse, of Phipsburg, an experience that thrilled the sea-going world at that time. Capt. Morse had been overtaken by a terrible gale, and while "lying to" one of the tremendous waves which plunged along mast high "tripped" the vessel and she was instantly turned bottom up. Capt. Morse and a companion were in the cabin at the time, and as the deck was several feet below the surface of the sea they were imprisoned there. They were in absolute darkness, standing in water up to their waists, seemingly hopeless and doomed.

But Capt. Morse and his companion were not the kind of men to surrender to the seemingly inevitable until forced to do so. Groping about they found a hatchet and decided to hew their way to the upper air. Knowing that as soon as an opening was made the air which was then shut in by the arch of the inverted hull would escape, and the water take its place, they were obliged to work with the greatest caution lest they make a fatal leak before there was a hole large enough to permit of their escape and so be drowned like rats imprisoned here. For days they worked, cutting away the ceiling and planks until they could catch the gleam of light through the thin wood in one place then cutting again until another one was similarly cleared and so on until the light, passing through the slight surface, marked the lines of a square place large enough to admit the free passage of a man's body. Then, when every possible preparation had been made and there seemed to be nothing that they could do to insure the success of the final move, they knocked out the obstructing square and crawled into the daylight as the water freed from the opposition of the compressed air, followed them, and the vessel sank lower into the water until the natural buoyancy of the timber checked her.

There they were, perched on the curved surface of a capsized wreck, drifting at the mercy of the seas. But they had no idea of surrender. Having escaped to the light they at once set to work to build up a sort of signal station to attract the attention of any vessel that may chance to come that way, and upon the top they fixed a staff from which fluttered a signal—a shirt.

Fortunately a brick-laden schooner passing that way sighted the signal of distress, bore down upon and rescued the men, who were almost exhausted by their days of suffering there, their torn hands showing how they had labored there in the terrible darkness, but they soon recovered, and no one talking with the captain to-day would ever suspect that he had once dug his way out of the sepulcher of the sea.

Free Ticket to California.

For conditions and full information about California, address, A. Phillips & Co., Excursion Agent, 204 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

CLUB RATES FOR THE BLADE.

Our agents' terms are now ready for this year, and we have made them exceedingly low. We want not only every one who usually acts as agent for newspapers to send to us for these terms, but we desire that any of our subscribers who will be interested to know how they can get a copy of the Weekly Blade free, to write for our agents' terms. We have made the price for small clubs lower than ever before offered by any dollar weekly newspaper. Write for confidential terms to agents. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

Publishers' Desk.

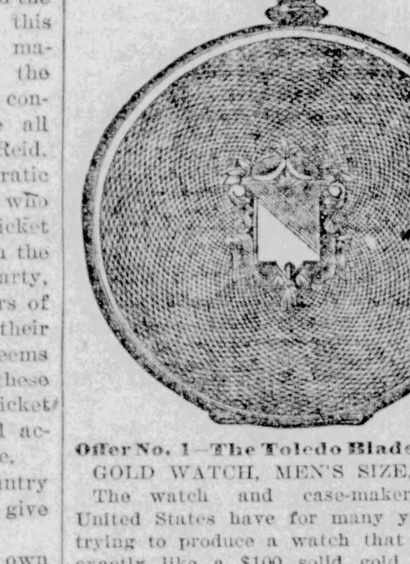
GOOD WATCHES.

It is the constant aim of The Blade to serve its subscribers at all times in such a manner that each may be benefited many times the cost of his subscription. In fact, we believe that very many thousands of The Blade's subscribers are far richer to-day by reason of being subscribers to it. At all times we offer articles of utility at less than value, and we are constantly reaching out for something new, carefully avoiding trashy and useless articles. We have been importuned by our subscribers to supply GOOD watches. After careful consideration, we have made large purchases, for cash, at such low prices that we are able to offer our subscribers the best make of American movements, in the finest gold, gold-filled, or silver cases, at much less than the regular prices.

No one but subscribers can take advantage of these extraordinary offers. By this arrangement you are enabled to purchase a watch on such terms as would be given if several thousand persons should put their money together and buy watches at the very lowest jobbers' prices, saving the profits between the manufacturers and themselves, and getting the benefits of all possible discounts by reason of the magnitude of the purchase. Every subscriber needing a watch should embrace this opportunity; and every person in such need, and not a subscriber, should put himself in a position to secure this great advantage by subscribing for the Weekly Blade at once.

We give three days' trial free. When a purchaser receives a watch, he should submit it to any expert he may select, and if at the end of three days he is not satisfied that the watch is up to the guarantee, he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches will be sent C. O. D., and no samples will be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

These offers may not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly. Every person receiving a sample copy of this paper should subscribe at once, so as to be able to purchase these goods to such advantage. Below will be found descriptions and prices of a few Waltham and Elgin watches, from the many styles made of these factories, which represent the greatest value for the money. No Swiss or other cheap watches are in our lists. Do not try to order anything through the Weekly Blade except the celebrated Waltham and Elgin watches—the best ever made.



Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.
GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch company has produced the most beautiful watch ever made. This watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch. We mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant-setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscibers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.
GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate time-piece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.
GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years just like solid gold. Price, by registered mail, $12.

All watches offered are stem-winders and setters.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.
SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

To the people who intend to buy Watches as Christmas presents, Greeting;

Ask your jeweller to show you a Fahys Gold Filled watch case, and see if it is not as handsome as a solid gold one. He will tell you that it is just as durable, yes, and stronger, too. He will sell it to you for much less than the solid gold case and the one who receives the gift will thank you for your wisdom in choosing, especially if you put the difference in cost into another present.

Fahys

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.
GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 7—Lady's Size.
SOLID SILVER WATCH—$9.50.

No. 7 is a lady's size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, stem wind and set, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50.

All men's size watches are equally suitable for boys' wear, and all lady's size watches for girls' wear. The great Waltham and Elgin watch companies make nothing but watches of high grade and full size.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address
"THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CAUGHT BY TRICKERY.

Boas Inveigled Into Labyrinths Where They Fall Asleep.

"To catch a boa is a very difficult and dangerous task," says a man who makes it his business to capture wild animals and reptiles for menagerie purposes. "Briefly, it is accomplished by means of a labyrinthian tangle," embracing 60 square feet of ground.

"The labyrinth is made by joining together, end to end, pieces of matting. The web is eight feet high, usually, and placed so that the opposite walls will be two feet apart.

"All sorts of criss-cross and diverging combinations are made with the matting—it is supported here and there by stakes, making, when it is set, a geometrical puzzle that might well challenge the ingenuity of man.

"The trap is baited with a live pig, which is placed in a pen in the center of the labyrinth. By and by along comes the boa constrictor. It is easy enough to get in. He scents the prey; he is very hungry; the pig is devoured and here the boa comes to grief.

"For hours he tries to release himself from the tortuous passages which rise about him, but finally he grows tired and stretches himself out for a nap. Then is our time. We open the labyrinth and catch him.

WHEN LOVE GOES BY.

When loves go by what can a woman do?
Is there no prayer topray, no suit to sue?
Though he be fled beyond the wintry sea
Will not his errant steps come back to me?
Will he not answer to my heart's low cry,
Though he goes by?
Nay, sweet, upon thy yearning lips command
The seal of silence. Reach no asking hand
To love once flown. Go on thy lonely ways;
Turn thee a face of smiles to the world's gaze,
Or else sink down upon life's thorns and die,
When love goes by.
—Kate Field's Washington.

"Listen to My Tale of Woe."

CHAP. I.	CHAP. II.	CHAP. III.	CHAP. IV
School's	Pond	Tot's	Ma's
Done,	Nice—	"It."	Sad.
Kids—	Smooth	All	So's
Fun—	Ice.	Flit.	Dad.
Fine	Boys,	Big	Crape,
Day	Girls,	Crack.	Heap
"Hoo-	Tot,	"Ker-	Much
Ray!	Curls.	Smack!"	Weep.
Go	"Let's	"Great	Hearse,
Skate?"	Play	Scott!	Plot;
Dare	Tag.	Where's	Poor
Fate	Hey?"	Tot?"	Tot!

HOW A MILL WAS WRECKED.

A Desire to See a Giant Bowlder Roll Down Hill.

Nestled among the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, about twenty-five miles northeast from Placerville—known as Hangtown in the days of '49—lies a collection of frame shanties and a few more pretentious structures, which together go to make up the mining camp known as Grizzly Flat, says a writer in the N. Y. Herald.

The country about is wildly picturesque. Back of the camp a rugged, snow-covered peak stands in solitary grandeur against the eastern sky. Giant pines, some of them over twenty feet in girth, rise abruptly to towering heights on all sides, massive granite bowlders, over which the mountain streams dash, swelling into resistless torrents with the melting of the winter snows, and deep, almost impenetrable canyons, form an awe-inspiring contrast to these solitary hamlets that mark the sturdy advance of the vanguard of civilization into one of nature's most impregnable strongholds.

It was in such a place that I had settled down for two weeks of rest and recreation at the beginning of July some eight years ago.

For several days I fairly reveled among the beauties of nature with which I was surrounded. I fished some and had an occasional shot at a deer or fox. One bright, sunny afternoon I found myself at the summit of "The Divide." A "divide" appears to be a feature of all the mining camps of the West.

But this particular divide I found to be a most beautiful and romantic spot. It consisted of a range of high hills running obliquely along the outskirts of the camp. The view of the surrounding country, with its lofty peaks and deep canyons, was grandeur itself. There was a sheer descent from where I stood of about eighteen hundred feet, at an angle of forty-five degrees. At the bottom of the canyon a mountain stream, as it wound its course over the rocks resembled a thread of burnished silver.

Off to the right, and near the water's edge, stood the newly erected mill and hoisting works of the Meta Mining company. From my point of observation the works resembled a collection of children's toy houses. There were no men about the mill as the machinery and hoisting apparatus were not yet put into place. A board flume conducted the water to a huge overshot wheel that was to furnish the motive power for the mill. About half way up the hill was the mouth of the tunnel entering the Meta mine, out of which I could see the miners running their cars and dumping their contents on to the ore dump.

My attention was soon attracted by a huge granite bowlder as round almost as a marble, and weighing, I judged, about twenty tons. It appeared to be poised directly on the brow of the hill, and ready to topple over at a moment's notice.

"What a sight!" I thought, "to see that monster rolling down the hill."

I don't know how to account for the impulse that seized me just then. But I was soon at work with a miner's pick, which I found lying near by, digging under that bowlder for dear life.

Suddenly there was a scarcely perceptible movement, as of some stately ship being slowly launched. Then a mighty rush, a roar, and a cloud of flying debris. It makes me shudder even now to think of what followed.

As I watched that mighty mass of rock, gaining fresh impetus with every bound, go crashing down the hill, my heart almost ceased beating and my breath came in quick, convulsive gasps.

At one point, when about half way down the hill, the bowlder, striking against a sudden rising of the ground, flew high into the air, and then, in its descent, dashed against the trunk of a tall pine tree, which it shattered into splinters.

Its course suddenly changed. "My God, what have I done?" I cried. The bowlder, like a shot from some great cannon, was heading directly for the mill.

Well, I didn't have long to wait. A sound as of the rolling of distant thunder came up from the bottom of the ravine. The bowlder had struck the mill squarely in its center, and had been dashed to fragments against the granite foundations.

There was no mill to be seen. The flume and the big wheel were also gone. A mass of unrecognizable rubbish indicated the spot where the mill had stood but a moment before. Then I noticed a commotion at the mouth of the tunnel. The miners came rushing out and stood about in excited groups gazing at the sight of desolation below them.

I heard from one of the miners in Grizzly that night that "lightnin' or suthin' had struck that there Devil's Bowlder on top of the divide," and that "the hull pesky business had rolled onto the Meta Mill, and smashed it into cordwood."

That was about all I wanted of "silvery mountain streams, grand canyons, giant pines and snow-capped peaks" for that summer. Of course I didn't dare to tell any one of what I had done. I left the camp the next day and haven't been there since. I was since told, however, that the Meta mill had been rebuilt, and—but this is of no special consequence to my story—that the mine was one of the biggest failures on record.

MONEY FOR SALE.

As every one knows, the last session of Congress granted an appropriation of five million silver souvenir half-dollars, from a special design, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The World's Fair authorities are now soon to receive these coins, which will be sold as souvenirs at $1 each. The advance demand has been great, over 1,000 banks having sent in orders for from 50 to 5,000 coins each.

No more of these coins will be struck than the above number. All who want them should send at once. If your bank can not furnish them, remit direct to the "Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago," sending $1 for each coin, with directions for shipping. Subscibers to these coins will not only be helping the great World's Fair, but will also secure national heirlooms that must grow in historic and intrinsic value as the years pass by.

The Cushion Mania.

Cushions gay on every chair,
But never a place to sit;
Cushions, cushions everywhere,
Till I nearly take a fit;
Cushions strewn upon the floor
On every side I see—
My wife has taken a cushion craze
And there is no room for me!
N. Y. Herald.

Catering to the Public.

Friend—Why do you dump all that dirt into your soap kettles?

Soap Manufacturer—If folks don't find the water dirty after washin' they think the soap is no good.—New York Weekly.

Same Thing.

She did not want a bonnet new,
Her husband thought himself in clover.
Alas! she broke him just the same—
She had her last year's hat trimmed over.
—New York Herald.

The Alternative.

Old Lady (anxiously)—Does this train stop at New York city?

Brakeman—Well, if it don't, madam, you will see the durndest smash-up you ever see.—Truth.

Complimentary.

She looked up at the clock, and he said: "You are thinking it is time for me to go."

With a smile she answered:

"You could make money as a mind reader.—Cape Cod Item.

IRISH INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE.

Mrs. Ernest Hart and Her Work for the World's Fair.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, of London, Eng., founder and honorary member of the Donegal industrial fund, No. 43 Wigmore street W., London, is at the Lexington Hotel. This is her first visit to

MRS. ERNEST HART.

America, and she has been here only a week. Although she is personally a comparative stranger in this country, her work among the poor of Ireland is well known among those interested in these classes, and she brings with her many introductory letters from prominent Englishmen and Irishmen alike to many

IRISH INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE AT WORLD'S FAIR.

of this country's wealthiest philanthropists. One has to chat with her but a few minutes upon the subject to which she is devoting all her time and much of her means to see the deep-rooted sincerity in her work. She was born in England less than forty years ago, perhaps, is cultured, typically English, and possesses an accent in her speech that is decidedly that of a Londoner. She is prematurely gray-haired, displays a refined modesty in her dress, at the same time exhibiting a rare taste so natural among the cultured women of London.

In her early life she studied art, and as an artist she displays much ability. She is also one of London's pioneer students in medicine. As early as 1874 she followed two cirriculums at one time. Knowing that she could not get degrees in England while studying there, she also passed examinations in Paris. Later she took up original research work in the Ranvier laboratory, and her writings for women on this subject are well known. In taking these studies it was not her object to practice medicine, but to open the doors of the service and profession to women.

The Irish Industrial Village at the World's Fair, which is being arranged by Mrs. Hart, promises to be one of the most interesting of the many industrial exhibits.

It will present a typical Donegal village, with the picturesque and beautiful Donegal Castle as one of the features. This is an old ruin of the Elizabethan time, now owned by the Earl of Arran, who gave Mrs. Hart special permission to make the reproduction. During the fair the Earl and Lady Arran, with Lady Fanny Butler, formerly a resident of Chicago, will visit the exhibit. The various cottages will illustrate the industries as follows:

1. County Donegal—Dyeing, spinning, and weaving homespuns by the simplest of processes as done among the cottages.
2. County Dublin—Linens and embroideries in designs taken from the Celtic manuscript.
3. Bog oak carving as done in County Dublin.
4. Model dairy with typical Kerry cows.
5. County Clare, Limerick—Lace making with beautiful specimens of the work.
6. County Down—Sprigging and veining.
7. Fishers and the industry of making nets and tackle by the pesants.
8. County Cork—Youghal—Marble-carving, wood-carving, and glass staining as carried on in this part of Ireland.

In the center of the exhibit will be a huge Celtic cross. All of the various departments will be operated by the Irish men, women and girls whom Mrs. Hart will bring to this country early next year, and all of them will be experts in their various arts. Mrs. Hart is carrying out this project with the co-operation of the Irish Industrial association, of which Lady Aberdeen is president.

LITTLE EXASPERATIONS.

More or Less Clever Catches in Pronunciation and Spelling.

A young lady was once talking with a very young and very smart man who was inclined to air his knowledge of the languages a little beyond what she felt that modesty required. She therefore said to him, with an air of deference to his superior attainments:

"You are a Latin scholar. I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the word 'so-met-i-mes.'"

The youth with an air of kindly patronage, replied: "I have not met the word in my Latin reading, but I should have no hesitation in saying that it should be pronounced 'so-met-i-mes'." (Giving it in four syllables, the accent on the second).

"Thank you for telling me," replied the girl, demurely. "I have always heard it pronounced sometimes, but if you say the other way that must be right."

This is similar to the perhaps familiar catch of the pronunciation of "bac-kache," which will often surprise the uninitiated by proving to be only backache. It also reminds one of a question printed some years since as to the way of spelling "need"—to need bread. The average person will reply, "k-n-e-a-d, of course," but the answer will be: "That is the way to spell knead dough, but not to need bread."

A young lady recently misled a family in a most heartless way. She remarked: "I had a letter to-day, and how do you imagine the little preposition 'to' was used?"

"Too," suggested mamma.

"Two," suggested papa.

"Tew," "Teu," "Tu," ventured various voices.

Lily, who was much engaged with her French lessons just then, suggested "tout," and Tom in derision improved upon that with "tueue," declaring that must be right in order to rhyme with "queue."

"All wrong," exclaimed the young lady, when the alphabet and their ingenuity were well exhausted.

Just then Teddy, who had been soberly absorbed in his bread and honey and who was in his first term at school and wrestling with the problem of words in two letters, raised his head with an air of decision and importance gravely spelled, "T-o, to."

"Yes," cried the young lady with a peal of laughter.

"Why," exclaimed the others, in dismayed chorus, "that is the right way to spell it."

"Exactly," she replied, and that is the way my correspondent spelled it. You do not suppose I correspond with persons who can not spell 'to' correctly, do you?"—Harper's Young People.

Woodland of the World.

The relative area of woodland in the various countries of Europe is as follows: Forests occupy 39.7 per cent of the total area of Sweden, 36.9 per cent of Russia, 32.5 of Austria, 28.4 of Hungary, 25.2 of Germany, 24.5 of Norway, 19.9 of Servia, 19.6 of Belgium, 18.9 of Switzerland, 17.7 of France, 17 of Spain, 15.2 of Roumania, 13.1 of Greece, 12.3 of Italy, 7 of Holland, 5.3 of Portugal, 4.8 of Denmark, and 4 of Great Britain and Ireland. As to the United States, the figure is 19 per cent of the total area, and the actual extent of the forest land is equal to fifteen times the area of Pennsylvania.—Baltimore Sun.

Not a Dude.

Mission Teacher—What did Columbus do?

Gotham Waif—W'y der—

Mission Teacher—Why don't you say "the", instead of "der?"

Gotham Waif (with dignity)—I ain't no Anglermaniac.—Street & Smith's Good News.

IS HELP HELPFUL?

Doctor—Why, are you going to leave simply because you have to talk through the telephone?

Bridget—Av coorse Oi am. Oi don't want t' be inhalin' th' breath av thim different people all th' toime, begob!—Judge.

Prunella—Did you tell him I was out, Marie?

Her Maid—Yes, ma'm.

Prunella—Did he seem to believe you?

Her Maid—Not until I said you told me to tell him so.—New York Herald.

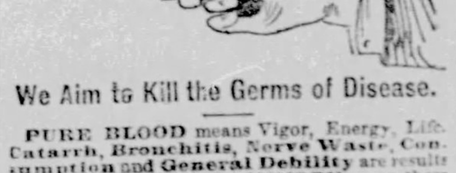
"Wish to leave, Perkins? Why, you only came yesterday."

"Yes, marm. In engaging I thought you was a sparragrass and champagne gentry. But when I 'ears from the cook last night that you eat pertaters, cabbage, carrots and such-like second-hand vegetables, and drinks beer, I sees there ain't nothing aesthetic in it, and I resigns my office, so to speak."—Tid-Bits.

Kicking Sternly Forbidden.

"Every man has got to obey my orders," said the captain of the football eleven sternly to his men. "I mean precisely what I say. I'm not going to have any kicking in this team."

Later, when the eleven lost every game in which they competed, the outsiders saw that he was right. There was no kicking.



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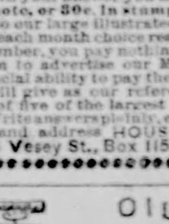

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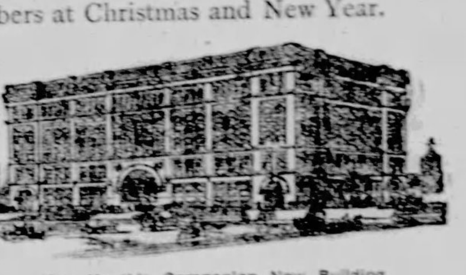

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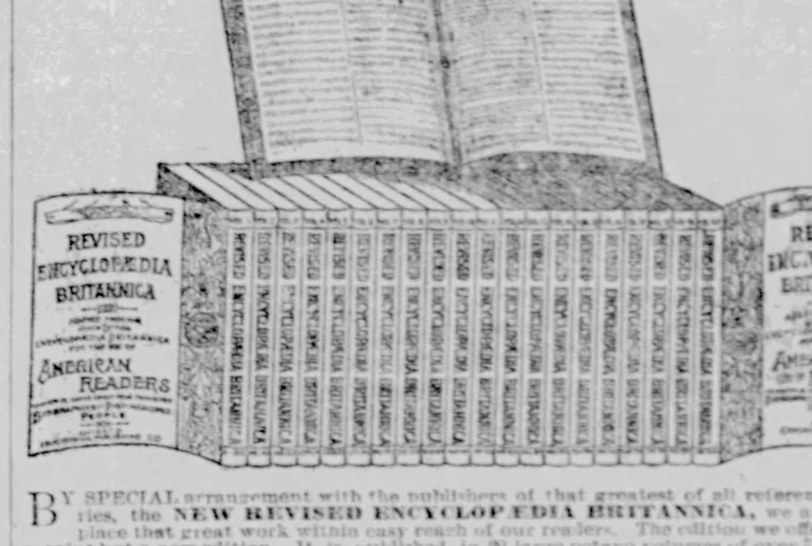

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HOME TALKS.

OLD SUBJECT, BUT INTERESTING

A Visit to Plymouth—Standing on the Historical Rock—The National Memorial Monument—Once Seen Not To Be Forgotten.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

Those lines of Mrs. Heman's has made a picture of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in the minds of their readers full of desolation. For myself, I always seemed to see great rocks lifting up their hoary heads to the stern skies, sometimes lost in the cloud of foam and spray that rose when the waves dashed over them in anger, anon bare and rugged and defiant in the cold sunlight, but always cruel and threatening. Back and away from the shore were always, too, the forests rising grim and ghost-like, "tossing their branches against a stormy sky," as if to warn these seekers after a new home that here was neither warmth nor comfort—only "freedom to worship God." I suppose everybody feels much in the same way, and no matter if they do know that more than two centuries with their changes have come and gone, there is a lingering expectation of findingsomething at Plymouth that will be a reminder of that past event which was fraught with such tremendous consequences to the world.

I was thinking over what "these pilgrims builded" Thanksgiving morning, and then the memory of a recent visit to Plymouth brought a smile. I do not know how much patriotism there is in my composition, only it sometimes happens that where I ought to be thrilled, I am utterly unmoved, and again the tears come at a little scrap of history regarding the heroic deed of some unknown soldier. I expected to "thrill" when I planted my feet for the first time on the pilgrim's rock, but alas, I did not. It might have been because I was making such a desperate struggle to keep them there, for instead of the flat surface that one naturally looks for, it is roughly rounded and anything save a comfortable standing place. For my part I cannot see how the fathers and mothers ever landed on it at all from a rocking boat "in a slippery sea," but they did, and that was one of the things we were thankful for last Thanksgiving.

Of course we thought it possible that we might get a taste of the salt sea waves if they happened to be dashing high at our visit, but we found "the rock" had been moved from its original resting place and carried inland so that now it reposes under a classic granite pavillion with a considerable distance between it and the water. And whisper it low—I could not see where the "rock bound coast" came in either, but our intelligent driver, who knew everything worth knowing about Plymouth, explained that further down the coast, just beyond our sight, there were plenty of big boulders.

Plymouth has a great deal to interest tourists, especially those who are moved by associations with a far away past. We were shown the street which the Pilgrims made from the landing place up to the fort which they bulit to protect them in times of danger, and the site of the first house, the frame of which, I believe, came over in the Mayflower. Doubtless John Alden and the pretty, demure Priscilla many a time walked up the steep road together, and bluff Miles Standish, too, with his wife Rose, before she faded away under the privations of that long, cold winter, to emerge into the brightness of another life.

Later, we saw on a point of land jutting out into the water some distance away from Plymouth, a tall monument pointing upword, and below the gathered houses of a village. That, our driver told us, was where John and Priscilla made their home after their marriage, and later on, Miles Standish also went there to live. The monument was built to his memory only a few years ago.

"And so he died, and was buried there?" we queried.

"Well, yes; it is supposed he was buried there. Anyway, he's got to be after this, because they've built the monument in that place," was the humorous response.

I thought, if the truth were known, that the haze of a similar uncertainty hangs over many other places to which pilgrimages are made by admiring and reverent, or curious people.

Speaking of monuments brings to me the most vivid memory of all that I saw at Plymouth. It is of that exquisite statue of Faith, which stands upon its granite pedestal on the wind-swept hill, that looks seaward to the place where the Mayflower came to anchor at the end of her long voyage. I never saw anything finer than this wonderful figure. It seems to me that in pose and expression it cannot be surpassed, and the longer one looks at it the deeper grows the impression of its superb beauty.

I cannot bear to talk about numbers in connection with this statue, but perhaps some of you who have not seen it may be interested to know that it is 216 times life-size and is estimated to weigh ten tons. It is 36 feet high and stands upon a pedestal of 45 feet The arm is outstretched with the forefinger pointed upward, and our prince of drivers told us that it was over ten feet from the shoulder to the elbow, and that if he, a tall man, should stand in the bend at the elbow he could barely reach the palm of the hand. Later we purchased a picture taken of the statue when they were putting it together—for it was in three parts—which fully bears out his assertion.

The pedestal is octagonal with four large faces and four small ones, and from the latter project buttrusses. Thereon are seated four figures, heroic in size, and emblems of the principles upon which the commonwealth was founded—Freedom, Morality, Law and Education—each cut out of a solid block of granite. Seen apart from the crowning figure, Faith, and the beholder would be struck with their majesty. Beneath these figures are alto-reliefs in marble, representing some of the historical scenes in which the pilgrims bore a part.

Upon the main pedestal are large panels for record. Two are devoted to the names of the Mayflower passengers. One in front bears this inscription: "National Monument to the Forefathers. Erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty."

It is indeed a glorious memorial, and one which I would gladly cross the continent, if necessary, to see again. We stopped to take a last look at it ere the carriage took us of sight, and I shall never forget the inspiration of that moment. The sculptor of the grand figure, Joseph Archie, is worthy of fame immortal, if he never did any other work.

The corner stone of this magnificent work was laid in the summer of 1859, but it was not completed until four years ago, and the ceremony of dedication took place still a year later.

Plymouth is a quaint old place, and would be interesting even were there not such associations with the early history of this great nation. It gives one a queer sensation, however, to go from place to place, learning that here was where Governor Bradford lived; there was where the first fort was built; yonder was the point at which the Indians gathered to watch the white men who had come with their women and children to live on the land that had been theirs; here was where the first graves were made, and upon the gray old stones we read many names which are so familiar to history.

In Pilgrim Hall, where are gathered together relics of this far away past, was to be seen much of interest, and yet it gave me a sort of nightmare to linger among these things that belonged and were used by those whose physical bodies had been dust so many, many years. We wandered around speaking with bated breath, as if their spirits were at our elbows and ready to resent any levity upon our part. That many had preceded us in this visit was evident from the book in which we were requested to write our names, and indeed, we were told by the custodian that during the months of July and August 10,000 people had been there to do honor to the pilgrim fathers and mothers, by looking reverentially at what they had once possessed and left behind them.

I do not know how it is with others, but wandering around this old, old town made me realize more fully than ever before the grandeur of the growth of this nation which owes so much of its strength, its power, its glory, to its adherence to the principles for which this little band left their homes and came to a far away wilderness to make new ones, ready to lay down their lives for this purpose if need be. Truly we have need of thanksgiving days in which to count over the blessings of a prosperous past and thriving present, even though the air be rife with threatenings that come of discontent; even though there be questions pressing for answers that statesmen consider with dismay; even though there are crime and want and misery in the land, such as to almost make it seem that the sentiment of brotherhood is almost unknown—even though all this be true, we may yet give thanks because we know that good in its finality is stronger than evil, and that out of all this agitation and struggle will eventually come higher and better conditions. A nation whose infancy was consecrated by such sublime self-sacrifice for principle must live for the world's betterment.

Emily S. Bouton.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 11.

"A friend," from Montana, writes to ask if there are not some general rules of etiquette that can be used at all times. There certainly are some rules that should be in general use, by every one.

The first is, that we should endeavor to adapt ourselves to the society in which we may be placed, and occasionally some of the minor points of politeness must be sacrificed in order to avoid hurting the feelings of our hosts, or our guests, and a strict observance of "best society customs" should never be insisted upon at such an expense.

It is not right that we should intrude our private grievances, or sorrow, upon others, unless they are such intimate friends that we have a right to ask their sympathy, but if one in trouble comes to us, we should listen patiently, and with as much sympathy as possible.

Do not attempt to impress upon a company with your ability to sing, or play, if you are invited to do these, or anything else, to add to the pleasure of entertainment, comply at once, or else decline, but do not decline expecting to be urged to accept such an invitation, as it is not considered in good taste to urge one to perform in public when they have refused or made excuses.

Never enter the room of another person without knocking and receiving permission; do not knock and open the door before receiving permission. Do not look over a person's shoulder when they are reading, or writing; do not ask from whom a letter is received, or to whom one is to be sent; regard all boxes, trunks, desks, etc., of another person as private, whether locked or not, and on no account open them without permission. Even in your own family, these things should be regarded, and children should be taught to respect the privacy of others.

Never break an engagement unless it is absolutely impossible for you to keep it, and in such case, send an explanation and apology at once, and endeavor to be punctual when you keep an engagement; 2 o'clock, for instance, should not be construed to mean any time until 3.

Never refuse to accept an apology, nor neglect to make one, when necessary.

Never be too familiar with your acquaintances, especially new ones. You can be courteous and friendly, but there is no saying truer than, that "familiarity breeds contempt."

It is exceedingly bad form to address, even intimate friends, or relatives, by their Christian names, in public places.

Never break a promise, or forget to perform a commission undertaken for a friend. It is better to decline it than neglect it.

Do not allow a gentleman to remove a ring from your hand, or a bracelet from your arm, to examine them. Remove them yourself if you wish him to see them.

Do not endeavor to attract the attention of a gentleman, nor to detain him by your side after he shows an inclination to leave you.

Do not talk, or act in any manner so as to attract public attention. Observe the actions of those who seem to you to be the most perfect ladies or gentlemen, and govern yourself by them.

Fancy Work and House Decoration

I wonder if any one has thought of getting ready for Christmas yet? It will be here before a great while now. I think it is much nicer to commence early and avoid a hurry at the last end. It is always a delight to me to make little gifts for my friends, for I know the inexpensive gifts to those we love are always appreciated just as much as though costly. I will give directions for making a few such, they may be of benefit to some one else whose purse is rather limited, too.

Duster Bag.—A pretty bag for the duster, may be made of 1-2 yard of pretty figured cretonne. Cut two strips 9 inches wide and sew the ends together. Then lay this long strip on the table and fold up one end to make a good sized pocket; make a point of the other end and draw through a five cent nickel curtain ring, pull through far enough to lap over the pocket good, then fasten the ring securely, leaving the little screw on it to hang by; a more elaborate one can be made of China silk and some fancy ornaments sewed on the bottom add to its beauty.

Photograph Holder.—Take a tobacco pail cover and cover it with some of matting that comes around tea chests (you can get it at any grocery store) and varnish it, then take a small hemp rope long enough to reach around the cover and fringe into a nice tassel for the top and fasten on with small sharp nails. Then cut a crescent shaped pasteboard and cover smoothly with black velvet and fasten in the middle of the board (a little slanting) with brass headed nails. This makes a pretty ornament for the wall.

A handy bag to hang by the dresser is made of cream sateen and a lining of red silesia. Take a strip 30 inches long and 10 wide of each, put on the lining and fold, and make a bag, leaving a heading of 1 1-2 inch at the top and a shir to run in a rubber; draw up, not too close, and sew ribbon bows at each side and a long loop to hang by, to match the lining. These bags are convenient for husbands' loose neckties and can be made of any color to match the other decorations in the room.

A ball to hang at the bottom of the hanging lamp or in a corner is made of four contrasting colors of tissue paper. Take a pint bowl and mark and cut out 8 or 10 rounds of each color, string each color on a wire separately (first notch the edges of the rounds) then take the sections and twist the wires together in the middle and arrange the colors as you want them and fasten a long wire in the center and bend the end into a hook and tie a pretty ribbon bow to it.

If our editor thinks these are worthy of publication I shall be glad to send some more. I have tried to make the directions as plain as possible, as I sometimes am troubled to understand myself.—Mrs. Stella Driggs, Michigan.

Wild Rose Bureau Set.—Take a piece of bolting cloth the length and width of bureau top. Have a pattern of wild roses stamped around the edge with stray leaves and buds running towards the center. Paint the roses and button-hole stitch the edges, so that the outer edges of the petals can be cut out. The embroidery silk must, of course, be the wild rose shade. Paint the leaves and buds with their proper shades, and outline them with corresponding shades of silk. The outline stitch can be used for these, as they are in the inside and are not to be cut out. Line the bolting cloth with a pale shade of pink lining silk or silesia.

Make a cushion of the shape of an open rose cover with the same shade of silk as the lining to the bureau cover. Make a bolting cloth top for the cushion painting the center like a rose and button-hole stitching the edge. Toilet mats can be made following the same design.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stich; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Baby's Crocheted Cap.—Use coarse crochet cotton or silk. Begin at the middle of the crown with a ch—8. Join in a ring. Over this ring work 18 s c. Join with a slip stitch; this forms the first row. 2d row—ch 4—1 d c in each s c with 1 ch between, catching the last 1 ch in ch 3, making 18 d c counting the ch 4. 3d row—ch 3—1 d c in same st where ch started—*—ch 1—skip 1—2 d c in next d c; repeat from * around the circle, fastening last 1 ch in top of ch 3. 4th row—ch 3—2 d c in d c underneath *—ch 1—2 d c in next d c and 1 d c in the next. Repeat * around the work. 5th row—ch 3—2 d c in d c underneath and 1 d c in the next *—ch 1—1 d c in next 2 d c in 1 d c in next; repeat *, fastening as before. Sixth row—ch 3—2 d c in next d c and 1 d c in each of the next 2 d c—*—ch 1—1 d c in next 2 d c in next 1 d c in each of next 2 d c—*—repeat from. 7th row—ch 3—1 d c—2 d c in next 1 d c in each of next 2 d c—2 d c—in next 1 d c in each of next 2 d c—*—repeat. 8th row—ch 3—1 d c—in d c—2 in next d c—1 in each of next 3 d c—*—ch 1—1 d c—in each of next 2 d c—2 d c in next 1 d c—1 d c in each of next 3 d c—repeat from *. 9th row—1 sl st in 1st d c—ch 3—1 d c—in each of next 4 d c—*—ch 2—1 d c between the groups of d c—ch 2—skip d c—1 d c—in each of next 5 d c—repeat *—fasten as given above 10th row—1 sl st in 1st d c ch 3—1 d c in each of next 2 d c—*—ch 2—1 d c in each of next 2 spaces with 2 ch—between ch 2 skip 1 d c—1 d c in each of next 3 d c—* repeat. 11th row—1 sl st in next d c—ch 6—1 d c in every space and 1 d c in the middle d c of every group of d c with 3 ch between; fasten in the middle of ch 6. 12th row—1 sl st in 1st space—ch 6—1 d c in every space with 3 ch between; fasten as in preceding row. 13th row—*—ch 4—skip 2 spaces—7 d c in next space—ch 4—skip 2 spaces—1 s c in next d c; repeat *; fasten with a sl st in 1st st of ch 4. 14th row—*—ch 3—1 d c in each of 7 d c with 1 ch between ch 3—1 s c in s c and repeat from * around the work; break the thread—leave three fans of the back of the neck, and begin another row. 15th row—begin in the 4th fan; fasten the thread in 1st d c of group 7 ch 4—1 d c in next d c—ch 1—2 d c in next d c with 1 ch between ch 1—1 d c—in each of next 2 d c with 1 ch between *—3 ch—1 d c in the last d c—1 d c in each of next 2 d c with 1 ch between 1 ch—2 d c in the next with 1 ch between—1 ch—1 d c—in next d c with 1 ch between 1 ch—1 d c—in each of next 2 d c with 1 ch between; repeat from * across the row; turn. 16th row—ch 7—skip 2 d c—1 s c—in next d c—* 3 ch—skip 1 d c—1 d c in next d c—4 ch—7 d c—in ring formed by ch 3 in last row—4 ch—skip 3 d c— 1 s c in d c; repeat * across the row finishing with 3 ch—skip 1 d c—1 s c in next 3 ch—1 d c in last d c; turn. 17th row—3 ch—1 d c in 1st st—3 ch—1 s c in small space—* 3 ch—1 d c—in each of 7 d c with 1 ch between 3 ch—1 s c in small space; repeat * ending with 3 ch—1 d c in middle of next ch—1 ch—skip 1—1 d c in next st; turn. 18th row—4 ch—1 d c—in d c—*—3 ch—1 d c in last d c—1 d c in each of next 2 d c with 1 ch between 1 ch—2 d c in the next d c with 1 ch between 1 ch—2 d c—in next d c—1 ch—2 d c in next d c with 1 ch between 1 ch—1 d c—in each of next 2 d c with 1 ch between—*; repeat 3 ch—1 d c in last d c—1 d c in next d c—1 ch—1 d c in next st. This completes the second row of fans. 19th row—4 ch—begin fan in the small ring made by ch 3 with 7 d c, same as first row in second row of fans; work as before to end of row; finish with 1 ch—1 d c in the middle of ch; turn and work rest of this fan same as second row of fans. There are six rows of fans, with 12 fans in one row and 11 in the other. This is very pretty crocheted in white silk and lined with pink satin. Will send border for it next time.—Mrs. R.

Correspondence.

One Mother Disagrees With Ella Bartlett Simmons on One Point.—In Ella Bartlett Simmons's article, "Don'ts to Young Mothers," there is one "don't" I hope no mother, young or otherwise, will heed, and that is "don't deprive a teething child of the pleasure he derives from sucking his thumb," etc. I have a little girl who will probably all her life regret my following such advice. She sucked her finger almost incessantly while teething, and before we realized it the mischief was done; for when her teeth came through, those on the left side of her jaws, would not meet, while those on the right came together naturally. It was in the left side she always kept her finger while sucking it. Nor is this the only case. I know a young lady whose face is noticeably crooked from the effects of sucking her finger when a child, and a boy whose mouth draws down considerably more on one side than on the other from the same cause. While there is no harm in preventing a child from forming that habit there is certainly a risk in allowing him to do so.—Franc Ford.

A Question for the Ladies to Decide.—A young lady in this place was well thought of, and was invited out quite often, but owing to her parents' circumstances it was impossible for her to return any of the compliments given her. In the course of time she married well, and she soon began givng parties. Some who had entertained her quite frequently she has never thought to invite. Was she not still under obligations to those who had been so thoughtful of her condition, or did her being married put aside all her obligations toward those that had so kindly treated her?—A New Subscriber.

Good Words From One With a Long Experience.—Will the ladies permit an old man of three score, ten and nine years to occupy a small space in the Household department? I am a Buckeye, born in a pioneer log cabin n Eastern Ohio in 1812. In those days schools of the neighborhood were few and far between, where reading, writing and arithmetic were imperfectly taught by incompetent teachers. Girls of those primitive school seldom studied arithmetic, and some parents held it worse than useless for them to learn to write, lest they should spend time answering boys' letters when they would have been far better at their spinning wheels.

I have been a close reader of The Blade for years, have kept trace of the wordy conflict between the boys and girls as to the proper sphere of the latter during the journey of life. The girls have advanced rapidly to the front of late years, and the boys think they are out of their proper latitude, hence their criticism, the girls being quite as competent judges as to the propriety and eternal fitness of things, take a different view of the premises. I think they have mostly concluded that "what is sauce for the gander should be sauce for the goose." The girls of to-day are filling various places in the business world, that in days of yore it was thought they were not capable of filling. The pedagogue of "ye olden times" had no idea of any competition, by girls, in his line of business. He thought the problems of arithmetic were so abstruse, they were beyond the natural mental ability of women to comprehend a mistaken, old fogy, notion. Plenty of girls now are able mathematicians. They are successful teachers, telegraphers, type-writers, book-keepers, clerks in various business houses, press correspondents, editors, lawyers, doctors and preachers. Boys are meeting such sharp competition by girls in so many lines of business, some of them are rather alarmed for fear they may be driven to the wall and not be able to procure wives; a rather serious matter to contemplate. I am no prophet, yet venture the prediction that sober, industrious, well-to-do boys will always be able to find respectable girls willing to marry them. As for indolent, trifling, lazy drones and drunken boys, they don't deserve wives. If girls would only think so, they might enjoy life far better as spinsters than as wives of such trifling boys. If you girl readers of The Blade will permit an old pioneer to suggest a motto for your albums, I would say to you "Enjoy young life whilst you can. Never marry until sure of a good man."

Our girls, God bless them, are being educated to self-reliance, to think and do for themselves. The Susan B. Anthonys and Cady Stantons are becoming numerous. They evidently have no idea of surrendering the ship, nor laying by their armors until victory crowns their efforts for the equality of their sex before the law, and for the good of safety may they speedily prevail. I am one of those who believe that women naturally inherit from their Creator the same inherent, inalienable and God-given rights in common, and all laws and usages of society that, by coercive means, deprive them from exercising those rights are relics of barbarism from the dark ages of the world when brute force ruled and might made right.—Jeffrey.

Correspondence Clippings.

Christmas is very near, and I wonder how many of the Household have, during the year, followed the editor's suggestion of having a Christmas box or shelf and preparing things to place in it or on it, at odd times? I have, for one, and I am actually surprised to find how many things I have ready now for Christmas presents, and I hardly know when I prepared them. It is an excellent plan for utilizing the odd moments, and I hope to hear the experience of some others who have tried the plan.—Frances Howard.

I have been thinking what a nice thing it would be to have a Blade Household Thanksgiving dinner to those who will not be able to provide one for themselves, and will suggest that readers of The Blade give this coming Thanksgiving day something, be it ever so small, to some needy person in their neighborhood, or in their city, and call it a part of the great Blade Household dinner. I am certain our own dinners will taste better to us if we do remember others, and we can feel that we of the Household are nearer to each other in doing this together, or at the same time.—Country Woman.

The above good suggestion comes a little late for Thanksgiving, perhaps, but it will be in season for Christmas, and the editor will gladly join in the plan at that time.—Ed.

Unexpected company used to be the one great trial of my housekeeping. I had learned how to manage my regular housework, and as we had very few acquaintances in the city, I never had to be prepared for an extra person at dinner. When I expected company I could have everything nice enough, but when the "unexpected" happened, I could never think of anything, it seemed to me. If I tried to think of the extra little desserts to help out with, I could never remember any except those that needed in their preparation just the things I was out of at that time. My mother-in-law told me that she always made it a rule to "cook for the stranger that might come," and in consequence, she was never taken by surprise. That was very well for her to do, as she lived on a farm, and had plenty to do it with, and also plenty at home to eat up the extra things, but with a family of two (the baby don't count, you know, in the matter of meat and potatoes) if I "cooked for the stranger" and he didn't happen to come, then that extra was wasted most of the time, for I confess I never could make "an appetizing supper or lunch" out of a handful of "left overs," as we read of some people's doing, and we can not, even now, afford to waste ever so little. I worried over this question for a long time, and last year I tried the experiment of buying one-half dozen cans of corn at a time, as many of assorted fruit, a jar or two of beef extract, a package of gelatine, and two or three pounds of mixed wafers, which keep well for a long time in a tin box. With these in my store room, I can, in a few minutes, prepare an addition to our usual meal that will answer for "the stranger," and the expense has not been very great—no where near as great as has been my relief from the dread of unexpected company.—Mrs. Elliott Hovens.

Inquiries.

Will Mr. Sovern please send full address to editor of the Household?—Ed.

Will some one send a true recipe for a plum pudding—one that a farmer's daughter can make? Also one for a cocoanut cake?—Altruce.

Will some one give the proper ingredients for making ginger snaps (small quantities for a common family) such as we get from grocery stores?—N. L. Fitzgerald.

Will Jean Hunt tell how to make a dress for a girl 14 years old, of black brilliantine?—Willing Beauty.

Can any of the members of the Household tell me what is the matter with my hands? Every fall they crack open and bleed, and have fever in them all the time they are sore. They stay sore until the bad weather is over in the spring. Will some one send me a remedy at once?—R. Gough.

Will some one tell me what to use to prevent perspiration under the arm? It is very annoying, as it soils my clothes, even in cold weather. Also, what is the matter with my hands? I suffer with them, especially in the winter time. The skin gets hard, breaks and peels off, and the flesh will crack and bleed. They will heal up after a while, when it is the same thing over again. If any one will tell me what will cure them, I will be very thankful.—An Afflicted One.

Can any one tell me what will cure a sore (almost raw) tongue? It is very red all over, very tender, and easily hurt by any hard substance, and smarts when acids are taken into the mouth. There is no canker. Have tried a good many remedies.—Mrs. A. B.

Answers to Inquiries.

Princess.—It is not at all "improper" or "vulgar" to compliment a person, if they have done anything that deserves it. There is a vast difference between flattery and a genuine compliment. A "Mouchoir" is a handkerchief.—Ed.

Verna H.—We do not know where the advertisement to which you refer, appeared in The Blade. If you can send the date of the paper, we will endeavor to send it to you.—Ed.

Judith.—Write to publishers for the book you want.—Ed.

Reader of The Blade.—The editor does not know of any such person.—Ed.

Snow-bird.—Sweep your velvet carpet with a brush, taking up the dust as you go. A "sweeper" is better than a broom, but a small brush that you can hold in your hand and sweep a little space at a time, is the best to use.—Ed.

Student.—The editor of this department is "almost" tired of saying that all communications must, in order to be answered, be signed by the writer. Your's has neither date or address.—Ed.

Willful Beauty.—If the teacher is a lady, or gentleman, they should be treated as such. If they are not worthy of respect, don't go to school to them. Always treat your elders kindly, and do not let others excel you in good manners.—Willing Beauty.

Ignorance asks how to cream butter, as used in recipes.—Use the amount called for of butter and sugar; take a spoon and beat and work together until the mixture looks like cream, nearly butter. After this, add the other ingredients.

Esther H. J.—Almond meal is perfectly harmless to use as a toilet accessory, and is very excellent for whitening or softening the skin.—Blandina.

Recipes.

As the time of Thanksgiving dinners draws near, this recipe for mince pies will be welcome, and the friend sending it, gives it the following recommend: "I took this recipe from the Household, two years ago, and found it the nicest I ever had used. I sent it to a friend over in England, the wife of an M. P., who wrote me that she found it "delightful," and that her friends, to whom she gave the recipe, were having a perfect mince-pie craze." It can be successfully used for small families by taking one-half the amount.—M. W.

Mince Meat.—2 lbs. of roasted beef, weighed after it is cooked and chopped; 4 lbs. chopped apples; 2 lbs. chopped and sifted beef suet; 3 lbs. brown sugar; 3 lbs. stoned raisins;1 lb. whole sultanas; 2 lbs. well cleaned currants; 1 oz. grated nutmeg; 1 lb. chopped citron and candied lemon peel, mixed; 1-2 oz. ground mace; 1 tablespoonful cloves; 3 saltspoonfuls of salt; 3 quarts of good cider boiled a few minutes with 1 lb. of maple sugar; add 1 pt. of wine and 1 teaspoonful of brandy when the pies are made, unless you object on temperance grounds. Then the wine and brandy may be omitted, and vinegar used in place of cider, but the pies will not be so good.

The same correspondent gives a recipe for "Charlotte Russe."—1 lb. lady-fingers, or sponge cake; 1 qt. rich, sweet cream; 3 1-4 cupfuls powdered sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls vanilla, or other flavoring. Split and trim the cake to fit neatly in the bottom and sides of three, two qt. moulds; whip the cream to a stiff froth; sweeten and flavor, then pour into the moulds. Cover the top with cake and set on ice or in a very cold place until needed.

Turkey is a very necessary part of a Thanksgiving dinner with many, and while nearly every one knows about "Roast Turkey," there are, possibly, some who have never tried boiled turkey.

Boiled Turkey.—Procure a young turkey, draw, and wipe it inside and out with a damp towel. Drain 25 oysters, add to them 2 cupfuls of bread crumbs, 1 tablespoonful butter, salt and pepper to taste. Fill the turkey with this dressing, truss, and place in a baking pan as for roasting. Spread the breast with butter, sprinkle with flour and bake in a very quick oven about 1-2 hour. Then remove it from the oven, put it in a large kettle with 1 qt. of stock,1-2 small onion, and 2 bay leaves. Cover closely and simmer until the turkey is tender, which will usually be, for a young bird, in two hours.

Sauce for Boiled Turkey.—Put 1 tablespoonful of butter in a sauce pan, when melted add 1 tablespoonful of flour; add 1-2 pt. of the liquor in which the turkey was boiled, and stir constantly until it boils; season with pepper and salt, take from the fire, and add the beaten yolk of 1 egg.

Many persons prefer a chicken to a turkey, considering that the meat is more delicate. For these we give a receipe that has been recommended as being "perfectly lovely."

Chicken Stuffed With Chestnuts.—Draw and clean a year old chicken and make a dressing as follows: Roast 1 qt. chestnuts, remove the shells and mash. To 1-2 of the chestnuts add 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Mix thoroughly and fill the chickens the same as with any other dressing. Lard the breast with salt pork, place in a baking pan with 1-2 cupful of water and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a quick oven 15 minutes for each lb. When done remove all strings and skewers, and garnish with parsley. Put the remaining chestnuts in the pan in which the chicken was roasted, add 1-2 pt. of stock, or hot water, stir till it boils, season with salt and pepper, and serve very hot.—Emma S.

A recipe in a late number of The Blade should read "Hot Tomalies" instead of "Hot Tomatoes."—Ed.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Recommended by Physicians
of all schools, for the brain, nerves and stomach.

Knew It Was a Big Tooth.

A man prominent in these two cities has a history. Some years ago he suffered with the toothache. He suffered so much that at last he determined to have the tooth pulled, and he did. But the pain of it was so great that it caused him to resolve that never again would he have a tooth pulled. He kept this resolve for four years. The other day he had the toothache, and suffered so much that some of his friends got him to have the tooth pulled.

He went to a dentist whom he well knew, who had joked him some about his resolve to steer clear of dentists. He took gas and woke up with the tooth gone. He had paid the dentist and got on his wraps, and was going through the door, when he happened to think of the tooth.

"Say, I'd like to look at that tooth," he said.

"Well, now, I'd been thinking of that, and I washed the blood off it. Here it is." The dentist had preserved for years an ancient horse's tooth as a curiosity, and it was this that he took from a drawer and showed the Lewiston man.

"I knew that it was as large as that," said the sufferer, with a satisfied look. The tooth was an inch across on top, and very long.—Lewiston Evening Journal.

What's SOZODONT? 'Tis this you ask.
To answer is an easy task—
It is a liquid soft and sweet,
Which keeps the teeth healthy, white and neat;
Which makes the rosy gums endure,
And renders breath, like roses, pure.

Where Women Vote for President.

The women of the state of Wyoming of the proper age are all voters in these good times, and they call the attention of their American sisters to the fact that they have the ballot because they really wanted it. An eminent ex-philosopher of Laramie once said that the men "encouraged the girls to vote in Wyoming" because it made them "hurry up and get the dishes done so as to get down to the polls." Ten years ago less than 50 per cent of the population of Wyoming were women, but they are catching up rapidly with the men in numbers as in political power. There are (or were in 1890) 39,343 men in Wyoming and there are 21,362 women. Alternate women delegates from Wyoming attended the Republican convention at Minneapolis. There is no reason in the world why women might not have been regularly made Presidential electors. But certain it is that several thousand women voted on election day for President. And it is not the first time that this has happened. New Jersey came into the Union with a clause permitting "taxpaying women and taxpaying negroes to vote," and in the first three Presidential elections many New Jersey women's votes were cast and counted. But that clause was afterwards changed to "white males."—N. Y. World.

—A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

AMALIE RIVES AGAIN

HER "BARBARA DERING."

An Improvement Upon Her First Novel—A Sequel to That—Not So Widely Read But More Worthy—Writers as Lecturers.

I have just been reading "Barbara Dering," Amalie Rives's last novel, which is a sequel to "The Quick and the Dead," the story that brought its young author into notoriety as soon as published, and caused her to receive, and justly, the severest condemnation. No one doubted the genius of which it was the first child, and there were many who were ready, because of the brilliancy of the offspring, to overlook its sensuality. I must confess that personally I had no patience with what seemed to me a prostitution to base uses of a most remarkable talent. This feeling was undoubtedly intensified by the rush of erotic literature from the pens of women who, without her rare ability, tried to follow in her footsteps, with the result of a flood of absolutely nauseating and immoral novels, so-called.

"Barbara Dering" is written upon entirely different lines, and yet with such a strong similarity, I might almost say continuity of thought, as to make the author unmistakable. There is strength, fire, passion, in this, and yet these qualities are spiritualized, given a higher meaning, and the reader is lifted into an atmosphere of purer life, in which self-control and self-abnegation form motive powers in action. It seems to me that this book is a perhaps not clearly defined and conscious protest of the author against the severe criticism with which her first venture was met. It is as if she were saying to herself, I did not mean what they thought, but I was only a girl, trying to express what I knew nothing of. Now I am a woman, with clearer vision. The quotation from Pluto upon the dedicatory page explains somewhat this feeling.

Those who read "The Quick and the Dead" will remember that Barbara sent her lover away because she would not be disloyal to the love of her dead husband. In this book he returns to her, after two years are passed, and comes just at the time when she is exceedingly lonely and longing for his presence, even though it would bring back the pain. While thus thinking he appears, and is welcomed gladly, though soon the old questioning begins again. In the end, however, they marry, and here begins the real purpose of the book—to show how two persons could love each other and yet make each other thoroughly miserable. In this case, Dering's love is of the earth, and he utterly fails to comprehend her ideal of a harmonious marriage. She struggles against the feeling of repulsion that sometimes sweeps over her when he is more than usually passionate and masterful, and when he lacks so entirely the gentleness that belongs to true strength. At such times her shrinking from him becomes apparent and arouses his anger to such an intensity as to render him brutal in his words and actions.

In painting these scenes and her suffering, the author does some strong writing. She has pictured Dering admirably. Speaking of him, Barbara's loved friend, Eunice Bransoy, says: "He has terrible, terrible faults, but they are outside; they are excrescences, which may be cut off. Some natures are like bits of poor marble—the little thin dark vein runs through and through. One may chip and chip until the brittle stuff lies all about one, but still the stain is there, to the very core. I sometimes think that with strong characters nearly all things are possible. With too much material one can cut away, can modify; but with too little, what can even God do but strain the poor stuff to its utmost; and then now thin, how flimsy it looks, after all!" Dering is the opposite of all this.

In spite of Barbara's sometime shrinking from her husband's "boisterous affection," she possessed an ardent, glowing nature that needed the support of a strong love. She expressed herself thus with regard to the way in which woman should be taught: "Oh, if I had a daughter, I would teach her that passion in love, in religion, in friendship, in patriotism, is a great, pure fire created by God, and not to be scorned by man! That a woman who errs through love is a nobler creature than her sister who marries for convenience; that true modesty regards all natural impulses as clean; and that it is only immodesty which could turn away with a blush from the grand nakedness of a Milo. I love to think that Christ's first miracle was at a marriage. * * * Did you ever think that Christ was the only philosopher that honored the human body and soul equally? Plato would cultivate the soul always at the expense of the body; the Epicureans the body at the expense of the soul; but Christ fitted the broken arc together, and declared it to be divine."

The first year of her life with Dering was one alternate joy and racking anguish. Nor was he any nearer happiness and the fact that he could not understand her, and that she seemed to be moving farther and farther away from him aroused him to a fury. Finally her child was born, and the agony of fear lest she would leave her body brought to him a realization of what he had made her suffer.

The character of Eunice Bransby and her husband, Godfrey, are very well drawn to carry out her purpose, which purpose the thoughtful reader will quickly comprehend. Godfrey is one of a type of men who are outwardly clean, because they are too selfish and narrow and petty to be tempted. He was a tyrant in every sense of the word—first, last and always—and yet thought himself the best of husbands. Eunice had lived a life of repression always, and only opened her heart to Barbara, upon whom she lavished the warmest affection. "You are the greatest blessing my life ever had," she said to her once; "I think it was because, in spite of my barren existence, I believed in great friendship, in affinity of soul with soul, that God sent you to me. Sometimes I have thought that we create God as much as He creates us. If we strongly believe in Him, He exists for us. If we turn from Him with conviction, He ceases to be. I never lost my faith in friendship, and now I have you."

Amalie Rives delineates character more by conversation than by description, indeed, that is one of her attractions. Pages of moralizing or of description are tedious unless written with extraordinary power. She writes short, pithy sentences which contain strong meanings.

The book has not, of course, made the stir that its predecessor did. It is not possible that it should, and yet in many respects, while not so startling in a dramatic way, it has the intense energy and vivid spirit that characterized that one. It is published by the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia.

PRISCILLA.

When sweet Priscilla came,
In Quaker dove-tints dressed,
A kerchief white as driven snow
Pinned o'er her virgin breast.

Her close silk bonnet set
About her pure, fresh face,
And the milk-whiteness of her hands
Showing thro' mits of lace;

When sweet Priscilla came,
In Quaker garb arrayed,
One could but think that she might be
Some saint from heaven strayed.

I lost my heart at sight,
And so, in very truth,
At the swift flirting of her glance,
Did every foolish youth.

Sweet Quaker maid! demure
As some wood violet,
Or as a wind-anemone,
In ferny corner set.

And often would the smiles
Within her dimples lurk,
To see us on each other glare,
Fiercer than bearded Turk.

When sweet Priscilla went
Thro' every manly heart,
Her Quaker wiles, her Quaker smiles,
Had driven Cupid's dart.

And while each fellow swore
His chance was far ahead,
With some high-booted cavalier,
Priscilla, sweet, was wed.

Such world's depravity
'Neath 'kerchief white and prim,
For while she tried her arts on us,
She was engaged to him.

—M. Dawson Phelps in New York Sun.

Perhaps I'se Afraid of a Kitty.

She'd never seen such a big kitten before,
With such shining yellow eyes,
And she stood very close to the parlor door,
And watched it with grave surprise.

It lay on my lap, and I smoothed its fur,
And begged she would nearer come,
And hear how prettily puss could purr,
Like a little bee's drowsy hum.

I had not noticed she seemed to shrink,
Her voice was as brave as could be;
"No, Auntie," she gently said, "I fink
'At Kitty's afraid of me!"

"Afraid of you, dear? Why, nonsense, child!
She likes all nice little girls,
If she feared you she would look fierce and wild."
But the baby still shook her curls.

In vain did I plead with the little maid,
For the bravest cat in the city;
At last with a doubtful sigh she said
"Perhaps I'se afraid of 'e kitty!"

For the Young Folks.

TRIP TO GRAY'S PEAK.

How a Party Climbed Upward.

It was 1 o'clock at night when our party left the Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel boarding house to make the ascent of Gray's Peak. We had come from Denver to Graymont over the Union Pacific (narrow gauge) railway the preceding afternoon. Graymont is the terminus of the railroad, and that is about all that can be said of it. It has no school-houses, no churches, no stores, and, in fact, only a half-dozen houses of any description. It has no railway station, but an old box-car setting beside a platform is used as a shelter from the storms by people coming down from the mountains to take the train. The iron horse can go no further, for the mountains here form an impassable barrier, with lofty Gray's Peak towering above in the distance. This is one reason why the Atlantic-Pacific tunnel is being put through the Rocky mountains. It enters Mount Kelso at an altitude of 10,000 feet above the sea level, and cuts under Gray's Peak, thus making a gateway through the range, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When completed, the tunnel will be 25,000 feet in length, or nearly five miles, and it will shorten the distance between Denver and Salt Lake City 250 miles. As the tunnel cuts through numerous veins of silver and lead ore, it will be seen that, aside from its being a railway tunnel, it is also a great wholesale mining enterprise. The projector of the tunnel is "Brick" Pomeroy, who is also the president of the company.

After a climb of a mile and a half up the mountains from Graymont, we reached the "A.-P." Tunnel boarding house, a red, two-story frame building, sitting in a mountain gulch at the foot of Mount Kelso. The green, pine-clad mountains rise on either side, forming a pretty contrast from the red boarding house. Here we stopped for supper and rested ourselves before making the ascent of Gray's Peak.

The young folks may be interested to hear of two little maids who live away up here in the Rocky mountains. One is named Iona Bell and the other Annie May, and their last name is Knight. They cannot have tea parties, as many little girls who live in the city do; nor can they go to the matinee to see Little Lord Fauntleroy played. But they do have fun in other ways. They make play-houses amongst the pine trees and gather huckleberries on the mountain sides. Then they run after the chipmunks and chase the squirrels up the pine trees, where they scamper among the branches and chatter and rattle down pine cones to the ground beneath. They carry the dinner-pails to the miners who work in the tunnel, and ride bareback on the pony back to the house; and when night comes there are two little girls so tired and sleepy that they fall asleep in their chairs at the supper table. Now, how many little girls who read this do that very same thing?

The mountain climb made us very hungry, and it seemed as if we could never get enough supper; but after a while we did. We went to bed early, where we lay awake for some time listening to the pouring of the mountain stream, which ran over the rocks below our window. It sounded like torrents of rain on a stormy night, which makes one feel the more comfortable, all tucked away in a nice, warm bed.

At 12:30 o'clock Mr. Veach, our guide, came to awaken us. How strange it was to get up at that time of night. It seemed as though we had not been asleep ten minutes. We dressed and went down stairs, where we washed our faces in the cold, mountain water to thoroughly awaken us, and, after getting the large bag of lunch which Mrs. Hartong, the landlady, had put up for us (for there were five to eat it), we started off.

Now, I hear some one say, "Why did you start to climb Gray's Peak at that time of night?" I shall not answer that question now.

The moon arose over the mountain top, and we walked along, all in a row, with our guide in front. On his back he carried a sack of pitch, to make a fire with when we reached the top. The stars seemed to shine brighter than ever, and every one of them twinkled down on us into the mountain gulch. We hunted for "Job's Coffin," and the "Dipper," and the "Great Bear," and the "Seven Sisters," and other clusters of stars. But they all seemed out of place. "Job's Coffin" was standing straight up; the "Dipper" was sitting on top of a mountain; the "Great Bear" stood on his head, and the "Seven Sisters" were laughing at the whole performance.

After walking an hour we passed timber line, which is the highest altitude at which trees will grow — 11,000 feet above sea level. The trail became steeper, and when we reached the base of the peak we found nothing but a mass of rocks before us. The air grew colder, and soon we drew our overcoats closely around us and put on our gloves to protect our hands from the cold. The air was so light it seemed difficult to breathe, and every hundred yards, or so, we had to pause to rest and get our breath. We took turn about in carrying the lunch bag, which now seemed to weigh a ton. Our ears grew cold and our hands numb, and the guide stopped to have a handkerchief tied around each of his wrists, to keep the raw wind from blowing up his coat sleeves. Up, up, we slowly trod our way, following the trail which zigzaged this way and that, each turn bringing us a few feet nearer the top. The loose stones rattled beneath our feet, making a deep, hollow sound, as if some great cavern were beneath them. Away back in the east, on the mountain side, a huge fire was burning. Venus peeped over the mountains like a great lantern. All around us were drifts of snow, although it was the middle of September. Even at that high altitude, away above timber line, and within a mile of Gray's Peak, we found flowers in bloom; while close beside them were drifts of snow. But what dainty little things they were, blanched almost as white as the snow itself. They grew in patches of moss, which we found in numerous places, surrounded by a rich, black soil, as fertile as that in any valley. They were so different from the barren rocks, which form the mountain top above timber line, that they looked like oases in the desert.

Among the rocks were many coonies, a little animal the size and color of a rat, and looking much like a dwarfed rabbit. We thought they were birds, before we saw them, from the peculiar noise they make, which is very plaintive. Nature has given them the color of the rocks they live among to protect them from harm, so when they cry out one has to look for some time before he can discover them.

The mountain quail also stays in this high altitude. Nature has provided them with three garments, which change with the seasons. In the summer their feathers are brown, while in the winter they are snow white. As their feathers begin to turn white in the fall they form a speckled coat of gray. Thus, with their brown coat in the summer, and their gray coat in the spring and fall, they can hide from man among the rocks and the scant vegetation above timber line; while in the winter they come down below timber line, the snow protecting them from the sight of their enemies.

The darkness of night soon faded into gray twilight, and then to broad daylight. It was some time before the sun appeared, which caused Scraggs to remark that it was behind time. Its approach was heralded by billows of light, which came rolling over the plains several hundred miles in the east. Then a streak of fire burst through the earth, that increased to a semi-circle, and then to a complete circle. Born of the earth, it shrank, as if from the gaze of the world, and fell into an ellipse. There it lay on the ground, a monster egg of gold, which went gently floating away into a sea of blue. As it arose it assumed various forms. First it was elliptical from side to side, and then from top to bottom. Next it appeared like a large Maltese cross of gold, from an optical illusion; and then, a mammoth balloon of fire, sailing along. As it rose higher it passed through a thin, streaked cloud, which made it look like Saturn and her rings. Once I likened it to a huge brass top, with red rings painted around it, such as every boy has seen. It was just three minutes from the time it burst through the earth until all of it was visible. It threw rays of various hues into the valleys on the Pacific Slope. Among these were rose, gold, purple and green, painting the landscape as if from a mighty kaleidoscope, while the peaks were crowned in gold.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to the Arachnida tribe which is more ancient than the human family. We are very small and of a brown color. Our spinnerets can only be seen through a microscope. We have a small comb on each foot, and eight eyes in a square on our foreheads. We carry our young on our backs, and are found in every house and garden in the tropical parts of Europe and America.

2.—DROPPED VOWEL PUZZLE.

"–n–t––––ch l–f– s–m–r––o m–st– f–ll." TOPSY.

3.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In hard not in soft.
In water, not in river.
In work, not in play.
In vesture, not in gown.
In Mars, not in Jupiter.
In first, not in last.
In band, not in ring.
My whole is the name of a college.
KATIE BREILING.

4.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a color composed of violet and green, and leave to abide.
Behead a ridge of rocks, and leave a brink.
Behead imaginary, and leave to divide.
Behead unsettled, and leave chilliness.
Behead an act of sending out, and leave a message.
Behead to extend, and every one separately.
Behead pure, and leave to hurry.
Behead a strategem, and leave an act of employing.
Behead a bright color, and leave a cooking apparatus.
Behead a personal pronoun and leave a vowel.
Behead a reward of services, and leave centuries.
Behead condition, and leave to express in words.
Behead a slip of paper containing a title, and leave a man's name.
Behead a song and leave yes.
The beheaded letters spell the name of a noted man of England, who died in 1658.
ADA GUTHRIE.

5.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

I– t–l–i––e–s–c––t–m–n–t–e–l
–g–t–f–l–e–s–n–e–d–d.
ADA GUTHRIE.

6.—CONUNDRUM.

Why is a chimney like a contented man?
A. N. SELMO.

7.—RIDDLE.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day;
Employed when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And fewer still to keep.
TOMMY.

Answers to Puzzles Nov. 17.

1. Andrew Jackson.
2. Soap-stone.
3.—
"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."
4. Encyclopedia.
5. Maple, elm, ash, pine, oak, beech, palm, willow, lime, linden.
6. Milledgeville.
7. 1—When Rebecca found her husband at the well. 2—When it strikes.

To Prevent the Grip
Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

FLOWERS IN ICE.

How They Can be Transported from Australia to England.

A decided novelty is on view at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, in connection with the exhibition of the National Chrysanthemum society. For the first time in history, flowers from New Zealand have been transported in ice, and the experiment has proved a complete success. In the antipodes the culture of the chrysanthemum has awakened a good deal of interest, says the London Telegraph.

There April corresponds with the English chrysanthemum month of November, but until this year the growers here have had no means of accurately judging the methods of the plants reared in our Australian colonies. It occurred to Mr. Earland, gardener to a gentleman living at Wellington, to take a few of his finest flowers to the meat refrigerating works.

There they were placed in tin canisters filled with water and then frozen. The tins were opened yesterday at the Royal Aquarium and found to contain each a solid block of transparent ice, in the middle of which, imbedded as it were in pure crystal, was a beautiful bloom, perfect in shape and color, and comparing, as experts declared, with the finest varieties customarily exhibited in England. In recognition of the success of the enterprise, taken in connection with its merits, a silver-gilt medal was awarded, the feeling being that by way of encouragement to the New Zealand growers, a special prize should be given.

An Extended Popularity. Brown's Bronchial Troches have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

Better Than Gilroy.

Flebite—What did you think of the pyramids?

Alderman—They made me think that the post of commissioner of public works under the Pharoahs must have been the best in the empire.—Town Topics.

No Chance for Ben Butler.

Bilkins—Ben Butler seems to be out of politics.

Wilkins—Yes, there are so many parties now that he couldn't stay in without being in accord with at least one of them.—New York Weekly.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

RAILWAYS OF THE WORLD.

United States Has Forty-four Per Cent of Total Mileage.

Washington, Nov. 23.—The census office to-day issued a bulletin giving statistics of railway mileage of the world in 1890. It shows that out of a total railway mileage for the world of 370,281 miles, the United States have no less than 163,597 miles, or 44.18 per cent of the whole; and that the railway mileage of the United States exceeds by 3,493 miles the entire mileage of the old world.

The following shows the mileage of the world by countries: Germany, 25,969 miles; Austria and Hungary, including Bosnia, 16,467 miles; Great Britain and Ireland, 19,939; France, 22,586; Russia, including Finland, 18,728; Italy, 8,117; Belgium, 3,218; Netherlands, 1,887; Switzerland, 1,929; Spain, 6,127; Portugal, 1,280; Denmark, 1,223; Norway, 971; Sweden, 4, 915; Roumania, 1,580; Servia, 327; Greece, 440; Turkey in Europe, Bulgaria and Roumelia, 1,097; Malta, Jersey and Man, 68.

United States, 163,597; British America (Canada), 13,322; Newfoundland, 115; Central America (Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Honduras), 559; Mexico, 5,344; United States of Colombia, 231; Cuba, 1,056; Venezuela, 441; Republic of Santo Domingo (Eastern part of the island of Hayti), 71; Porto Rico, 11; Brazil, 5,779; Argentine Republic, 5,129; Paraguay, 149; Uruguay, 470; Chile, 1,926; Peru, 994; Bolivia, 106; Ecuador, 167; British Guiana, 22; Asia, 18,798, of which British India supplied 15,837, Japan 907, China (Proper) 124; Africa, 3,992, Australia 11,137.

MR. BLAINE'S CONDITION.

No Cause for Alarm—He Will Seek Another Climate.

Washington, Nov. 26.—Mr. Blaine's condition continues to excite gossip, notwithstanding the positive statements of his family and attending physicians that there is nothing serious the matter wth him.

As soon as Mr. Blaine is able he will leave Washington, and take up his residence for a time in some warmer and more even climate than this. The weather here is irritating the bronchial trouble, and the doctor in charge finds more difficulty in effecting a cure.

Mr. Blaine's present condition is such that in view of complications which may arise at any time, he deems it best to seek a climate that will do for him what medical skill does not appear to do here. It is understood that Pasadena, Cal., has been selected as the most suitable place for a residence, and that Mr. Blaine and his family will go there early next month, starting about the first proximo, and traveling by easy stages through the South and West by way of the Southern Pacific.

All callers at Mr. Blaine's house this morning were informed by the attendant that "Mr. Blaine is very much better this morning." There appears to be no good reason for alarm in the case of the invalid.

AN EMPTY CHAIR THERE.

Reunion of the President's Family Thanksgiving.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 25.—The day was quietly observed at the White House by a reunion of the President's family. There was a vacant seat at the dinner table, which gave it an unusual sadness.

There were present the President, Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Mrs. Dimmick, Lieutenant and Mrs. Parker, Rev. Dr. Scott, and the President's three grandchildren. The principal dish was the 31-pound Rhode Island turkey. The President, accompanied by Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Dimmick, attended divine service at the Church of the Covenant in the morning.

Vice President Morton spent the day quietly at his beautiful home on Rhode Island avenue, surrounded by his immediate family, while members of the Cabinet attended church or ate dinner in a quiet, home-like way.

THE BUREAU OF ORDNANCE.

Commodore Folger Asks for Heavy Appropriations.

Washington, Nov. 23.—At the very beginning of his annual report to the secretary of the Navy, Commodore Folger, chief of the bureau of ordnance, asks for appropriations aggregating $2,459,324 for the expenses of his bureau next year, but the request appears to be very moderate in view of the achievements of the present year and the promises for the future.

The report is voluminous, but almost every line is interesting to the people who care to know just how the American navy compares with the navies of foreign nations, and to satisfy themselves of the fact that native skill and inventiveness have placed this country in advance of all others in the comparatively new (so far as the United States is concerned) field of armor construction and great gun making.

EXHIBITS TO BE SENT OVER.

Madrid Historical Exposition a Success.

Washington, Nov. 25.—The secretary of state has received the report of Mr. Wm. E. Curtis, who has recently returned from his mission to Spain and Italy in search of Columbus relics and as an attache to the United States commission to the Madrid Historical exposition.

He says the exposition was purely historical and that the greater part of the exhibits will be transferred to Chicago next spring and will furnish one of the most attractive and important features of the World's Columbian exposition.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

OUR FINANCES.

Operations and Condition of the Treasury—Total Receipts and Expenditures—National Bank Bonds, Etc.

Washington, Nov. 28.—The treasurer of the United States, Hon. E. H. Nebeker, has submitted to Secretary Charles Foster the annual report of the operations and condition of the treasury. The net ordinary revenues of the government for the fiscal year were $354,937,784, a decrease of $37,674,663, as compared with the year before. The net ordinary expenditures were $345,023,330, a decrease of $10,349,354. The surplus revenues were thus cut down from $37,239,762 to $9,914,453, including the public debt. The total receipts for the year were $736,401,296, and the expenditures $684,019,289.

Considered with respect to the effect upon the treasury the receipts are divided into two general classes, of which the first, comprising the ordinary revenues, the receipts from loans and the deposits for the retirement of national bank notes, increase for the time the cash available for the United States and the government, while the second, arising from the issue of gold, silver and currency certificates, United States notes and treasury notes, tend to swell the assets of the treasury but do not affect the available balance.

For the first of these classes the figures show an excess of $88,000,000 of expenditures over revenues in 1891, and one of upwards of $27,000,000 in 1892. In the second class there was an excess of nearly $69,000,000 of receipts in the former year, and one of $80,000,000 in the latter. As compared with 1891, there was a saving of upwards of $14,000,000 of interest, out of which a surplus was realized, notwithstanding the cutting down of revenues by legislation.

Balance June 30.

On June 30, 1891, there stood charged to the treasurer on the books of the register, a balance of $726,222,332. Adding thereto the revenues of the year from all sources, gives a total of $1,462,423,628 to be accounted for. Out of this was disbursed by warrant a total of $684,019,289, leaving a balance of $778,604,339 charged to the treasurer on June 30, 1892. In addition there were other liabilities arising from the postal revenues, from the deposits to the credit of disbursing officers, from the five per cent fund for the redemption of national bank notes and from various other sources. These, together with the sums of money collected but not yet charged to the treasurer on the books of the department, brought the total liabilities up to $777,854,945 at the former date, and to $815,631,638 at the latter.

Analyzing the true condition of the treasury, and setting aside the trust funds, the treasurer shows that there was a working balance of cash and deposits in banks, amounting to $207,110,451 at the beginning of the year, and to $165,718,150 at the end. Of the former amount $119,000,000, and of the latter, $114,500,000 was gold. The success which has attended the efforts of the department to maintain a strong gold reserve is considered satisfactory, in view of the heavy disbursements. The amount of the public debt is given as $1,545,996,591, on June 30, 1891, and $1,588,464,114, on June 30, 1892.

Loans Cut Down.

The loans resting on the credit of the United States were cut down from $1,005,806,560 to $968,218,840, while those secured by full deposits in the treasury increased from $540,190,031 to $620,245,304. There was a gratifying improvement in the condition of the debt, produced by the reduction of the interest-bearing loans, the conversion of matured bonds into others, payable at the option of the secretary of the Treasury, and the extinction of a considerable part of the loans payable on demand.

The total net reduction of $37,587,719 in these items was effected by the application of the surplus revenues of the year, amounting to nearly $10,000,000, together with upwards of $27,000,000 taken from the cash in the treasury. According to the revised estimates, the total stock of money of all kinds in the country on June 30, was $2,374,334,049, an increase of $50,000,000 in the year. By eliminating that part of the paper currency which is purely representative, consisting of certificates of deposit and treasury notes, the effective stock is found to have been $1,753,953,745, an increase of $70,000,000. The monetary history of the past year, however, has been peculiar, both in the movements of gold, which have been increased, and in the other changes that commonly occur with the changes of the seasons, but have this year been less marked. The increase of the effective stock of money from September to September was only $50,000,000.

Cause of the Increase.

Discussing the changes in the amount and composition of the money stock, the treasurer finds that the increase which marked the fiscal year was the result of the production of nearly $17,000,000 in gold in excess of the industrial consumption, a fresh issue of $5,000,000 of national bank notes, together with the changes in the stock of silver. Of the aggregate stock of money at the end of the fiscal year, $771,252,313 was in the treasury and mints, leaving $1,603,081,736 in the hands of the people. The holdings of the treasury increased $50,000,000 and the amount in circulation $100,000,000 during the year.

Figures are given to show that each year during the last ten there has occurred in the month of January a more or less considerable diminution of the gold reserve of the treasury, averaging nearly $10,000,000, which has been succeeded in February by a tendency toward recovery. It is shown that the drain has occurred yearly in the face of a gain of gold both to the treasury and to the country. It thus appears that the depletion of the reserve is in consequence of the increase of the circulation of gold certificates, and this, it is shown, grows out of the difficulties which the treasury encounters in the return of the notes and silver certificates of small denominations which were sent out in the autumn for moving the crops.

The movement sets in strongly after the 1st of January, through the sub-treasuries, whence the notes, being more or less worn and of denominations unsuited to city use, are sent to Washington for redemption. The shipment, redemption and destruction of the old notes and the issue of the new take time. Before the treasury can make the conversion the the sub-treasuries are drained and the treasury has nothing but gold certificates to send them. In this way the gold reserve suffers until a working balance of other material can be got together.

Issue of Paper Currency.

The issues of United States paper currency amounted to $376,726,583, exceeding those of any previous year. Of the whole amount, $298,000,000 took the place of like kinds and amounts destroyed, while $78,000,000 consisted of fresh issues. During the first six months there was an increase of upwards of $37,000,000 in the denominations of $20 and under outstanding, and during the last six months an increase of $36,000,000 in the denominations of $50 and over. The treasurer remarks that it would seem to be the proper policy to make provision for the periodic changes, which appear to be natural, both in the amounts and the denominations of the paper currency required by the people.

Partly in consequence of the improved condition of the coins themselves and partly as the result of a more liberal plan of distribution the treasury, between June 30, 1891, to September 30, 1892, reduced its holdings of fractional silver by no less than $7,000,000. A still further reduction is expected to be realized in consequence of the recoinage proposed for the remainder of the current year and in particular from the manufacture of Columbian half dollars. There has been a slight decrease in the amount of counterfeit silver coins and paper currency presented at the treasury.

Important legislation is contained in the act of congress approved July 28, 1892, which provides that all national bank notes issued to or received by any national bank shall be redeemed as provided by the revised statutes "notwithstanding such notes may have been lost or stolen from the bank and put in circulation without the signature or upon the forged signature of the president or vice-president and cashier." The immediate effect of this enactment is to provide for the redemption of certain incomplete notes which had been issued by the treasury department to the banks, whose titles they bear but had been stolen and put into circulation before having been signed by the bank officers. In connection with earlier provisions this enactment makes redeemable all impressions of the genuine bank note plates known to be extant.

National Bank Bonds.

There was an increase of over $20,000,000 during the year in the amount of United States bonds held for the security of national bank circulation, and a decrease of $10,000,000 in the amount held as security for public deposits. A total addition of $1,664,000 was made to the par value of the securities composing the Pacific railroad sinking funds.

In proportion to the volume of national bank notes in circulation the redemptions continue heavy, having amounted to upwards of $69,000,000 in the fiscal year. A change of the regulations has been made by which fragments of notes valued by the comptroller of the currency at less than face, are received unconditionally fromthe holders at the certified valuation. The treasurer closes by calling attention to the labors of the commission appointed to investigate the methods of safe and vault construction with a view to improving the vault facilities of the department.

The treasurer urges that prompt steps be taken to carry their suggestions into effect.

The Pension Deficit.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Commissioner Raum's estimate of $10,500,000 as the deficiency of the current fiscal year is about $5,000,000 less than has been estimated by certain officers of the treasury department. The latter admits, however, that Gen. Raum's sources of information on the subject are naturally more accurate and reliable than theirs and the secretary of the Treasury, in submitting the pension estimates to Congress, will adopt Gen. Raum's figures.

PENSION PLEDGES REDEEMED.

Report of Cyrus Bussey, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 26.—The annual report of Cyrus Bussey, assistant secretary of the Interior, has been received by Secretary Noble. The report is summarized as follows:

July 1, 1891, there were 5,030 appealed pension cases on file with the board, and this number June 30, 1892, had been reduced to 4,349. There were 4,258 appeals filed during the year. Of the 4,939 cases acted upon during the year the decision of the commissioner was sustained in 3,865. Action was reversed in 464 cases, 201 were dismissed, and 409 cases were reconsidered by the commissioner pending appeal.

There are several defects in pension legislation. From an early date in the history of our pension system there have prevailed under different administrations conflicting opinions as to the power to enforce the reimbursement of money paid in excess for pensions in conformity with either inaccurate or illegal certificates issued through mistakes, either of fact or of law, in the adjudication of claims by the bureau of pensions. Consequently the government has been compelled to submit to serious losses of money, which, having once been improperly paid either to claimants or pensioners, were irrecoverable under any established rule of departmental practice.

In the list of applications for widows' pensions under section 3, of the act of June 27, 1890, my attention has been drawn to a number of cases wherein, according to the law, the claimant has been necessarily denied a pension because the soldier on whose death the claim was based, although serving "ninety days or more in the army or navy" as shown by the evidence, had not been "honorably discharged" prior to death, but had died while, for instance on individual furlough and absent from the technical line of duty in the service. It seems that both the spirit and the object of the act of June 27, 1890, would be emphasized and observed by an amendment of this section that would be applicable to such meritorious cases of dependence and distress.

Pensions for Minors.

The third section of the act of June 27, 1890, which provides pension for minor children who are "insane, idiotic, or otherwise permanently helpless," properly provides that the pension granted to such children shall continue during the life of said child or during the period of such disability; but under the law as it stands, in order that such children shall be pensioned during life or during the period of such disability, it must appear that the father or the mother died prior to the expiration of the limit affixed to the pensionable minority period—viz.: 16 years of age, and therefore if, when the parent dies, the insane, idiotic or otherwise permanently helpless child is more than instead of under 16 years of age, a minor's pension cannot be allowed. In view of this fact I respectfully suggest that the act should be so amended as to admit all insane, idiotic or otherwise permanently helpless children to minor's pension, regardless of the date of the parents' death or remarriage, at any period prior to and including the age of 21 years.

I am gratified to be able to say that the pledge of the nation (expressed a century ago) that "if any person, whether officer or soldier, militia or regular, called into the service of the United States, be wounded or disabled while in actual service, he shall be taken care of and provided for at public expense," has been redeemed with fidelity. In compliance with the provisions of the various pension laws, June 30, 1892, there was borne on the pension rolls the names of 865,087 pensioners, 179,928 more pensioners than were carried on the same rolls at the end of the preceding fiscal year, and 457,050 more than were on the rolls June 30, 1887.

Money for Redskins.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Secretary Noble has approved the roll of the Cheyenne River and Standing Rock bands of Indians in the Dakotas, to whom $200,000, appropriated by the act of January 19, 1891, is to be paid. It is expected that the money will be in the hands of the agents for payment within the next two weeks.

Internal Revenue Collections.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The total collections of internal revenue for the first four months of the present fiscal year were $56,258,020, an increase of $4,332,752 compared with the collections during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

WILL DISFRANCHISE NEGROES.

Peculiar Bill Introduced in the Alabama Legislature.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 23.—There was a bill introduced in the legislature, yesterday, which is bound to attract a great deal of attention throughout the country. If it becomes a law it will practically do away with the negro vote in Alabama. The bill was introduced by Representative Brewer, of Lowndes county, who has been in the legislature for 14 years, and who was state auditor four years. He is looked upon as the financial authority of the state, and has written a history of Alabama.

The bill provides that "all persons whose state and county taxes as assessed do not amount to $5, shall not be required to pay the same if it be shown that such person failed to vote at the August and November elections of the previous year."

This is the first attempt in the history of Alabama to legislate against the negro vote. There are not 20 per cent of the negro voters who pay taxes exceeding $5 a year. At the lowest calculation 50 per cent of the negro voters would take advantage of the opportunity to save $5. The negro vote at the last election was 136,000 out of a total of 300,000. It can be seen that the effect of this bill will be widespread. The most competent to judge think it will do away with the trouble which so vexes the white people.

The bill was a surprise. Few of the members expected anything of the kind. It was the most talked-about matter during the day. The opinion seemed general that the bill will pass.

IT'S PRETTY CLOSE IN KANSAS.

A Senator Depends on a Turn of Chance.

Topeka, Kas., Nov. 28.—The control of the next state assembly depends on a drawing by lot. That body now stands 62 Republicans, 58 People's party, 3 Democrats and one Independent. The remaining representative is to be seated by lot, the vote in Coffee county being a tie.

If the Republicans are successful in the drawing for the seat they will have just enough to organize the house. If they lose the opposition will have a majority and control both branches of the legislature and will also elect a United States senator.

IS DENIED BY REPUBLICANS.

They Have Not Considered the Question of Dividing the State.

Hutchinson, Kan., Nov. 26.—Republican members of the legislature deny that any meeting has been called to consider the question of dividing the state.

A meeting of representatives was held here, but it was for the purpose of outlining the policy to be pursued by Republicans at the next session, and not to divide the state.

HARRISON ELECTORS CHOSEN.

North Dakota True to the Republican Party.

Bismarck, N. D., Nov. 26.—The Harrison electors in North Dakota are probably chosen. Complete returns from 28 out of the 39 counties give the Weaver electors 240 majority.

But seven of the counties yet to hear from are surely for Harrison. The official count may be required to settle the matter.

THE READING COAL COMBINE.

Sub-Committee Investigating It In New York.

New York, Nov. 23.—The sub-committee on inter-state commerce of the House of Representatives met in the Federal building to investigate the Reading coal combine. An executive session was held to determine the scope of the inquiry, and witnesses will be heard today.

The Cherokee Strip.

Guthrie, Ok., Nov. 29.—Senators Higgins, of Delaware, and Perkins, of Kansas, a committee from the Senate to investigate the matter of opening the Cherokee strip, are of the opinion that the strip should be opened early in the spring and, as a committee, they will so recommend to Congress.

Don't Want the Hatch Bill.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 26.—The Southern cotton planters appear to be losing faith in the Hatch anti-option bill, and petitions to resist its passage are pouring in on Senators Butler and Irby.

Kentucky Official.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 28.—The official vote of Kentucky is: Cleveland, 175,424; Harrison, 135,420; Weaver, 23,503; Bidwell, 6,385; total, 340,732. In 1888 Cleveland received 183,100; Harrison, 155,134. The total vote in 1888 was 344,800.

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GENERAL NEWS.

WM. M'KINLEY, SR., IS DEAD.

Passing Away of a Noble Man at His Canton Home.

Canton, Nov. 25.—(Special.)—William McKinley, sr., father of Governor McKinley, passed silently to his last rest at an early hour yesterday morning. The end was expected. In his dying hours he was attended constantly by his aged wife, his son who bears his name, and who is distinguished as Ohio's chief executive, the governor's invalid wife, and Mr. Abner McKinley, of New York, while other members of the family were present when the end came. Almost until the end the feeble patient retained consciousness and recognized those in grief before him.

The death, while expected, was a severe blow to the family. On November 21 he celebrated in royal happiness his 85th birthday anniversary. Now the assembly of loved ones is for a more sorrowful purpose. But few weeks, it seems, have elapsed since his eldest son, David, was buried in San Francisco. Mr. McKinley was one of the most respected citizens of Canton.

Of Scotch-Irish Blood.

He was of Scotch-Irish blood on his father's side, though his mother was of English birth. His grandfather, David, came to America when 12 years old. He served in the war of the revolution and was pensioned by the government. Mr. McKinley was born in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, in 1807. Two years after his birth his father moved to Ohio, and was for many years manager of the blast furnace at New Lisbon, Columbiana county, owned by Gideon Hughes. On January 29, 1843, in which would now be considered a small two-story house, but which at that time was looked upon as almost a mansion, in Niles, Trumbull county, the present governor was born.

The village at that time contained probably 300 inhabitants. Mr. McKinley, sr., was a manufacturer of iron and a pioneer in that business. Four sons were born to him. The elder, David, died at San Francisco during the recent campaign, while serving as consul general from the Hawaiian islands to the United States. His second son, James, died about three years ago. The third son is now governor of Ohio, while the fourth, Abner, is located in New York city. Mr. McKinley was an iron molder by trade. He worked in his father's furnace at New Lisbon. There is yet standing in Steubenville, O., an old iron mill where he was engaged. In 1824 he married Anna Campbell Allison, a German-Scotch young woman, at her home, four miles from New Lisbon, on the Salem road. He established an iron foundry at Fairfield, Columbiana county, about 1845. For twenty years he managed and was interested in iron furnaces at New Wilmington, Pa., just across the Ohio line. From there he moved with his family to Portland, O., that they might avail themselves of the educational advantages of Poland Academy. Shortly after this he engaged with S. O. Edison, an uncle of the inventor, Thomas A. Edison, for the construction of large iron mills at Black River, near Lorain, O. During his engagement there he took up his residence with his family in Canton, in 1869, intending to retire from active business then at the wishes of his sons, but he again invested in and managed large iron mill interests at Caseville, near Saginaw, Mich., up to 1876.

Exact Business Habits.

Since then, though not in active business, until three weeks ago, he scarcely missed a day from his office in this city, so exact were his business habits, and indeed after his health compelled confinement to his house he insisted on directing his business affairs to the last. One of the oldest residents of this city, he was universally admired. He was a modest, unassuming man. To the end he was a close observer of public affairs. Throughout his life he was a great reader and assiduous student.

Besides his aged wife his immediate surviving family are Governor McKinley, Mr. Abner McKinley, of New York, Mrs. Duncan, of Youngstown, and Miss Helen McKinley, of this city. No private citizen of Canton was more generally respected and beloved than William McKinley, sr. His career of long business activity was one in a thousand, and as a neighbor and friend and in public spirit none were his peers.

BITTER CONTEST IS COMING.

Kolb Claims That He Was Elected Governor.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 28.—There is soon to be a bitter contest over the governorship of Alabama, after all. Kolb has been making all the preparations in his power to oust Governor Jones. It was first supposed that Kolb would attempt to be sworn in on inauguration day, next Tuesday. It is understood that he has abandoned this idea. There will be a conference of Kolb men on the day preceding the day of inauguration, however, and some radical action may then be decided upon.

Alabama has no law providing for a contest over the election of state officers. The constitution has a mandatory provision for such a law, but it has never been passed. Such a bill has already been introduced in the house. Upon its passage depend Kolb's chances. Kolb has prepared a very long type-written statement. In it is incorporated every charge which he can make. In his statement Kolb says that he can prove that he carried the state by 45,000 majority. He claims to have carried Pike county by 910 votes, but it was given to Jones by 55. He claims that in Wilcox county the returns were held back ten days, and the county was given to Jones by a majority of 4,300, while as a matter of fact only 3,000 votes were actually polled. He claims that in many of the counties the entire contents of the ballot boxes were removed, and strips of newspapers placed in them in place of the ballots. Kolb says he is confident that the bill will pass; that he did not think so at first, but that events of the past few days have convinced him it will.

Governor Jones says: "Kolb's charges of fraud are absurd. They have absolutely no foundation, and there is not one of them which has not been absolutely disproved. There is no doubt but that I was honestly elected. If I thought for a moment that I was not elected, I would not hold office. I did not want re-election. I was forced into the fight. I would have resigned after the present session of the legislature had not this contest arisen. When Kolb started in to throw me out, I made up my mind to stay, and I am going to stay."

A RACE BETWEEN COWBOYS

From Nebraska to the World's Fair Buildings at Chicago.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 23.—A special to the Tribune, from Deadwood, S. D., says: The cowboys of Nebraska and Dakota met at Chadron and organized a long-distance race. After much deliberation, it was decided that the race would be run from Chadron, Neb., to the Nebraska state building at the World's Fair grounds. The prize is to be $1,000 and a gold medal. Nearly three hundred entries will be made. Bronchos will be the animals ridden. The race will begin May 15.

WORLD'S FAIR RAILWAY RATES.

Railroads Are After a Fair Share of the Spoils.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—Railroad men are narrating the particulars of the conference that recently took place between a committee of leading merchants of Chicago and the trunk line presidents. The former had heard that the railways proposed to make no reduction for the Columbian exposition except on 35-hour trains, and the hotel men promptly proceeded to form an expostulation committee. It was finally decided that Mr. Potter Palmer, of the Palmer house, and J. V. Farwell, of the big dry goods firm of that name, should repair to New York, meet the trunk line presidents and insist on a general reduction of passenger rates on all trains during the exposition.

Mr. Palmer, it is said, was the first speaker. He dwelt at great length upon the great benefit the fair was to be the country, and of the thousands who would attend it, and of thousands more who would be deberred from traveling if the present transportation rates were maintained.

One Fare for the Round Trip.

"What rate would you suggest?" asked President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania.

"A single fare for the round trip, covering a period of from 30 to 60 days," was the response.

"The railroads in preparation for the exposition are laying out vast sums of money," observed M. Roberts. "In addition to hundreds of thousands of dollars we are spending between New York and Pittsburg, we are double-tracking the Fort Wayne road its entire distance from Pittsburg to Chicago at an expense of seven or eight millions of dollars."

"But," broke in one of the Chicago men, "you will more than get your money returned to you by the unprecedented travel next year."

"At half rates?" asked Mr. Roberts.

"Yes, at half rates."

"Now, Mr. Palmer," the railway president is said to have exclaimed, "let me ask you a few questions. You run a big hotel; do you intend to lower your rates while the exposition is under way?"

Mr. Palmer's Admission.

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply.

"On the contrary, have you not already intimated that you intended to advance prices?"

"The matter has been under advisement," was the answer, so the story goes.

"Now, Mr. Farwell," turning to the millionaire merchant, "you are the owner of a vast establishment. Do you intend to make a reduction in the price of your goods?"

The merchant is said to have scratched his ear mechanically.

"Don't you," persisted the railway president, "as a matter of fact, expect to realize large profits? Now, you gentlemen come to us in the face of all this and insist that we should lower our rates and lose money for your benefit. As a business proposition, I don't see why, in the face of the enormous outlay the railroads are making, we should not profit from the World's Fair as hotel men and merchants expect to do."

WEISSERT MEANS BUSINESS.

White G. A. R. Posts Must Recognize Colored Soldiers.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 26.—Capt. A. G. Weissert, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., has been called upon to settle a question that has for a long time kept the organization in a state of ferment almost since the formation of the Grand Army, there has been trouble south of Mason and Dixon's line whenever a colored post was about to be organized.

Charters have often been refused by state departments where colored veterans made application. Protests were sent to the commander-in-chief, who turned them over to the judge advocate general for adjustment. A protest came from a colored post in Texas, saying that neither the departments of Louisiana nor Texas would issue a charter. A letter had previously been received from the department of Texas citing the same instance, and asking for instructions.

Capt. Weissert immediately ordered the charter to be issued, and declared that unless it was done he would take steps to force the white veterans to obedience or drive them out of the Grand Army.

"The race war in Grand Army circles of the South," said Commander Weissert, "is assuming a graver aspect than ever before. Since my election to this office I have not been idle. I have been collecting statistics from Florida to Texas. It is my intention to make a tour of the South and make a searching inquiry into this race war. I propose to see that the colored soldiers are recognized by the state departments and posts of the Grand Army. I will lay down the laws to the offending posts, and if they refuse to recognize the colored soldier they will be dismissed from the Grand Army without ceremony."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GLADSTONE'S HOME RULE BILL.

A Draft Has Been Submitted to the Irish Leaders.

London, Nov. 26.—The cabinet has decided that Parliament shall meet on January 26. Mr. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, has taken to Dublin a draft of Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill, which will be submitted to the Irish leaders. Mr. Morley will explain to them the main provisions of the measure, with a view to receiving suggestions as to the modifications they deem essential.

It is understood that the measure provides for the retention of the full strength of the Irish party in the imperial parliament, and for the strengthening of the imperial veto. The determination of Mr. Labouchere, the well-known Radical member for Northampton, to move an amendment to the address in reply to the queen's speech on the question of the retention of Uganda, has already obtained for him promises from a score of members that they will support such an amendment as he proposes to offer.

NEW MINISTRY FOR CANADA.

Sir John Thompson Called to Form One.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 26.—Lord Stanley, governor general, has called upon Sir John Thompson, minister of justice, to form a new ministry. Sir John accepted the task and will announce the choice of his advisers early next week. Sir John Abbott cabled his resignation as premier to the governor general three days ago.

Lord Stanley and Sir John Thompson held a 3-hours' conference to-day. Subsequently an official statement was given out that Sir John Abbott in retiring on account of ill-health, had recommended Sir John Thompson as his successor. Although there is now no ministry, the cabinet ministers will retain their departments until a new cabinet is formed.

GERMAN EMIGRATION BILL.

All Emigrants Will Take Out Licenses.

London, Nov. 25.—The new German Emigration bill, as described by the Berlin correspondent of the Daily News, compels all emigration agents to take out licenses, and to submit their books to the government for inspection.

The bill prohibits the emigration of men between the ages of 17 and 25, who are liable to military service. It also prohibits the emigration of Germans whose fares are paid by a foreign company or agent. Several other stringent regulations are introduced, the purpose of which is to render emigration difficult.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

He Might Have Succeeded Pope Leo XIII.

Paris, Nov. 28.—Cardinal Lavigerie, archbishop of Carthage, is dead. He was but 67 years of age, but his constitution had been destroyed by exposure in the African climate, in which country he has labored assiduously for years.

He was freely mentioned as the probable successor of Pope Leo, and his death casts a gloom over the entire church in Europe. His life was dedicated to the abolishment of the slave trade.

An Anti-Semitic Chosen.

Berlin, Nov. 26.—The election for member of the reichstag which has just come off in the Arnswalde-Friedeberg district, has a highly significant outcome. Herr Ahlwardt, the notorious anti-semitic, now in prison waiting trial for slandering Herr Lowe, the small arms manufacturer, is the successful candidate. He heads the poll by an enormous majority. Hitherto only a few anti-semitic votes have been recorded in the district, which now elects Ahlwardt.

The semi-official Journal de St. Petersburg, denies the reports that the Russian government is contemplating the restriction of grain or the imposition of export duties on cereals.

NERVES OF DOGS AND CATS.

Important Tests Made by Russian Officials.

London, Nov. 25.—The Times St. Petersburg correspondent gives an account of some armor plate tests recently made in the presence of the Russian minister of marine and Grand Duke Alexander. The material tested consisted of one compound plate made by Brown, of Sheffield; two steel plates made by Cammell, of Sheffield, and one steel plate from the French St. Chamond company's works.

All the plates were ten inches thick. The plate from the St. Chamond works stood the test without being cracked. One of the Cammell plates was slightly cracked, and the others were shattered to pieces. Experiments were also made to ascertain the effect of heavy gun firing on the nervous system of animals. Rabbits, dogs and cats were utilized for this purpose. They were suspended in bags close to the line of fire and under the muzzle of the gun.

THE RAVAGES OF PHYLLOXERA.

Spanish Grape Growers Want to Try American Vines.

Madrid, Nov. 28.—The Spanish agricultural council is again discussing means for putting an end to the ravages of the phylloxera in Spanish vineyards. At a meeting of the council yesterday, several speakers expressed regret that Spanish vine growers had neglected to appeal for funds to enable them to adopt systematic means to combat the pest. The technical staff engaged for the purpose of carrying out such measures has been dismissed on account of a lack of money.

Vineyards covering an area of 380,000 acres have already been destroyed, and 63,000 acres more have been invaded by the pest. The agricultural council suggests that the only remedy will be found in the propagation of American vines.

A NAPHTHA FLEET DESTROYED.

Explosions Sounded Like Cannon Discharges.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 25.—A dispatch from Astrakhan, on the river Volga, states that on Tuesday a naphtha barge caught fire there. The flames spread with startling rapidity, and before any attempt could be made to save them twenty-six other barges, some loaded with naphtha and others empty, were a mass of flames.

Two steamers also caught fire and were destroyed. All the barges were burned to the water's edge, the bargemen and hands on the steamers barely escaping with their lives. The explosions that followed the communication of the flames to the naphtha sounded like the discharges of cannons. The fire presented a magnificent spectacle.

DeLesseps Kept in Ignorance.

London, Nov. 26.—The Standard's Paris correspondent says that the family of M. De Lesseps keep him in utter ignorance of the progress of affairs against the Panama Canal company, fearing that the shock that would be entailed upon him by the knowledge of what the government is doing would have serious consequences. His health is good, but he is so enfeebled that he is obliged to seek assistance from his wife or children to move from his chair to the dining table. It is supposed that under these circumstances M. De Lesseps will not be compelled to appear in court.

The Panama Inquiry.

Paris, Nov. 26.—Premier Loubet and Minister of Justice Ricard appeared before the Panama canal investigating committee at its opening session. They spoke in opposition to the proposal of M. Pourquery de Boissien, that the committee should be invested with the powers of an examing magistrate, but they stated the government would grant access to papers and documents collected for previous lawsuits.

Panama Canal Scandals.

London, Nov. 26.—The Paris correspondent of the News says that M. Delahay has turned over to Chairman Berisson, of the Panama canal investigating committee, a number of sealed packages which he alleged would throw light on the Panama scandals.

The New Law.

Queenstown, Nov. 28.—In accordance with the new emigration laws of the United States all of the emigrants now booked for passage in the Canard steamship Aurania, took an oath before a magistrate that they were going to join relatives in America.

Arrived at Wadelai.

Brussels, Nov. 28.—The Mouvement Geographique announces that the Kerchhoven expedition has arrived at Wadelai, where the commander is awaiting reinforcements and instructions from the government.

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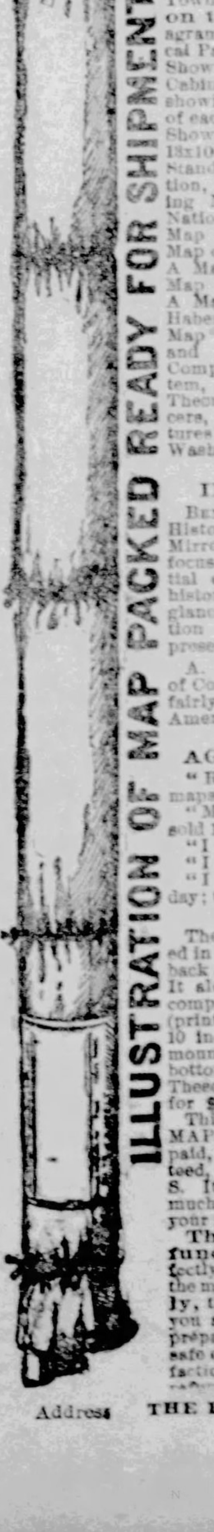

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GENERAL NEWS.

DR. SCOTT IS SINKING RAPIDLY

The Father of Mrs. Harrison Not Expected to Survive the Day.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Dr. Scott, the President's father-in-law, is slowly but

steadily sinking, and is not expected to survive the day. The President and his household are now gathered at his bedside awaiting the end.

EXPERIMENT WAS SUCCESSFUL

Gen. Dyrenfurth Procures Rain from a Clear Sky.

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 28.—The experiments at rain-making, which were begun here Friday by R. G. Dyrenfurth and party, were kept up until 3 o'clock Saturday morning. The results, while not as successful as they might have been, were sufficient to demonstrate that the theory of producing rain by means of concussion is a correct one. When the work of bombarding began at 5 o'clock Friday evening there were a few clouds overhead, and in the southeastern and western portion there were banks of thunder heads piled up. By 9 o'clock, however, the heavens were cleared and the moon and stars shone brightly. There were eight hydrogen-oxygen balloons sent up during the night at intervals of about every 45 minutes. These balloons rose to a height of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet and they exploded with terrific force, the concussion being felt for several miles around.

The banks of clouds in the southeastern horizon began to move upward by 11 o'clock, and being propelled by a strong wind from that quarter, the heavens were soon overcast. It was 12 o'clock when a particularly ominous cloud came up and soon was directly overhead. One of the ethereal monsters was let go with a fuse timed in two minutes. The balloon contained 1,000 cubic feet of hydrogen-oxygen and arose almost perpendicularly to a height of 3,000 feet when it exploded in the very center of the cloud. A slight sprinkling rain had begun to fall a few minutes before, but the balloon's explosion was followed by a drenching downpour, which, however, lasted but a few minutes, when a slow drizzle set in and was kept up until 4 o'clock in the morning. There were in addition to the balloons about 4,000 pounds of roselite exploded on the ground, and 150 shells in mid-air.

During the entire time the experiments were in progress the wind was blowing a gale from the southeast, and as it has never been known to rain before when the wind is from that quarter, the old inhabitants give Gen. Dyrenfurth and his party credit for the slight fall of rain. Operations will be resumed next Tuesday, when arrangements will be completed for a more extensive and thorough test.

MGR. SATOLLI'S MISSION HERE.

He Has Three Definite and Distinct Purposes in View.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 28.—Very Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D., chancellor of the archdiocese, and the executive officer of Archbishop Ryan, who, with the other prelates of the Roman Catholic church, took part in the recent conference of archbishops in New York, in an interview respecting the objects of Mgr. Satolli's visit to this country as the papal delegate, said:

"Archbishop Satolli came to the United States as the personal envoy of the pope—first, to be his representative at the dedicatory services in connection with the opening of the Columbian World's Fair; second, to convey the greeting of the Holy Father to the assembled archbishops at the opening of their New York conference, and, thirdly, to deliver lectures to various institutions on those subjects on which he is deemed an authority.

"Any notions that he came to this country with a special mission from the pope other than those mentioned, and that such mission is a matter of secrecy, are totally erroneous. Whatever Mgr. Satolli may do here that is not connected with the three objects named will be incidental.

"Precisely how long he will remain in America," continued Dr. Loughlin, "I cannot say; perhaps a year or two longer. At any rate he will visit the various seminaries, and make himself even better acquainted with the state of the church here than he is now."

FRENCH CABINET OVERTHROWN

Tierard or Bourgeois Will be Asked to Form the New Ministry.

Paris, Nov. 29.—The majority in the Chamber of Deputies which overthrew the government yesterday, by refusing to vote the order of the day, as requested by Prime Minister Loubet, was made up of 121 Republicans and 172 members of the Right and Boulangists. The minority on division comprised 193 Republicans and two members of the Right. Fifty-six members abstained from voting, including 50 Republicans.

President Carnot held a conference with M. Loubet this morning. He has summoned M. Floquet, president of the Chamber of Deputies, and Senator Leroyer to consult with them on the situation. It is reported that if M. Brisson declines to form a ministry, President Carnot will ask M. Tierard or M. Bourgeois, former ministers, to undertake the task. It is certain that M. de Freycinet, M. Ribot and some other members of the Loubet ministry will be in the new Cabinet.

The Republique Francaise deplores the political confusion, which, it says, was never before so complete. The crisis, it adds, will serve the interests of the enemies of the Republic.

The conservative press is delighted at the upset of the ministry. The Party Nationale asserts that President Carnot will send a message to Parliament, in order to determine the situation.

A FRENCH TAX ON PETROLEUM.

Great Rush Among Petroleum Exporters in the Seaboard Cities.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28.—Because of a heavy import tax which the French government threatens to impose upon petroleum after January 1, 1893, one of the greatest rushes ever seen among the petroleum exporters is now in progress here. Both steam and sail crafts are being hurried around from neighboring ports in order that the vessels may reach France or clear the custom house before New Year's day.

The supply of tonnage here has not been adequate to the demand, and New York has been called upon to make up the deficiency. The Schuylkill river refineries are working to their fullest capacity to fill the orders for the refined product, while carriers which have never been here before have been engaged to deliver the crude product before the end of the year.

SENATOR KENNA MUCH BETTER.

His Permanent Recovery is Confidently Expected.

Washington, Nov. 28.—Senator Kenna had another refreshing sleep last night, and is improved and very comfortable this morning. Dr. Chilton, of West Virginia, who was one of the Senator's attending physicians, and returned to his home when the condition of the Senator was in such a state as to justify him in leaving, has again arrived here. He is not here, however, to act specially as a physician, but an old friend of the Senator he thought it would be better to come and remain with him for a time.

Dr. Powers is still in attendance. This morning Dr. Chilton sent the following telegram to his brother in West Virginia: "Senator Kenna is better than at any time since he was taken ill. We look for his permanent recovery."

Tobacco Growers to Meet.

Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 28.—There will be a meeting of tobacco growers of Northern Florida at Marianna, December 15. The object is to organize a State Tobboco Growers' association.

A NEW RATIO.

Should be Fixed—Senator Allison Explains the Position of the Delegates From the United States.

Brussels, Nov. 26.—The proposals made by the American delegates to the monetary conference at yesterday's session were printed in parallel columns, one English, the other in French, and were distributed among the delegates, each recieving a copy as he entered the conference room. The proposals substantially say:

"It is generally admitted that a very large depreciation of silver as compared with gold and frequent violent fluctuations of gold and in the price of silver incident thereto, have been injurious to the commercial and other economic interests of all civilized countries and have caused and are causing serious evils and inconveniences to trade, the full extent of which cannot yet be measured.

"It is the unanimous opinion of the United States that the establishment of a fixity of value of gold and silver and the full use of silver as a coin metal, upon a ratio fixed by agreement between the great commercial nations of the world will greatly promote the prosperity of all classes of the people. They, however, are not aware of the fact that public opinion in some other countries whose co-operation in a successful movement is most desirable is not only in accord with the American views of the practicability of such an agreement.

"They believe that a sentiment in favor of a larger use of silver is steadily growing throughout the world, and that the time is propitious for holding an international conference to consider the subject.

Reasons for the Conference.

"The government of the United States, while frankly disclosing its own views of the proper remedy to be applied, does not wish to impose any conditions that will embarrass any government willing to confer on the question of the most advantageous relation of silver to the coinage of the world. The government of the United States, for these reasons, proposed a convention of the powers for the purpose of conferring and determining what means, if any, should be taken to increase the use of silver as money. The United States delegates, in conformity with the general purposes of the conference, submit the following resolution:

"That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable that means be found for increasing the use of silver in the currency systems of the nations of the world. In presenting, as requested, a further programme, the delegates of the United States consider it due to other nations that an opportunity be afforded them to consider plans other than those favored by the United States. It is their desire and expectation that the powers represented submit proposals looking to this end. We desire that these proposals shall have precedence in discussion.

"In addition to other plans that may be presented, we submit those which are suggested by recognized authorities: First, the plan which Moritz Levi proposed at the conference of 1881; second, the plan of Prof. Soettler; and, lastly, our own plan. The government of the United States believes that the re-establishment and maintenance of a fixed parity between gold and silver and the continued use of both as coined money, of full debt-paying power, would be productive of important benefits to the world."

Allison's Explanation.

In explaining the position of himself and his colleagues, Senator Allison said that while they came representing the government of the United States, and favoring the bimetallic plan, they were willing to discuss any plans calculated to promote an increase in the value of silver bullion. With singular unanimity, he said, the people of the United States were in favor of the free mintage of silver. It was their interest, as well as to the interest of the other nations of the world to secure, under an international agreement a stable standard of value.

In regard to the assumption that America was a silver producing country, he said that the silver product amounted to only $50,000,000, while other products represented an annual value of thirteen thousand million dollars. The foreign commerce of America, he said, was constantly increasing. It was larger in 1891 than in any previous period in the history of the country. It was, therefore, to the interest of the United States, in common with all other nations, to promote stability of exchange and values.

Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, speaking for Great Britain, said that the British delegates adhere to the American resolution, which was really the basis on which the conference met. The principle therein enunciated was set forth in the invitation issued by the government of the United States, and the presence of delegates from the countries invited implied the acceptance by those countries of that principle.

Peculiar Mode of Procedure.

M. Tirard, of the French delegation, said he thought that the method of procedure proposed by the Americans was peculiar. The United States government convoked the conference and the American delegates were naturally looked to for the programme and proposals. The statement now submitted was placed in the hands of the delegates upon their entering the chamber this afternoon. They had not, therefore, had an opportunity for considering it in all of its bearings. He wished to say, however, for himself and his colleagues, that they had come to the conference with an earnest desire to consider most cordially every proposal tending to rehabilitate silver.

They were conscious of the great injury resulting to the commerce of the world by the depreciation of silver and would heartily co-operate with the other delegates in an endeavor to find a satisfactory solution of so serious a problem. The Austrian and German delegates intimated that they had been instructed to say that they could not assent to any modification of their existing monetary laws.

The Dutch, Spanish and Mexican delegates stated that they were ready to vote favorably on the American resolution, while the Russian, Italian, Roumanian, Swiss and Greek delegates declared that under their instructions they were not permitted to vote on the resolution.

Action Postponed.

The conference ultimately resolved, in accordance with the request of Senator Allison, to postpone action on the American proposals until a later stage of the proceedings, and to meet on Monday to consider the proposal submitted by Alfred De Rothschild, of the British delegation, of which a copy will be circulated to-day.

The American delegates express themselves as entirely satisfied as to the result of the proceedings and they are satisfied that the whole question will be earnestly and sympathetically discussed. The other delegates express general satisfaction with the American programme.

ROTHSCHILD PLAN REFERRED

Reasons for a Gold Standard Advanced.

Brussels, Nov. 29.—Mr. Rothschild's proposal, submitted to the monetary conference, was as follows: That America should continue her present purchase of silver, and the European powers should combine to buy an amount equal to £5,000,000 yearly for five years, at 43d. If silver should raise above that price the purchases are to be immediately suspended. It is expected that the proposals will be referred to a committee. The Portuguese delegates have been instructed by their government to act in harmony with the British representatives. It is stated that Mr. De Rothschild proposes to raise the legal tender of silver in England from $2 to $5.

The document submitted by Alfred De Rothschild said, in part: "I feel that a gold standard in England is the only possible one, and if we consider that her whole commerce and a great part of that of other countries is carried on by bills of exchange on London, which are naturally payable in gold, it must be admitted that the world generally transacts business on a gold basis, and that a double standard, with the exception of a very modified form, does not exist even in those countries professing to pay in either metal. Whatever international agreement should be made, and whatever ratio should be established, gold alone will always be chosen as the favorite medium of settling large debts or making large remittances. It would be impossble to remit large sums of silver abroad, owing to the bulk. Gold would be sent, even if it had to bought at a premium."

Referring to the depreciation of silver, he said, in addition: "Germany's action in 1873, and the action of Italy, Russia, and of Austria, in amassing gold, is conclusive proof of the appreciation of great European countries of the advantages of a gold standard.

"I cannot deplore the ability of Indian exporters to send wheat to England simply because it interferes with the British farmer. I hold that wheat at 30s instead of 45s is a blessing rather than otherwise. However, I think that the fall in the price of certain commodities is due to over-production, chiefly owing to the development of new regions and to the increased facilities of communication enabling products to be placed at low prices in European markets.

Committee Appointed.

The committee appointed yesterday by the international monetary conference to consider the proposals of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, which were presented to the conference yesterday, is made up as follows: Sir C. Fremantle, Great Britain; Sir Guilford L. Molesworth, India; Henry W. Cannon, United States; M. de Foville, France; Signor Simonelli, Italy; C. F. Tietjen, Denmark; N. P. Van Der Berg, the Netherlands; L. Torsell, Sweden and Norway; Senor Osma, Spain; M. Cramer Frey, Switzerland; M. Sainctletto, Belgium; and M. Raffalovitch, Russia. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Great Britain, and M. Montefiore Levi, the president of the conference, are ex-officio members of the committee.

The committee will also consider the plans suggested by M. Levi and Prof. Adolph Soetbeer. The plan of Mr. de Rothschild is, in brief, that a syndicate of the nations be formed to make yearly purchases of silver to the amount of £5,000,000, and that America continue her purchases of silver as at present. In the event of the price of silver rising above 43d. per ounce the purchases are to be at once suspended.

Soetbeer's Plan.

Prof. Soetbeer's plan is to establish one gramme of fine gold as the international unit of value, and to stop the minting of coins containing less than 5.8065 grammes of pure gold. The circulation of gold coin of foreign countries of less than the new standard will be prohibited by the countries signing the agreement, and gold coin of inferior value will be withdrawn within five years. Private individuals will be allowed to coin gold upon the payment of an agreed seignorage. Gold certificates may be issued against gold held in reserve. Prof. Soetbeer's plan also includes the coinage of silver in the proportion of 20 value units of that metal to one of gold, but private individuals will not be allowed free coinage of silver.

The above is Prof. Soetbeer's plan in brief. His proposals have been discussed in financial circles for some time past and are well known to all persons interested in a solution of the monetary problem.

Of the committee that will consider the proposals, five members are avowed bi-metalsts, six are monometallists, and one is doubtful. The committee will sit twice each day. It is the general expectation that Mr. de Rothschild's proposals will be accepted by the committee and then referred for adoption or rejection to the conference and the governments represented, with modifications suggested by the schemes of Prof. Levi and Prof. Soetbeer. One of the modifications will undoubtedly be that all gold coins below the value of 20 francs be withdrawn from circulation and replaced by silver notes.

Early Agreement Probable.

The adhesion of the German delegates is now considered certain, as Herr Decbend, formerly president of the Reichsbank, approved the main lines of Prof. Soetbeer's proposal. The French representatives will also accept the plan of Prof. Soetbeer, which was communicated by M. Tirard, French ex-minister of finance. This plan was favorably received by all the French delegates before it was submitted to the conference.

With the prospect of an early agreement being arrived at, nobody now talks of the failure of the conference, which at first was the only prediction made as to the outcome of the meeting. So rapidly has the optimistic feeling grown that it is reported that the conference is likely to conclude its labors next week. It was said last week that the session would last until after Christmas.

American Delegates Satisfied.

The American delegates have strong reasons to be satisfied with the recognition of the advocates of monametallism and the seriousness of the dangers arising from a further fall in silver. They are disposed to support Mr. de Rothschild's proposal on the principle that half a loaf is better than none.

The Indian delegates are also pleased with the proposals, as they will assist the conclusions of the Indian currency committee, and their acceptance will free India from the fear of a large fall in silver that the American delegates believe the continuous absorption of 30,000,000 ounces of silver by the European powers would bring about artificially a condition of the silver market which international bi-metallism could establish permanently and scientifically for life.

The delegates are combining some pleasure with their work. The interchange of dinners proceeds almost nightly. The American and British representatives have been to a performance of an English company which is playing "Faust up to Date," in Brussels. At the conclusion of the conference the burgomaster contemplates giving a grand municipal ball in honor of the delegates.

Thought Impossible.

"Apart from other considerations it seems to me that a universal arrangement of the currency question is impossible. As the wealth, resources and expenditures of no two countries are alike, it would be impossible to carry on the trade of the world on a sound, stable basis if the debtor was allowed the option of paying in whichever currency suited him.

"Although I hope that I have shown that bimetallism is impossible in England the question arises whether or not it is impossible to extend the use of silver, thereby stopping a further fall and its disastrous consequences, whereof it is impossible to foresee. I therefore submit the proposal, not as an absolute, lasting remedy, but as a palliation."

"If you approve the plan," said Mr. Rothschild, "you can make a supplement to it in any way you think proper before submitting to your government. I think that such an arrangement will give general satisfaction. I believe that our American friends will find it acceptable. I see no objection to silver being made a legal tender in England up to five pounds. I believe that the proposal will be well received in India. The bulk of the population will recognize that no material alteration is suggested, while the merchants and bankers will know that the changes are given a stability which will remain undisturbed during a period of five years. Unstable exchange more than depreciation of the rupee is the chief factor of complaint in India. The gold market will also be relieved, as only European appeals will be made thereto for a long time, and as South Africa is increasing her output of gold, the arrangement suggested will enable Russia and Austria to complete purchases without unduly interfering with the money market.

Frightful Fall in Silver.

"If the conference adjourns without having accomplished any definite result it will cause a fall in silver frightful to contemplate. It will cause a monetary panic, of which it is impossible to foretell the far-spreading effects. I allude to India because the cessation of the Indian demand for silver or a material decline in the rupee owing to specific legislation, would materially affect not only the savings of hundreds of millions of people, but the value of silver generally. I therefore hope for your ultimate approval, as, although it may be urged that countries not so interested as England and India are expected to make sacrifices. I believe that what is best for the world generally must prove best for individual interests."

The Russian delegate, M. Raffalovitch, moved that the proposal be referred to a small committee to consider, together with Soetbeer's and Levi's scheme.

In view of the erroneous statements of the British and Belgian press regarding the conference, M. Raffalovitch moved that the committee be pledged to secrecy, and that its report, giving the views of both the majority and minority, be submitted to the conference Friday, if possible.

The Dutch delegate, Herr Berg, seconded the resolution, and it was unanimously adopted.

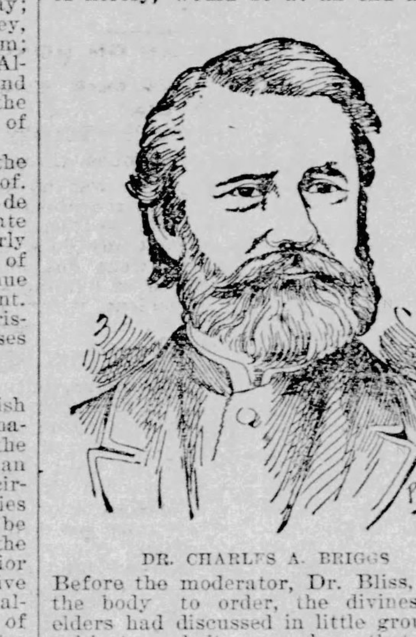
A committee of twelve was appointed, including Sir G. Freemantle (British), Guilford L. Molesworth (India), H. W. Cannon (United States), M. Foville (France), Signor Simonolli (Italy), and M. Raffalovitch, with Alfred D. Rothschild and M. Levi (Belgium), ex-officio members.

The American delegates authorized the Associated Press representative to state that they are thoroughly satisfied with the turn of events, and consider that Rothschild's plan and the action of the conference amply justify the convoking of the conference.

TRIAL OF PROF. C. A. BRIGGS.

The Famous Case Finally Begun in New York City.

New York, Nov. 28.—When the members of the New York Presbytery went into session as a court in the Scotch Presbyterian church soon after 2 o'clock this afternoon, they had expressed an almost unanimous hope that when they adjourned the case of Prof. Charles A. Briggs, whom they are trying on charges of heresy, would be at an end at last.



DR. CHARLES A. BRIGGS

Before the moderator, Dr. Bliss, called the body to order, the divines and elders had discussed in little groups the subject, and it was clear that every effort to prolong and delay the final passing upon the case by quibbling and evasion on technical points would meet with the unsympathetic opposition of the jury. The church was somewhat more crowded than at the last meeting of the Presbytery. There were no more ministers and elders present in the forward part of the church, however, as at the last meeting it was decided that only those present there should have the right to vote in the court.

Prof. Briggs was present with his counsel, and sat just under and at the left of the pulpit. The prosecuting committee, consisting of Dr. G. W. F. Burch, Col. J. J. McCook, Dr. J. J. Sample and Prof. J. J. Stevenson, sat in front of the first pew at the right of the pupit. Dr. Bliss, Dr. Alexander, the stated clerk, and the clerk and assistant clerk of the session sat apart upon the platform. The galleries were well filled, and the pews on the side aisles and back of those occupied by the presbytery, were comfortably crowded with the friends of the court and the accused and others interested in the case.

The session was opened with prayer, and the roll call was read before the minutes of the preceding meeting were approved. When the presbytery was ready to proceed directly with the trial, the question of most immediate interest was the line of procedure with Prof. Briggs would indicate in his first move.

Just as the court convened a prominent divine said to a reporter: "Every objection possible, as to the regularity of jurisdiction, sufficiency of charges in form or legal effect, or the regularity of the proceeding itself, is expected by the court because of the spirit which has been previously shown by the accused at every former session where the question at issue had been considered.

"As for the charges, they were submitted at the last meeting of the Presbytery as amended charges. They are not materially differetn from the original two with their specifications, but even if Prof. Briggs attempts delay on the point of 'new charges,' the trial should not be postponed on that account."

IT WAS NOT BIELA'S COMET.

A Chicago Professor Says it Was a Stranger.

Chicago, Nov. 28.—Local astronomers were much disappointed at being unable to obtain a view of the comet, and the expected star shower but the sky was overcast the entire day with heavy grey clouds. Prof. H. C. Hough, director of Dearborn observatory, said: "The weather has been so stormy all day that there has not been the slightest chance of seeing the comet. It is not Biela's comet any way, nor is it at all likely to collide with the earth. In fact, it is moving directly away from our planet. It is leaving us at the rate of 15,000 miles per second and it is already 150,000,000 miles away. I don't think that any body will be hurt."

People Up and Waiting for the Promised Crash.

New York, Nov. 28.—As near as could be seen from this city Biela's comet did not even brush us with his tail. Thick clouds obscured the view and the promised panorama of meteoric showers, while it may have taken place in the upper atmosphere, was not apparent to the naked eye. The naked eye was very much in demand, notwitstanding the telescope fakir was numerously present.

Not a few nervous people were in a state of agitation over the probable crash, and the best way to leave this mundane sphere. While many went to church, the biggest audience New York has turned out in many a day was assembled in the streets, only to be disappointed by the non-appearance of the comet. Jersey City people claim to have seen a ball of fire making for the earth but so far no report has been received from across the river of its arrival.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS IN.

Mr. Vickers, the Republican, Who Was Beaten.

Columbus, Nov. 26.—(Special.)—The officials in the secretary of state's office last night completed the count of the vote for Presidential electors. There was a little surprise, as the defeated elector is Lorenzo D. Vickers, of the Eleventh district, who has 24 votes less than C. L. M. Stark, the Republican candidate for elector in the Twentieth district. It was very close, and it is possible though not probable that the verified returns from five counties—abstracts returned for proper signature and completion—may make a change in the result.

The vote is as follows: Delegates-at-large, Lorenzo Danford 405,187, Myron T. Herrick 402,706. First district, John B. Moseby, 402,493; Second, Max Burgheim, 402,518; Third, Michael K. Hensel, 402,551; Fourth, William J. McMurray, 402,527; Fifth, Joseph R. Ross, 402,544; Sixth, Adam H. Earhart, 402,518; Seventh, Noah H. Albaugh, 402,526; Eighth, Delbert W. Ayers, 402,541; Ninth, William Miller, 402,540; Tenth, Theodore K. Funk, 402,497; Eleventh, Lorenzo D. Vickers, 402,399; Twelfth, William M. Crawford, 402,476; Thirteenth, John F. McNeal, 402,465; Fourteenth, Elias V. Kendig, 402,456; Fifteenth, William H. C. Hanna, 402,452; Sixteenth, Robert Sherrard, jr., 402,450; Seventeenth, William R. Shields, 402,454; Eighteenth, Myron A. Norris, 402,451; Nineteenth, Evan Morris, 402,493; Twentieth, Clifton L. M. Stark, 402,493; Twenty-first, Luther Allen, 402,425.

After the Pinkertons.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 23.—The committee of the United States Senate investigating the Pinkerton detective system arrived here this morning, and at 2 o'clock began their first session in this city. A number of the persons with with knowledge of the Homestead strike and riot have been cited to appear before the committee.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. —Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

GROVER IS ON A VACATION.

Goes to Southern Virginia For a Few Weeks Shooting.

New York, Nov. 23.—Mr. Cleveland left this city last night for Exmoor, Va., where he will spend a few weeks shooting. He is accompanied by Joe Jefferson's son and L. Clark Davis, of the Philadelphia Ledger.

HURT HIS THUMB ON MONDAY.

Grover Hasn't Much Luck With the Ducks.

Exmore, Va., Nov. 29.—The sky was darkened by heavy clouds throughout the day, although there was no actual fall of rain. Owing to the prospects of continued disagreeable weather it was decided not to attempt any duck shooting. Mr. Cleveland went out on the beach for the purpose of hunting snipe, but met with an accident, which necessitated his return to the cottage. In attempting to lock his gun, the Presidentelecthurt his thumb. The wound was not in the least serious, but quite painful. Mr. Ferrell, president of the Broadwater club, who is by profession a surgeon, dressed the injured thumb, and soon alleviated the pain. Shortly after noon Mr. Cleveland took a stroll on the beach, and afterward quietly remained indoors, devoting his attention to reading and writing.

Extensive preparations for gunning have been made for to-day. A scow, with round ends, has been fitted up as a floating blind. Hedge and eel grass have been nailed around the entire top. Everything in the boat has been arranged with a view to Mr. Cleveland's comfort. The scow will be towed to Peter's Channel, five miles from the island, and where it is expected to spend the entire day ducking. Mr. Cleveland did not desire to try shooting again in a small boat. He said that he was not afraid of capsizing the boat, but feared that the boat might capsize him.

The future plans of Mr. Cleveland are still matters of uncertainty and conjecture. He is expected to spend a day at Squire Upshur's partridge shooting, but the exact time has not been definitely fixed. It is also said that he may be a guest of the Accomoc club at Bell Haven, two miles east of this place on the Atlantic coast, where a reserve of 900 acres is reserved for members of the club. The old Dominion club also expect him to partake of their hospitality. This club has a thousand acre preserve, eighteen miles north of Bell Haven at a place which is locally called Drumhead, but is officially known as Wachaprague.

BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVE.

England Still Remains Queen of the Ocean.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The annual book prepared by the bureau of naval intelligence, containing a review of the operations of foreign navies, as well as our own, has been issued. The book is the most valuable that has yet been compiled by the Navy department, and embraces in its contents all of the information gathered by our foreign naval attaches, relative to progress in naval matters generally, as well as a complete summary of the advances made in the United States.

In this number the notes on ships and torpedo boats, on machinery and on ordnance, form the principal features. Notes of naval administration and personnel in continuation of the articles in previous numbers are treated exhaustively. The subject of the advances made in the use of electricity on shipboard, and of naval maneuvers during the year, are embraced also in the book. The book shows that England still outstrips all other powers in naval equipment.

THE MESSAGE WILL BE LATE.

President Harrison Cannot Complete It Before Congress Meets.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Owing to his present affliction, the President will be unable to complete his annual message to Congress in time for submission to that body on the opening day of the session. The present indications are that he will be precluded from making any progress whatever during the remaining days of the present week.

Consequently, it is more than probable that the completion of the message will be delayed until the end of next week or the beginning of the following. The President will probably send a brief message to Congress Monday next, explaining why the regular message is delayed. It is learned on good authority that the annual message will be about the same length as that of last year and will include a complete review of the work of the present administration. It will contain about 15,000 words.

CRITCHLOW WAS NOT GUILTY.

First of the Homestead Rioters Acquitted.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 25.—The trial of Sylvester Critchlow, charged with murder in connection with the Homestead riot, was brought to a close by the jury bringing in a verdict of acquittal. Owing to the hour at which court convened, there were not many persons present when the jury filed in. The prisoner was not released, he having yet to answer the charge of riot.

The jury's decision was received without surprise. Ever since the witnesses for the defense swore to an alibi for Critchlow, the public has expected his acquittal, and there are not many who express disapproval of it. Indeed, in Pittsburg more comment is heard on the masterly management of the defendant's case by his attorneys than on the verdict itself.

W. M. Erwin, Esq., of St. Paul, especially, has received many congratulations on his splendid oratorical effort in behalf, not only of Critchlow, but of all the Homestead men now under arrest.

BETTER LET GROVER ALONE.

No Applications for Office Will Be Considered.

New York, Nov. 23.—Before Mr. Cleveland left the city last night he gave out the following:

"I desire to give as much publicity as possible for the statement that I do not propose to consider applications for office prior to my inauguration, and I shall avoid all interviews on that subject. Those who under any pretense gain an opportunity to present their applications and those who burden me at this time with written applications, can not possibly do anything which could so interfere with their chances of success. Written applications will be so little regarded that I doubt if they ever see the files in Washington, for there is no reason or decency in my being overwhelmed with such matters at this time."

Gen. Rosecrans is rapidly recovering from his nervous attack and will soon be restored to his vigorous health.

The government officials of Santiago, Chile, state that there is not the slightest ground for fear of further trouble in the republic.

THE TOWN DID NOT PROSPER.

East Tennessee Land Company's Scheme a Failure.

New York, Nov. 23.—An unpleasant alternative has been thrust upon some of the stockholders of the East Tennessee Land Co. The returns on their cash investments have not been what they hoped for. Now they are asked, in a letter issued by the company on November 14, to respond "promptly and substantially" to a call for subscriptions for "first lien preferred stock," or to expect the appointment of a receiver for the company within 50 days.

The East Tennessee Land Co. was organized three years ago by leading Prohibitionists, with the object of founding a town that should be forever free from the liquor traffic.

The capital of the company was $3,000,000. The scheme was advertised in Prohibition papers, and $2,000,000 worth of the stock was soon disposed of. Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Prohibition candidate for President in 1888, was the first president of the company. He received a salary of $10,000 a year. The site chosen for the town was within a crescent formed by the Emory river, between the Cincinnati Southern railroad on the west and the Waldens Ridge division of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia railroad on the north. Harriman, as the place was named, is 50 miles west of Knoxville and 80 miles north of Chattanooga.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The New York Financial Chronicle reports that money continues to accumulate there, and as the demand is not urgent, rates are lower. On call, as represented by bankers' balances, money loaned last week at 6 and 3 per cent, averaging 4 1-2 per cent, and closing Saturday at 4 per cent; renewals were at 4 1-2 to 5 per cent, and banks and trust companies quoted 5 per cent as the minimum. Time money offerings have been large, and some of the city banks and other institutions are now in the market; foreign bankers are seeking to employ their balances, and there is a good supply from the interior, but mainly from New York and Pennsylvania; Eastern institutions and capitalists are now carrying cotton for mills, which gives occupation for about all their spare funds; the demand for money is light, except on the so-called industrial stocks, and on those the inquiry is good, but the rates demanded are better than the quoted figures.

There was a good deal of discussion over the engagement of $600,000 of gold on Wednesday for shipment to Europe, which went out by the steamship Trave on Saturday. Although the margin of profit on this shipment was extremely small, still a margin did exist; and the fact of its existence has led to the belief that larger shipments will follow. From one point of view, there is little reason to dread such shipments. Our markets have the gold to spare; even the federal treasury can now spare it. The New York city bank surplus is larger than it was when the last gold-export movement ceased, and it is increasing rapidly. But the uneasiness of the financial community may be safely said to rest on reasoning that goes below the surface. The very fact that interest rates are falling, while gold is going out, is by no means altogether reassuring. With the silver purchase act of 1890 expanding our national currency at the rate of $46,000,000 a year, it is not strange that local discount rates are low. Whatever void is created by the outgo of gold coin to Europe is filled and more than filled by the inflow of silver legal-tender notes manufactured at Washington. Granting a properly regulated currency, abnormal gold exports will always be mechanically checked by a sharp advance in local discounts. But with us this check has lately failed entirely to operate. Any such safety-valve is shut, in the case of the United States, by the totally disorganized machinery of our currency; and it is a very startling question whether we are not now witnessing one of those remarkable movements through which, under a plainly recognized principle of finance, good money is mechanically driven out by bad. That is, Congress, now assembling, has an object-lesson before it of the operation of Gresham's law—an inferior currency driving out a superior one.

The market for foreign exchange on Saturday was at the following actual rates: Sixty days, 485 1-4; demand, 487 3-4; cables, 488. In this connection it is well to remind the reader that the par of sterling exchange is 486.7. The rate of demand of sterling bills at which gold can be exported to London without loss is 488 7-8 for bars and 489 1-4 for coin, and the rate on which it can be imported without loss is 483 1-4.

The New York stock market last week oscillated between balancing influences; and hence, while operations were fairly active, the changes in prices were not important. The one great check to a rise all along the line was the export of gold, and the fact that indications point to its continuance. Our exports of grain, etc., are declining; there is but little foreign buying of American securities; Russia is drawing gold from London; and all these signs are interpreted on the stock market as pointing to further shipments of gold from this country.

Bar silver closed in New York on Saturday at 85 1-4 cents per ounce. At this rate the bullion value of a silver dollar is 65 7-8 cents. Under free coinage a pension of $12 per month would be worth but $7.89 in actual purchasing power.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Business Excellent Throughout the Country.

New York, Nov. 28.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The condition of business throughout the country appears excellent, with the volume of trade greater than in any previous year. In speculative markets cotton has absorbed interest because of enormous transactions, amounting to about six million bales, or nearly the entire crop. The sales this week have been 1,800,000 bales, and the price has advanced five-sixteenths, with small signs of the reaction which such a movement generally presages. Low crop estimates now prevail at the South, on the ground that frost has done much damage.

Wheat is comparatively inactive, with 3-8 cent decline, and corn and oats are unchanged with small transactions. Pork products are higher; pork, $1.25 per barrel, and lard 3-4 of a cent.

CROP ABOVE ALL ESTIMATES.

Wheat Yield in Minnesota and the Two Dakotas.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 23.—The discovery has just been made that the wheat crop of Minnesota and the Dakotas is many millions of bushels above all estimates.

Grain men do not know just what to think of the situation. They are all at sea regarding what they are to expect. They have been estimating the crop at from 85,000,000 to 105,000,000 bushels for the three big wheat states, but they are all beginning to hedge now. Those who have put their figures at 100,000,000 have added from 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 more, and those who figured higher than that, originally, have gone up as high as 130,000,000 or more now.

Australian Wheat.

Adelaide, Nov. 23.—The wheat harvest of the colony of South Australia promises to be excellent, both in yield and quality. There will be a large surplus available for export.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Nov. 29, 1892.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 29.	Nov. 22.
U. S. 4's coupons	114½	114½
U. S. 4's registered	114½	114½
U. S. 2's registered	100½	100½
Pacific 6's '95	107½	107½

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

Bearish cables and free selling at Chicago caused the depression in wheat this forenoon. Corn was also weak. The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review, says English wheat has struck a price below which the farmers will not sell, and that the general market is depressed, owing to large shipments of California wheat and forced sales in the interior of American flour. The English visible shows an increase of 104,000 quarters.

At Chicago December wheat opened at 71 7-8c, rose to 72 1-8c, fell to 71 7-8c, and then went to 72c, 1-4c below yesterday; at New York it started at 76 3-4c, fell to 76 1-2c, and finally marked 76 5-8c, 1-2c off; at Toledo it opened at 74 3-8c, and fell to 74 1-8c, 3-8c decline, and at St. Louis it started at 68 3-4c, and fell to 68 5-8c, 1-2c lower.

Corn at Chicago for December delivery opened at 42 1-2c, rose to 42 7-8c, fell to 42 3-8c, then brought 42 5-8c, 1-8c down, and at New York it opened at 50 5-8c, and fell to 50 1-2c, 5-8c lower.

Close To-day.

The markets during the concluding part of the session were dull and easier. Corn closed steady. John Dupee, of Chicago, says that information received leads him to believe that when the present crop of corn is weighed it will prove the lightest harvested for the past ten years.

At Chicago, December wheat closed 3-8c. under highest price, at 71 3-4c. bid; at Toledo, it was 1-4c. below top figures, at 74 1-8c.; at New York, it was 1-4c. below the best price, at 76 1-2c.; and at St. Louis, it was 1-4c. off, at 68 1-2c.

Corn for December delivery closed 5-8c under the highest point, at 42 3-8c, and at New York it was 1-2c. down, at 50 1-2c.

Chicago Tips.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—(Special from Kennett, Hopkins & Co.)—Wheat has shown surprising strength in the face of news most emphatically bearish. Reports from the Northwest indicate a widespread wheat blockade, involving most of the railroads, and it is claimed that it will take till the middle of February to clear it up. Receipts even at winter wheat points seem to be on the increase. To add to the discouragement of holders foreign markets instead of reflecting our strength have shown marked weakness. Our market would probably have given way to-day, but for the speculative support so noticeable since Thanksgiving day. If conditions should improve the big holders may turn the tide, and establish a higher range of prices, but at present they are getting no help from outside markets or any other source. Apparently the most they can expect to do for a time is to prevent a decline.

Corn and oats were further advanced by the speculative buying so conspicuous yesterday, but prices reacted quickly on attempt to realize. They will be likely to follow wheat to some extent.

Provisions—The big bull deal carried prices to the top notch, but they eased off on realizing sales. The market is under control of these big traders and its course will depend upon their relations.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

The markets for all kinds of grain dealt in was dull, with a steady feeling at the close. Corn was dull but steady. Clover seed sold light and was easier.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 74c, 1-2c below yesterday's close; No. 3 soft red, 66 5-8c; No. 3 white, 65c.

December wheat, 74 3-8c, and finally 74 1-8c, 3-8c below previous day; May wheat, 88 3-8@88 1-8c, 5-8 decline.

Prices of November and December wheat to-day:

Nov.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	....	....	....	74n
St. Louis	68¼	68¼	68¼	68¼
December—				
Toledo	74¾	74⅜	71⅛	74⅛
Chicago	71⅞	72⅛	71⅞	71¾b
New York	76¾	76¾	76½	76½
St. Louis	68¾	68¾	68½	68½

Corn—No. 2, 43c; No. 3, 42c; No. 2 May, 34 1-2c.

Oats—No. 2, 34 1-2c.

Rye—No. 2, 55c.

Clover seed—Prime, cash and November, $7.77 1-2; January, $7.80; March, $7.90.

Toledo Produce Market.

Business was more animated on the general market this morning, and there were better stocks to select from than on the preceding days. In butter the demand was good, with a firm tone to prices. Eggs sell well; stock of fresh not large. Poultry in fair supply at steady figures. Vegetables meet with ready sale at about previous day's prices. Fruits in demand at full prices. Dressed meats in good supply at unaltered figures. Salt meats without change, but firm. Hides steady.

Butter—Creamery, 28@30c; dairy, 23@25c; fair quality, 18@19c.

Eggs—Storage, 23c; fresh receipts, 25@26c.

Cheese—Full skim, per lb, 4½c; part skim, 8½@9c; full cream, 12@13c.

Poultry and game—Chickens, lb, dressed, 9@11c; turkeys, dressed, 9@10c; ducks, dressed, 10c; rabbits, doz, $1; ruffed grouse, each, 25c; quail, doz, $1.50.

Vegetables—Parsnips, bu, 50c; turnips, bu, 30c; carrots, bu, 35@40c; endive, doz bunches, 20c; celery, bunch, 30@35c; lettuce, lb, 6c; cabbages, doz, 75c; potatoes, bu, 80@85c; onions, bu, $1; Hubbard squashes, doz, $1.50.

Fruits—Apples, bu, $1.10; cranberries, bu, $2.50; grapes, lb, 5½@6c.

Dressed meats—Beef, per lb, 3½@5½c; calves, lb, 6½@7c; lambs, lb, 7c; mutton, lb, 6½c; dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.50.

Salt meats—Mess pork, per bbl, $14.25; short mess, $15.25; clear mess, $16.25.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, tierces, bbls, half bbls and 50-lb tins, 10c.

Hams—Sugar-cured, 18 lbs and over, per lb, 13c; 15 lbs average, 14c; 12 lbs and under, 15c; breakfast bacon, 11c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, per lb, 5½c; light hides, steers and cows, 3½c; cured hides, heavy steers, per lb, 6½c; light hides, 4¼@4½c.

Wool—Washed, per lb, 25@26c; unwashed, 16@18c.

Hay—Best timothy, per ton, in bulk, $10@12; mixed hay, $7@9.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

Noon—Money is fairly active at 5 per cent. Sterling exchange strong, with actual business on bankers' bills at $4.85½ for sixty days, and $4.88@4.88¼ for demand; posted rates, $4.86@4.89; commercial bills, $4.84½@4.85 and 4.87¼@4.87½. The stock market has been devoid of feature during the past hour. In the railroad list the fluctuations have been confined within a range of ⅛@⅜ per cent. The industrials were decidedly weaker for Sugar and Distilling and Cattle Feeding. At 12 o'clock the stock market was rather weak in tone. The sales of stocks up to noon to-day were: Listed 100,733 shares; unlisted, 8,638 shares.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
A. C. O.	42	42¼	41⅝	41⅝
A. T.	36	36¼	35½	35½
A. S. R.	110¼	110¼	108¼	108⅜
C. S.	56½	56⅝	55¼	55¼
C. G. T.	96½	96½	94¼	94⅝
C. B. Q.	99⅝	99⅞	99¼	99⅝
C. C. C.	60¼	60½	59¾	60
D. L. W.	151½	....	....	151½
Erie	24⅞	25¼	24¾	24⅞
J. C.	126	....	....	126
L. S.	130	130	129½	129½
N. P.	17⅝	....	....	17⅝
N. P. pfd	50¼	50⅜	49⅞	49⅞
*N. W.	112½	112½	112¼	112¼
N. C. Co.	138	138¼	137⅝	138⅛
O. M.	48⅝	48⅝	48	48
P. M.	28½	29	28½	28½
R. T.	8⅞	9	8⅞	8⅞
R. G.	54	54½	53⅝	53¾
R. I.	80¼	80½	79⅞	79⅞
Silver	86	86	86	86
St. P.	78¼	78½	77⅞	77⅞
T. C. I.	36½	....	....	36½
Tex. P.	9¼	....	....	9¼
U. P.	37⅞	38⅛	37⅞	37⅞
W. P.	24⅞	24⅞	24¼	24¼
W. U.	87⅝	87¼	86½	86½
D. C. F.	68	68⅛	66⅝	66⅝
G. E.	111½	112	111¼	112

Ex. Div. N. W., 3 per cent.

Trade.

Trade generally during the past week was active. The volume of business in shoes was large. Dry goods moved satisfactorily. There is yet dullness in hides.

The Wheat Situation.

Denison B. Smith, the efficient secretary of the Produce Exchange, has been recently making a careful study of the wheat situation. He published to-day, in his Exchange market report, the result of his investigation, as follows:

"Starting with the government report of our exports, July 1 to October 31, of 70,359,000 bushels of wheat and flour expressed in wheat, and assuming Bradstreet's estimates of exports in November to the 26th, we have an aggregate of 85,000,000 bushels wheat and flour exported. Deduct 53,000,000 bushels for seeding, and 105,000,000 bushels for consumption for five months, and out of a crop of 50,000,000 bushels we have left, say December 1, 257,000,000 bushels. Our consumption, December 1 to July 1, will be 187,000,000 bushels, leaving 70,000,000 bushels. But out of this result we estimate that 15,000,000 bushels should be deducted from the crop to make it equal to 60-pound wheat, and 5,000,000 bushels for manufacturing, other than for bread. We make no account of the low grades of wheat, which we know have been used for feeding purposes.

"The above calculation leaves us 50,000,000 bushels to export, in wheat and flour, for seven months, from December 1, next. Our ratio of exports since July has been 17,000,000 bushels per month. On the basis of the government report of the last two crops we have no wheat for export on such a pace as that. An average of a little over 7,000,000 bushels per month, December 1 to July 1, will strip this country of every bushel of surplus wheat we have raised in 1891-92, according to Col. Dodge's report of production. Dealers must decide whether wheat is a purchase for a 10-cent profit or not.

"The following is a summary of receipts of grain at Toledo, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Duluth and Peoria, from July 1 to November 26, in 1892 and 1891:

	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.
1892	144,319,000	50,142,000	53,730,000
1891	138,444,000	42,738,000	47,233,000

"Comment—It will be seen by the above, that the movement of wheat in 1892, in the periods named, have exceeded 1891 as follows: Wheat, 5,875,000 bushels; corn, 7,404,000 bushels; oats, 6,497,000 bushels. The receipts of wheat on a decreased crop of 100,000,000 bushels are very extraordinary. The movement of oats, on a much lighter crop, also challenges our surprise."

Grain and Produce.

Milwaukee, Nov. 29.—Barley quiet; November, 66½c; sample, 33@64. Rye firm; No. 1, 53c.

Buffalo, Nov. 29.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, dull at 82c; No. 1 Northern, 78½c; No. 2 red, 76½c. Corn—No. 2, 48c.

3 p. m.—Money firmer at 5 per cent at the close. Bar silver, 85¼. Stocks near the close were heavy and lower. The market left off weak in tone, although a few issues rallied slightly from the lowest point of the afternoon.

Cincinnati, Nov. 29.—Flour dull. Wheat easy at 70c. Corn quiet at 43½c. Oats strong and higher at 36@36½c. Rye dull at 53c. Pork firm at $13.25. Lard firm at $9.90. Bulk meats firm at $8. Bacon is steady at $9.50. Whisky firm; sales, 918 barrels.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 29.—Market closed dull, weaker and lower; wheat, No. 1 white, and No. 2 red cash, 73¾c; December, 73⅝c; May, 79¾c; No. 3 red, 65½c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 44c. Oats—No. 2 white, 37½c; No. 2 mixed, 34½c. Rye—No. 2 cash, 54c. Clover seed, prime, $7.75.

St. Louis, Nov. 29.—Close—Wheat lower; cash and November, 68½c; December, 68½@68⅝c; January, 70½c; May, 76¼@76⅝c. Corn—Cash better at 39½c; options lower; November, 39½c; December, 39½c; January, 39c; May, 43⅝@43⅞c. Oats firm; cash, 31@31¼c; May, 35½c. Pork higher, at $14@14.25. Lard firm at $9.25 bid, and $9.50 asked. Whisky steady at $1.10.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—Wheat opened ⅝c lower at 78⅝c for May, rallied to 79c, and fell back to 78⅝c. Corn opened ¼c down at 48c for May, touched 48⅛c, declined to 47⅞c, and recovered to 48@48⅛c. Pork started with 7½c gain, at $15.05 for January, advanced to $15.30, and reacted to $15.27½. Lard began 2½c up at $9.02½ for January, and went to $9.25.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—Close—Wheat steady; cash and December, 71⅝@71⅞c; May, 78⅝@78⅞c. Corn weaker; cash, 42⅝c; November, 42¼c; December, 42⅝c; January, 43½c; May, 47⅞@47¾c; July, 48¼@48⅜c. Oats steady; cash, 31c; December, 31¼c; May, 36⅛c. Pork easy; cash and December, $13.65; January, $14.97½; May, $15.10. Lard easy; cash, $9.40; December, $9.22½; January, $9.20; May, $9; Short ribs easier; cash, $7.85; January, $7.77½; May, $7.87½.

New York, Nov. 29.—Flour dull and firm. Wheat—Receipts, 213,400 bu; sales, 1,450,000 bu; No. 2 red steady, fairly active; May and December most active; December, 76½@76¾c; January, 78⅛@78⅜c; March, 81@81¼c; May, 83¾@83⅞c. Rye quiet and steady; western, 55@58½c; No. 2 Toronto, 84@85c. Barley dull; western, 65@80c. Corn—Receipts, 102,100 bu; sales, 280,000 bu; No. 2 dull, lower, steady; May and January most active; November, 50⅛c; December, 50⅝@50¾c; January, 51⅜@51⅝c; February, 52c; May, 53⅛@53⅜c; No. 2, 50⅝@51⅛c. Oats—Receipts, 28,650 bu; sales, 40,000 bu; No. 2 dull, easier; December, 36¼c; January, 37⅜c; May, 40⅛@40⅞c; western, 36@47c. Beef inactive, firm; extra mess, $6.25@6.75; family, $8@10. Pork dull, steady; new mess, $14.50@14.75; old mess, $13.50@13.75; extra prime, $16.50@17. Lard, $10. Butter—Receipts, 6,255 packages; market quiet, easy; western dairy, 17@23c; western creamery, 20@31½c. Cheese, 8½@11c. Eggs dull; western, 26@27c. Sugar firm, fair demand; crushed, 5 5-16c@5½c; granulated, 4 11-16@5c. Petroleum quiet, easy; crude, $4.80@5.35; refined, all ports, $5.45@5.50. Spirits of turpentine dull, firm, at 31½@32c. Molasses quiet at 30@38c. Freights quiet, easier. Rosin, $1.30@1.35, quiet, steady. Tallow dull, nominal. Hops quiet, steady; Pacific coast, 18@24c. Coffee—Rio quiet, easy; No. 7 on spot, 17½c.

Live Stock.

St. Louis, Nov. 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000 head; market firm. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000 head; market shade higher; heavy, $5.60@5.80; mixed, $5.30@5.70; Yorkers, $5.40@5.60. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; market steady.

Buffalo, Nov. 29.—Cattle—Receipts, none through and 6 cars on sale; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 10 loads through and 60 on sale, including 40 held over; market is steady to a shade stronger; heavy grades corn-fed, $5.90@6; packers and mediums, $5.85@5.90. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1 load through and 3 on sale; market is quiet and steady; choice to fancy wethers, $4.90@5.15; fair to good sheep, $4@4.65; Canadas, $4.50@5.25. Lambs—Choice to fancy native, $5.55@5.85; do fair to good, $5@5.50; Canadas, common to fancy, $5.85@5.95.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 28.—The cattle market was active; steers and cows 5@10c higher; feeders steady and strong; Texas steers steady. Representative sales: Dressed beef and shipping steers, $3.10@4.85; cows, $1.40@3; Texas and Indian steers, $2.80@3.35; stockers and feeders, $1.65@3.15. Hogs active and 5c higher; all grades, $4.50@5.60; bulk, $5.50@5.60. Sheep—The market remains unchanged.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—The Evening Journal reports: Cattle—Receipts, 11,000 head, 2,000 being Texans; market slow, steady. Hogs—Receipts, 30,000 head; heavy 10c higher and light weak; rough and common, $5.50@5.60; packing and shipping, $5.65@6.00; fancy heavy, $6.05@6.07 1-2; butchers' and mediums, $5.75@5.90; sorted, $5.40@5.70; light mixed, $5.10@5.60. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000 head; market steady.

Cleveland, Nov. 29.—(Exclusive to The Blade—Erick Bros.' report.)—Cattle—Receipts, 4 cars; market firm on good butcher steers; also good fat cows and heifers in demand; good butcher bulls strong; bologna bulls, slow; good milch cows in demand, all sold. Veal calves—Receipts, about 50 head; market steady on choice calves, slow on common and coarse; best calves, 6@6½c; common to good, 4½@5½c. Hogs—Receipts, 1800 head; shipments, 950 head; market strong to 10c higher on best grades, steady on lights, all sold; selected heavies, $6@6.10; medium weights, $5.90@5.95; lights, $5.70@5.75; pigs, $5.40@5.50; stags and roughs, $4@5.25. Sheep and lambs—Market firm on good butcher grades of lambs and sheep; slow on culls and common quality.

British Grain Trade.

(Grain in England is sold by the "quarter" of 480 lbs., or 8 American bushels. Prices below are per quarter. A shilling is about 25c; a penny, 2c.)

London, Nov. 28.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says that farmers are selling little wheat. They refuse to take under 28s. Rather than accept a less price, they say they will feed their grain to their stock. There has been an average decline of 6d. Foreign wheat is continually arriving, and this pushes the stocks of foreign flour into rural markets. Minnesota flour has been offered in small country towns at a guinea a sack of 280 pounds. The present depression is largely attributed to excessive shipments from California. Barley is 6d lower. Oats and corn are each down 3d. At to-day's market, English wheat of indifferent quality was dull; American wheat was firm. Russian and Indian were very dull. Flour wes 6d lower. Barley and rye were each down 1s. Oats were 3d cheaper. Corn was steady, owing to the supplies not being excessive.

Cotton Market.

Memphis, Nov. 28.—Cotton firm; middling, 10c.

St. Louis, Nov. 28.—Cotton steady; middling, 10c.

Cincinnati, Nov. 28.—Cotton strong and higher; middling, 10⅛c.

Galveston, Tex., Nov. 28.—Cotton quiet; middling, 9⅝c; low middling, 9¼c; good ordinary, 8¾c.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 28.—Cotton opened steady and closed easy; middling, 9 13-16c; low middling, 9 7-16c; good ordinary, 8 15-16c; futures barely steady. November, 9.50, nominal; December, 8.50@8.51; January, 9.50@9.51.

New York, Nov. 29.—Cotton—The market for futures opened firm; December, 9.49; January, 9.60; February, 9.76; March, 9.93; April, 10.06; May, 10.13; June, 10.23; July, 10.27; August, 10.31.

Feb.	9.74	9.80	9.67	9.69
March	9.88	9.95	9.80	9.82
May	10.15	10.15	10.00	10.00

Wool Market.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28.—Wool is steady; prices unchanged; Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, XX and above, 28@29c; do X, 27@28c; medium, 33@34c; coarse, 33@34c; New York, Michigan, Indiana and Western, fine or X and XX, 24@26c; medium, 32@33c; coarse, 32@33c; fine washed delaine, X and XX, 28@32c; medium washed combing and delaine, 35@38c; coarse do, 34@35c; Canada washed combing, 31@32c; tub-washed, choice, 36@38c; fair, 35@36c; coarse, 33@34c; medium unwashed combing and delaine, 25@27c; coarse do, 25@26c; Montana, 16@22½c; Territory, 13@21c.

St. Louis, Nov. 28.—Wool—Receipts, 12,000 lbs; shipments, 107,000 lbs. The market is steady and the feeling confident; prices are unchanged.

London, Nov. 29.—At the wool sales today there was a large attendance and the competition was active for all descriptions, especially merinos; cross-breds were in limited supply. New South Wales, scoured, 1s ½d@1s 9d; New South Wales locks and pieces, 8½d@1s 4d; greasy, 7d@9½d; greasy locks and pieces, 5½@8d. Queensland, scoured, 10d@1s 2½d; scoured locks and pieces, 6d@1s 2½d; greasy, 5¼d@10½d; greasy locks and pieces, 5¾d@8d. Melbourne and Victoria, scoured, 11d; scoured locks and pieces, 10d.

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